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WITH A MEMOIR BY

EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

NEW YORK

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EUGENE SCHUYLER

SELECTED ESSAYS

Yours most sincerely

Eugene Schuyler

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EUGENE SCHUYLER

A MEMOIR

EUGENE SCHUYLER

A MEMOIR

I

It is almost as difficult to describe a man of magnetic personality as to paint the portrait of a face remembered rather by its changing expression than by its features. To those who have known the man a hint may be enough; for the stranger he can hardly be made to live again, even with the help of his own letters. Yet one would like to preserve some record, however inadequate, of a most unusual character.

Eugene Schuyler was born at Ithaca, New York, February 26, 1840. On his father's side his ancestry was altogether Dutch, unless one takes into account the one drop of French blood some six generations back; and it is perhaps the absence, unusual in America, of a mixture of nationalities, that has caused a persistence, from generation to generation, of certain quali-

ties. In the seventeenth century Philip Pieterse van Schuyler was a man of prominence, especially distinguished for his services to the State in the negotiation of treaties with the Indians, and for his success in keeping up the subsequent friendly relations with those difficult allies. He treated the Indians with a wisdom which insured him their friendship during his life, and even perpetuated his memory to such an extent that many years after his death they presented to his youngest daughter two thousand acres of land "in remembrance of the kindness of her father and mother." That his descendants followed in his footsteps is abundantly shown by the colonial records.

George Washington Schuyler, the father of Eugene Schuyler, was born at Stillwater-on-the-Hudson, February 2, 1810, but spent his boyhood as well as his later life in Ithaca, his father having removed there in 1811. The family had become less prosperous than of old, and it was only by great determination and perseverance that he was able to get the education that he desired. He graduated at the University of the City of New York, taking the Junior and Senior studies in one year, with Hebrew in addition; at the same time supporting

himself by acting as private tutor to two students. Even with the lower standards of those days this might be called a good year's work. He next studied theology, but for family reasons gave up his studies when near the end of the course, and entered upon mercantile life, where his abilities and sagacity would have yielded him a fortune had it not been for the never-ending demands upon his generosity. Naturally of a cheerful and genial disposition, very generous, unselfish and conscientious, and strongly religious, the self-denials and repressions of his youth, and especially the rigorous and gloomy Calvinistic form of religion in which he had been brought up, had their effect upon him in making him in early life too serious; only in his later years did he learn to sympathise with less strenuous views and habits of thought.

Always public-spirited and ardent, his influence soon extended beyond the confines of the village. Much as he loved the approval of his fellows, the unpopularity of a cause never deterred him from embracing it. The Abolition movement found in him a warm supporter at a time when to support it meant not merely unpopularity, but some petty persecution. He not only became an agent of the famous "under-

ground railway," but took negroes into his own employment whenever he could, and struggled valiantly to engraft upon the irresponsible negro temperament something of his own reliability—it must be confessed with not very flattering results. Later he was much in public life, serving successively as Treasurer of the State of New York, Superintendent of the Banking Department, Member of the Assembly, and Auditor of the Canal Department, and was instrumental in securing the adoption of several important measures. His integrity was so unassailable that even in times of great excitement he escaped the personal attacks which usually seem to be an inseparable accompaniment of political prominence. A trustee of Cornell University from its foundation, his judgment and resource did much to tide it over its early financial difficulties and place it on a lasting foundation.

The achievement of his life which probably gave him most pleasure was the preparation and publication of his book, "Colonial New York—Philip Schuyler and his Family," which he published when he was seventy-six years old, and which is accepted as an authority on the subjects of which it treats.

He married, in April, 1839, Matilda Scribner,

daughter of Uriah Rogers Scribner, one of the old merchants of New York, but of a New England family. Mrs. Schuyler was a woman of much beauty and of an individuality at once strong and delicate. Her extreme shyness and modest estimate of herself prevented her from being known outside of a small circle, but those who knew her intimately were aware that she possessed much insight, and a remarkable gift of terse expression; but she had a horror of uncharitable comment, which she always repressed in her children; and such was her self-control that, during their childhood and youth, at least one of them can never remember having heard her speak severely of any one. Physically timid and subject to all the discomforts entailed by a highly strung nervous temperament, her moral courage was of the highest type. She lived eighty-nine years, and to the end of her life could adapt herself to new circumstances and assimilate new ideas.

Like her husband, Mrs. Schuyler had been brought up in the strictest traditions of puritanism, and during the earlier years of their married life they were placed in an environment which only strengthened the impressions already given. The village of Ithaca was sharply

divided between the godly and the ungodly, the former being of the bluest dye of Calvinism. As time went on, religious beliefs were slowly softened, and in any case persons of the natural characteristics of Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler would necessarily have outgrown the severe creed of their youth. They both became in the highest degree tolerant and liberal, while never losing the peculiar conscientiousness which strongly characterised them both; though the manifestations were different. The descendant of Dutchmen bears his conscience with better cheer than the New Englander can ever learn to do. But this development came later. The world into which their children were born was a serious world.

Eugene was a beautiful and clever child. To him, to learn was a delight. Mentally and physically he was alert for new impressions. He loved flowers, animals, pictures, music, good things to eat, and made nice distinctions as to the relations between taste and smell. Certain flowers belonged on the dinner-table with certain articles of food—for instance, sweet peas went with roast beef. Alphabet blocks taught him his letters before he could pronounce them, and he learned to read about the time he learned to talk. What a friend of later years called his *esprit*

chercheur always impelled him not only to leave no question unsolved, but no sensation untried.

As a boy he attended the old Ithaca Academy, but did not confine himself to its rather limited curriculum. On spring and summer afternoons, after school, he went on botanical expeditions and became learned in the flora of the region, even to discovering species hitherto unknown in that locality; and a warm friendship sprang up between him and an eminent botanist in a neighbouring village. In short, his mind was open in all directions; but with an especial taste for literature and a very unusual gift for languages. At twelve years old he began to take lessons on the piano, of a Scotchwoman who was a character in the town; an eccentric person, not without genius, a warm friend and an equally warm enemy; with a keen sense of beauty and an admiration of cleverness. A pagan herself, she did not escape her Calvinistic inheritance, and was of a severe turn of mind in the matter of religion, being fiercely intolerant of the intolerant Orthodox. Her commanding height and generous amplitude, with her taste for striking and bizarre costumes, made her a figure to be remembered. She took her bright pupil in great affection, and the

middle-aged woman and the clever boy of twelve conversed on terms of intellectual equality; and for many years—as long as she remained in Ithaca—he was in the habit of going to see her during his visits there. As to the piano, he learned in two years all that she could teach him, and to the end of his life played much—with no great technical skill, but with much musical feeling. His unusual facility in playing at sight was always a source of pleasure to himself and others.

As a playmate he was considered desirable, by the girls as much as by the boys. Whatever the game, he put into it something new and original that at once made it different from all other games. I was but seldom admitted to the amusements of my elders, but sometimes it was desirable to swell the number, and then I came in as a great treat. In one game, where the person pointed at by the one who was "It" had to drop down dead, I was nearly frightened out of my wits, and on seeing this, Eugene confessed to me, small as I was, that he too felt very creepy, and was going to give up that game. He was always fond of children and ready to take trouble for them. I was once shut out of the play-room for days that seemed like

centuries, and then admitted and presented with a beautiful doll's house which he had made in a low chimney cupboard. He had made everything with his own hands, even to the chandeliers of steel beads strung on wires, with candles made of wax matches, with the inflammable ends burned off to make them look more natural. During one of his college vacations he happened to come into the room where I was playing with paper dolls, and was struck with the ugly colours of the frocks which they had brought with them from the shop. With him, to see a thing wrong was to want to set it right, from paper dolls to the Sublime Porte, and he at once sat down with my paint-box and made such beautiful paper dolls' dresses that they were treasured until they fell apart with much handling.

At fourteen he was prepared to enter Yale College, but his youth, and especially his youthful appearance, made his parents hesitate about sending him away from home, and it was decided to delay for a year. His constitution was somewhat delicate and extremely susceptible. At that time the importance of physical culture was not recognised as it is now. Nature, if let alone, is apt to look out for a growing boy, and, by merely following his natural bent, the average

boy becomes hardy, in case he does not break his neck or drown himself by the way. But the anxious mother of her first boy was only too thankful that his tastes did not lead him in the direction of hair-breadth escapes. His boyish longings of that sort were the more easily checked since he had so many other resources, and if a dangerous amusement were forbidden he could usually turn with interest to a safe one; so that he never gained the physical hardening which most boys get—a lack which he deplored all his life. Learning to swim could not be helped if a boy were a boy at all, and a certain amount of other sports, but it was always the minimum amount.

At fifteen he was only a rosy-cheeked little boy, and left off his boyish "roundabout" and put on his first "tail-coat" the day before he started for college. He had still been attending the Academy, and it was felt by the trustees that he had conferred such lustre on that institution that when he left they sent him three large volumes of "Selections from the British Poets," with a complimentary letter. The critical instinct was ever strong in him and struggled with his natural gratification; and from his New England ancestors he inherited an almost irre-

pressible instinct to speak what he thought. He expressed his gratitude properly, however, and perhaps it was only the sympathetic little sister, hardly old enough to know what "British Poets" meant, who quite understood that while in one way Eugene was delighted, yet one poet's complete works were rather nicer to have than another man's selections from all of them. He loved books. Children did not have much spending money then, but one of his earliest purchases and the very first book he ever bought was "Lalla Rookh," a welcome change from the serious volumes of his father's library.

The impression made on him by the stern religious beliefs in which he had been brought up was not apparent; but on the one hand they drove him in the direction of negation, and on the other they added to the enjoyment of his later life by the piquancy of the contrast. He seemed an incarnate reaction from the whole system—as if he represented those tastes and impulses which the hardships of life and the severities of religion had compelled his parents to extinguish for a time in themselves. He was affectionate and extraordinarily loyal. With him a friendship once formed was enduring, and survived disillusionment. Equally strong was his

feeling for the tie of blood; and he retained his interest in his own kin, even through the gradations of diminishing relationship. The liveliness of his interest and his power of placing himself in imaginary situations, of which he arranged even the smallest details, often made him feel a strong desire to arrange matters for his friends; but while he had a somewhat authoritative way of advising, his sense of humour kept him from expecting his advice to be taken. On the other hand his remarkable magnetism gave him a certain compelling power, and the people about him were very apt to do as he wished.

The interest which he so freely gave to others he liked to receive in return. He wanted sympathy—he liked to expand—he could not exist without telling someone what he was doing and thinking and reading; and it was not difficult for him to get the sympathy he wanted, since he always made himself interesting. A friend once said of him, "If Schuyler is taken up with dry bones, you become intensely interested in dry bones yourself, and are ready to believe that you have cared for nothing else all your life."

With all these captivating ways he was subject to gusts of irritation, generally unreasonable and harmless, and frequently laughable in

their half-comic whimsicality. Where he did himself a more serious injustice was in an occasional coldness of manner which was at times even repellent. Sometimes this was caused by a shyness which but few people suspected—the less since it was of the intermittent variety—sometimes, it may have been, by a mood of discontent or depression, or even by the simple fact that he was bored. His temperament inclined him to a sudden loss of self-control which surprised and vexed no one more than himself.

In college he did not work for honours, but rather from simple interest and pleasure in learning. Some honours came, however. In his junior year he took a Clark premium for excellence in Latin, and in his senior year a Berkeley premium for Latin composition. At graduation he stood fifth in a class of 105, and had the rank of Philosophical Oration, taking also the Berkeley and Clark Scholarships.

His classmate and friend, Professor Arthur W. Wright, of Yale University, has written of his college life:

"Schuyler was the youngest member of the class of 1859, and when he first appeared at Yale he seemed to have but just emerged from childhood. Even then, however, he possessed

a strong personality, and it was not long before he gave evidence of powers of acquisition and a critical faculty which, before the close of the four years, placed him in the foremost rank among the scholars of the class. He had a natural aptitude, as well as a taste, for exact scholarship and wide culture. It was evident that he was destined to take a high place as a scholar, and his later successes were no surprise to those who had known him well while here.

"In his personal character perhaps the most prominent trait was a refinement and elevation of sentiment, which showed itself not only in his intellectual activities, but even in his bearing, his manner, and his dress. With this, a certain reserve, a strong individuality, independence of opinion, and the highly intellectual and scholarly tone of his conversation raised him decidedly above the ordinary and the commonplace, and gave an air of aristocratic distinction to everything he did. While this made him appear sometimes as if lacking in warmth of disposition, those whom he honoured with his confidence and intimacy were often surprised by an almost child-like expression of friendliness and affection, which revealed the capability of deeper feeling beneath the veil of his reserve. I have always felt that his was a rare personality, and that his early departure was a great loss, great to the world of scholarship, and especially so to those who had learned to know and admire him."

II

After his graduation, in 1859, he remained in New Haven for two years, pursuing his studies, and was the first to receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy there in 1861. During this time he wrote a long and elaborate review of Wedgwood's "English Etymology," and was gratified and amused at receiving from Professor Wedgwood a letter discussing certain points, and assuming that the youthful (and severe) critic was a venerable professor. He had also begun working on the revision of Webster's "Dictionary," which appeared in July, 1864—his particular duty being the revision of Dr. Mahn's etymological contributions.

He studied law at Columbia College (LL.B. in 1863), not because the profession especially attracted him, but rather because he had not as yet found anything that seemed to him more desirable. In December, 1862, he wrote to a friend:

"I like the law much better than I did at first. One reason is that I know more about it, and another that I am so constantly occupied with it that I can't help getting interested in it. . . . Somehow or other, writing essays and reviews

is just now a mania with me, and I sketch out plenty of them in my head, none of which I shall ever finish, such is my accustomed procrastination."

Some months later he wrote to the same person:

"I understand that Mr. —— is astonished at my eagerness to see sights. I do not think that I have anything more than a laudable curiosity. I seldom go out of my way to see anything, but if anything comes along I consider it a duty which I owe to my general education, as well as a reasonable source of pleasure to know what is to be known."

After graduating he went for a time into the office of Messrs. Weeks, De Forest & Forster, and afterwards into that of Messrs. Lewis & Cox. Later he opened an office with Mr. James Bruyn Andrews. During these years he was writing for the *Round Table* and the *New Path*, besides occasional contributions to the *New Englander*, the *North American Review*, and other periodicals, and was a contributor to the *Nation* from the time of its first appearance to the end of his life.

His summer vacations were spent in Ithaca, where his arrival was the signal for a series of

festivities. Those at his father's house were always arranged by him, and were distinguished by some novelty; it might be a morning dance and luncheon (an unheard-of thing at that time), or it might be a supper with an odd menu—whatever it was, it brought variety into the small circle whose interest had become somewhat jaded.

In the summer of 1864 he had had a flattering request from Professor Norton (at that time editor of the *North American Review*), for a forty-page article, to which he expected to devote the vacation. Accordingly, having told me, a girl in my teens, that I was to write stories and become in time a distinguished author, he took me with him every morning into the large, cool dining-room, seated me at a table, and bade me write. His own place was at an old mahogany desk, where he had a great array of writing materials. Once there he was seized by the *horreur de la plume* and wouldn't write a word. I, however, was not allowed to be idle, and wrote Heaven knows what nonsense, he supplying the names of the characters and telling me to put in "plenty of conversation and incident." He wrote letters, talked to me, spread out his serious sheets of paper, and then rushed out into the

garden and brought in flowers to arrange, and so on, until it was time for the table to be laid for the midday meal; and the forty-page article did not get written that summer.

His interest in Russia began in 1863, when he made the acquaintance of a number of the officers of the Russian flagship which was for a time stationed off New York. The opportunity to learn a new language was too great a temptation to be resisted, and he secured a teacher in the person of a priest connected with the Greek Church in New York. In the summer of 1867 he published a translation of Turguénief's "Fathers and Sons."

About the end of the year 1866 he was asked to edit a translation of selections from the "Kalevala," made just before his death by the late Professor John A. Porter, of Yale College. This involved an Introduction and Analysis, and with his usual thoroughness he prepared himself by a careful study of the poem in the original, learning the Finnish language for the purpose. His introduction is dated July 26, 1867.

Although his law-practice was improving and the prospect was brighter than for many young lawyers, yet it was a profession which never interested him sufficiently to gain his undivided

attention. He yielded to his desire for travel and a larger knowledge of the world, and in the summer of 1867 obtained an appointment as Consul at Moscow. He sailed early in September, and, landing at Queenstown, went on slowly, seeing as much as possible by the way. He made the acquaintance of M. Taine and of Sainte-Beuve in Paris and of Turguénief at Baden. The latter gave him letters to friends in Moscow, among others one to Count Leo Tolstoy. After a short stop in St. Petersburg he went on to Moscow. There he found himself at the same time intensely interested and intensely lonely. He longed for letters and counted the days between mails. Meantime he drew for his mother a plan of his lodgings, with the location of chairs and tables, and told her about the Russian houses with plants growing in all the rooms, the poorer houses with artificial flowers stuck in the sand between the double windows. He described the appearance of the town with its green roofs and gilt domes, and the three hundred and sixty-six churches, each with a dozen bells, ringing nearly all the time, "fast, too, as if for a fire." To other friends he wrote detailed and enthusiastic descriptions of scenery, architecture, customs, and people. He lost no time in making

acquaintances. All kinds of people interested and amused him, and here, as later in St. Petersburg, he was the *enfant gâté* of every house which he frequented, from that of Prince Odóiefsky, the last survivor of the noblest family in Russia, to the rich merchants of various nationalities, and the Russianised German baroness who eked out her husband's income by keeping a shop for fancy-goods.

He wrote to his friend Russell Sturgis, October 29, 1867:

"Of course I have not yet made many acquaintances here. I dined last night with the Prince Vladimir Odóiefsky, *en famille*, his wife and one young man whose name I can't recall. The Prince is an agreeable old man of about sixty-five, a bibliophile, with a splendid library which overflows every room except one salon, where plants in profusion take the place of books. . . . They live very simply and without affectation. To be sure there were three man-servants, but those here are a matter of course. The house is not furnished richly, and there was no attempt at show. The dinner was very good, though with only one dish peculiarly Russian. It is a kind of partridge, and with it are served salted—not pickled—cucumbers. They are very good—large, with sometimes a dash of caraway in them. We had any number of wines—all set on

at once, and you take which you please. I was made to taste a Russian sherry and claret, one from the Crimea, the other from the Caucasus, and both very good—the sherry was from vines imported from Spain—also some Russian cordials. Before dinner we had also the *zakuska*,[1] salt-fish, bread, and brandy. After dinner it is the custom here for each guest to shake hands with and thank the hostess and host. After coffee and cigarettes we had a general conversation on books and other matters. The Prince is also a musician. He has an organ, two or three pianos and other instruments. Nothing would do but I must try a duet with him; so we played half a dozen, apparently to his satisfaction, for he complimented me a good deal, and then showed me, as a special favour, a piano which he had had made on mathematical principles. It is the only one in the world and is beautiful, as well as curious. In the ordinary piano the sharps and flats, being separated by only a very small interval, are run together and then all the keys equally regulated. It would be impossible for an ordinary man to play on or tune them otherwise. In this the sharps and flats were distinct, there being twenty instead of thirteen notes in the octave. The fourth is a perfect concord, as on the violin. The workmanship was exquisite and the effect splendid. Altogether it was the ideal piano. After this we

[1] Foretaste.

had tea, in tumblers, and more talk. I pleased the old lady by showing her a new game of solitaire, and am invited to a *salon* on Friday evening, when I am to be introduced to the *haute société* of Moscow. Some of the princesses are pretty, but none of them are said to be rich."

After the first really cold weather of the Russian winter, he wrote:

"Now I will tell you how it feels. Of course you find it difficult to keep the house as warm as usual. You wrap up and go out-doors. Your skin is shrivelled up and you feel smaller. I believe if it were not for your bones you would shrink up to half the size. There are not many people in the streets, and all of them are shapeless lumps of wrappings. The sun shines very brightly in a perfectly cloudless sky, but the breath of men and horses makes a vapour that immediately falls in minute snow-crystals. If you walk fast you can keep warm, but your legs feel heavy and you would like to sit down on a doorstep for awhile, or lean up against a fence. If you wink, your eyelashes freeze together. Then at night, the sky seems perfectly black and the stars shine very brightly, but don't give much light. The vapour from the gas has formed a coat of ice on the inside of the street-lamps and the lights are mere faintly glimmering specks."

His *esprit chercheur* carried him far in his observations.

"The common people dress very lightly—thin trousers and shirt, without underclothing, and reserve their warm furs and skins for the street. In the Traktirs, or restaurants, the waiters have long, loose white linen trousers, with a white linen or coloured silk shirt, with a sash round it —nothing else. I pinched one of them to see."

In the spring of 1868 he made his first journey to Orenburg, travelling in company with a Russian merchant. They went down the Volga by steamboat and thence by tarantass; fraternising with young Englishmen in the telegraphic service, with Russian families, with travellers of all nationalities; landing to pay visits with his merchant friend, and calling in addition on "the wife of one of the principal Ural Cossacks," where he found "a rather pretty daughter playing on a grand piano and not a bit like a Cossack," and "a very nice little girl named Tanya;" and alighting from the tarantass to pick wild lilies of the valley and other flowers. At Orenburg he saw much that was interesting and heard much talk of the hostilities in Asia and the depression of trade and uncertainties of caravans; attended prayers at the Bukharan mosque

and made numerous acquaintances, including an American, who by some turn of fortune was living in Orenburg as Capellmeister. He dined with the Governor-General and also with a Bukharan who had the dinner served on "a little pink tablecloth laid on the Bukharan carpets which covered the floor." The pilof, for which each guest had a spoon, a concession to their foreign prejudices, but which all ate out of the same dish, "was truly delicious." He says in his diary that the Bukharans "seem to have supposed that America was a mere expression used to lower the price of their cotton, and are quite curious about me, thinking I am come to interfere with their trade."

He crossed the Ural, and as he drove over the steppe had the pleasure of feeling himself in Asia; took refuge from a storm in a Kirghiz kibitka and drank kumys for the first time in his life; and finally ended his visit by assisting at the festivities in honour of the Grand Duke Vladimir—a banquet and a camel-race—and got back to Moscow four weeks from the time he started.

Early in October of the same year he visited Count Leo Tolstoy at his estate of Yásnaya Polyána. The letters which he wrote from

there were incorporated in the sketch of Tolstoy, written twenty years later.

All this time he was working indefatigably, studying Russian and French, reading extensively, and making himself familiar not only with the work of his office, but with Russian affairs. The character of his work is indicated in the following letter of good advice written about this time:

"My Dear Eva: . . . I think you make a mistake in going to so many lectures. One can't have time to know everything. Take the subjects you are most interested in and let the others alone. You are like me, you can become easily interested in almost anything, and we are both tempted continually to study up some new thing. I try quite rigidly to confine myself to four connected subjects, but am continually running over. Mine are history, literature, language, and mythology—especially in the Teutonic and Slavonic peoples. Science I am extremely fond of and am sometimes sorry I did not devote myself to it, but it is now too late, and I must content myself with an occasional glance. Diplomacy and statistics—my present profession—I consider a part of history. Among other wild projects I seriously think of writing a 'Manual of the Diplomatic History of the Nineteenth Century.'"

With the change of administration in 1869, came the usual turning out of office. By this time Mr. Schuyler was used to his official work and had grown fond of it, and was making himself an authority on Russian affairs. His reports and despatches abounded in information. Moreover he was now making plans for literary work which would require a longer stay in Russia. He hoped that his proved fitness for his post would cause him to be retained, especially as it had not been generally considered a desirable one at the time of his appointment. For a time he heard nothing, either directly or indirectly. Then the London *Times* announced his removal and he awaited the event. Various newspapers contradicted the statement of the *Times*, and he wrote, May 14th:

"I am delighted to find that the news in the London *Times* of my removal is so far untrue, and that I shall have a chance to stay here a while longer. What especially pleases me is the interest some of my friends have taken in the matter. Some unknown friend inserted a letter (which I have heard of, but not seen) in a London paper, praising me and objecting to my removal; and Mr. Bancroft, the moment he heard the report, wrote to Washington to have me retained or transferred to Odessa."

Supposing that matters were settled for the time, he went for a few days to Kief, and on his return found that he had been superseded some weeks before, and that his pay had stopped at the same time. He says, in a letter of June 17th:

"If I had known that I was removed I should not have taken the journey which I shall here relate to you, but supposing that the report of my removal was an error, I went and enjoyed myself, without suspicion of the evil fate that was in store for me. On the whole, I can't say I am sorry I went, though I should like to have again the money it cost."

At Kief he saw, as usual, all that there was to see, and made many acquaintances (only one of whom he found fault with, a lady who was "fearfully talkative in several languages"), and happened, as usual, on a peasant wedding, where he "drank cherry vodka, danced the Kazatchek, and learned the Russian game of jackstraws of a little girl."

On his return to Moscow, wishing to remain in Russia, he expressed his willingness to accept the consulship at Revel, although it was not a desirable post; and in the meantime occupied himself in writing for various periodicals.

"August $\frac{17}{29}$, 1869, MOSCOW.

"MY DEAR EVA: Your letter from Cherry Valley came yesterday, to my great delight, as it was a very long time since I had heard from you. I have myself not written to anybody for the last two or three weeks, because I am often in a disagreeable state of mind, and because as I am trying to write for my living, I am so busy writing and reading every day that my head is about run out of ideas. This week I have written one letter to the *World* and three to the *Evening Post*, besides being busy on two articles and reading for another. I cannot do one thing at a time. It is not my nature. If I could only write ten such pages every day I should be quite content, but there are sure to be three days out of the week when I am either indisposed to write or am interrupted. For instance, yesterday I had promised to introduce the new consul to the dignitaries and other consuls, and that destroyed the whole day. . . .

"I have had a great misfortune; my little white and brown cat is dead—she was Belenka. I have two others, gray ones—Sasha and Masha. I had another Masha, a beautiful tiger-striped cat, that I had since it was a little kitten, but somebody stole it, so I got a second one as nearly like it as I could, but it is much more stupid. You see in my old age I have taken up again with the pets of my infancy. Sasha is

very wise and sits on my shoulder, her favourite place, as I write this. . . ."

In the autumn he was appointed Consul at Revel; but in the meantime he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Curtin, the new Minister to Russia, who offered him the position of Secretary of Legation, left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Coffey, and he resigned the consulship.

Life in St. Petersburg was a great change from the simpler ways of Moscow. Here he first tasted the pleasures and excitements of diplomacy, at that time perhaps nowhere more interesting than in Russia, whose progress in Asia was arousing a jealous attention, while her form of government inevitably led to the impression that there were secrets in the air, and stimulated diplomatic acuteness. To this new sphere of action Mr. Schuyler brought special qualifications; for to an inquiring mind and marvellous quickness of observation he added winning manners and a knowledge of the Russian language. As a result he soon came to be looked upon as perhaps the best informed man in diplomatic circles. The extent and minuteness of his knowledge were only rivalled by its accuracy, and whatever news he chose to impart could be relied upon.

In January, 1870, he wrote:

"Most of my reading just now is very solid and practical, on Russian statistics and other subjects almost exclusively. I have to write here a great many letters which demand a thorough knowledge of Russian subjects, and though I suppose I know more about them than any diplomat here, except Michell, the English Secretary, I have to do a good deal of cramming. I have just finished a long report on Russian manufactures, with the prospect ahead of another on grain production and traffic. Then, too, I wrote not long ago a paper on the Treatment of the Jews in Russia for Mr. Curtin."

Curtin, the "War Governor" of Pennsylvania, had been an important figure at a time and in a place which had given scope for his qualities. He had gained a great reputation and deserved well of his country. To fill the mission in Russia was not an easy matter for a man who knew no language but his own. Naturally he had to depend much on his Secretary of Legation, and his frequent absences on leave left the latter in charge of the Legation during comparatively long periods. A situation of that sort is exceedingly difficult both for the Minister and for the Secretary.

One would think that with the business of the Legation, a keen interest in diplomatic and political affairs, and a habit of reading and writing, a man's time would be well filled. But this was only half of the story. At this period of his life the taste for amusement was equally strong. Practically all doors were open to him. Society was ready not only to receive him, but to make much of him, and he was on terms of intimacy in a very great variety of houses. Then there were the great spectacular festivities which formed part of the diplomatic life, and of which the letter quoted below gives a fair picture; there were the several intimate circles of young men, each in sympathy with a different side of a many-sided nature; and there were all the usual amusements of a city—a brilliant, extravagant, cosmopolitan city, where the pace was rapid. And to this *menu* he brought an appetite rendered keener by an extraordinary union of intellectual with physical ardour.

In the midst of all this, and although Court festivities soon became a twice-told tale, he found time to write to the sister left behind in the quiet of a country town, minute descriptions of what he knew would interest her.

"ST. PETERSBURG, January $\frac{5}{17}$, 1870.

"MY DEAR EVA: . . . Last week we had a great ceremony here at the Palace. The Grand Duke Alexis arrived at majority and took the oath of allegiance. The Diplomatic people were all invited and all the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. The ladies were all in Russian costume and the men in uniform. Mr. Curtin happened to be ill and General Franklin was of course in uniform, so that I was the only one in the immense assemblage in black dress. Of course I felt very awkward. What a ridiculous, foolish law that is, to make us go in the costume of a waiter. Well, to go back—we arrived at one o'clock and were conducted through any quantity of salons hung with pictures and lined with detachments of all the various regiments of the guard, in beautiful uniforms, into the chapel. There we were placed on one side and the ladies on the other. Next to us were the Ministers and the Council of the Empire. Finally there came in a procession of officials who brought in the orb, the sceptre, containing the celebrated Orloff diamond, and the crown. After that the Metropolitan and other archbishops went towards the door of the chapel to meet the Imperial family. First came the Emperor and Empress, who kissed the cross and were blessed, then the Tsesarevitch and Dagmar, looking very pretty in her Russian dress, and then all the other members of

the Imperial family, and then the rest of the Court. When they had taken their places there was a short religious service with very fine music, then Alexis read aloud the oath in a loud, strong, fine voice, signed it and handed it to Gortchakoff. After that there was a Te Deum sung. The choir was magnificent, but right in the middle we were led out through rooms filled with soldiers to the Throne-room, where we were put on a platform to the right of the throne. There were selected specimens from all the regiments, with drums and banners, and one banner, that of the Moscow regiment, standing directly over a little reading-desk. The Imperial family again entered and took places on the throne platform. The Emperor led up Alexis to the desk and he took the military oath. Then he kissed his father, holding his cheek up to his for a long time. Then after a military salute, the Imperial family passed out, and we finally did the same and went home. The Empress stood during the ceremony on the throne steps, so that I saw her very well. She was dressed magnificently in white with lots of lace, and a train of dark red-purple velvet covered with gold embroidery. Her coronet and necklace were the finest diamonds I ever saw. The Emperor was in uniform. The effect of the gorgeous uniforms and the ladies' dresses was very beautiful. . . ."

" Saturday, January $\frac{10}{22}$.

" We have had still more ceremonies. On Tuesday there was the blessing of the River Neva and a grand parade. We were invited to the palace, where we had a nice time. The ladies were in morning costume, and it was quite free and easy. We had good places and saw the religious ceremony on the ice very well, but the walls and windows were so thick that it was all dumb show, for we could not hear a sound. After that we sat down to a lunch, and, I must say, the Emperor either has a bad cook, or he did not exert himself much for us. Then we were taken to the other side of the palace, from which we saw the review of 47,000 troops. The Cavalry, Lancers, and Cossacks were splendid, and the whole was by far the best parade I ever saw. The Governor says the same, though he saw the great reviews at Paris of 1867. It, however, lost a little from the bands being inaudible.

" To-day we were all presented to the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna,[1] the only daughter of the Emperor. She is only sixteen and this is her first appearance in the world. She is to come out at a Grand Ball on Tuesday. Marie is rather pretty, though her nose and mouth are not good. She was a little embarrassed, though on the whole she did very well, and everybody was charmed with her. The ladies were taken to her one by one, and then the men of the *Corps Diplomatique*,

[1] The Duchess of Edinburgh.

about sixty, were put in circle and she went the rounds, having quite a conversation with each one in French, English, or German, as the case might be. She was apparently crammed up beforehand, for she seemed to know something about each man's private history. It was a very trying ordeal for a young girl. She looks fully nineteen. She was dressed in rose-pink silk, much flounced, with white trimming, low-necked, with a pearl necklace, one pearl bracelet and one diamond one, and a rose in her hair. I go into particulars at the risk of being thought absurd, because I think they will interest you, and I know they will Aunt R. Tell me whether I sent you her photograph and if not I will do so.

"For more serious occupation I went on Wednesday to an 'Economic Society' dinner, where I made the acquaintance of many economists and scientists, and heard a long discussion in Russian on the Suez Canal. I paid a flying visit to Pakoff on Thursday, but as I was only there a few hours, I have nothing to tell about it. I went down with General Franklin, who has at last gone, much to my regret. He is one of the few men with whom I have been in intimate relations for a month, and with whom, with all my criticalness, I can discover no possible fault.

"I think the length of this letter will excuse the length of time that has elapsed since my last. Write to me all that is going on. With much love to all, Yours, as ever, EUGENE."

In all his letters the dominant note is friendliness. It is astonishing how well he liked people; and in the intimate letters of twenty-five years one could count on one's fingers the persons whom he mentioned with dislike. Even his dislikes were not bitter, and he could appreciate the good qualities of an enemy; though in a moment of irritation he might seem unable to tolerate the foibles of a friend.

In October, 1870, he visited Finland, a country which had interested him ever since his editorial work on the translation of the "Kalevala." He was enchanted with the scenery, with his night's stay at a farm called Liuxiala, which was "towards the end of the sixteenth century the abode of Queen Catherine of Sweden, after her husband, Erik XIV., was dethroned." From Helsingfors he wrote:

"The people here have really been too good to me. They have looked on me as in some way representing the Kalevala in America and have shown me no end of attention. I have met nearly all the professors at the University, and they have taken great pains to explain to me all I wanted to know—and one even volunteered to give me some Finnish lessons. Several of them have presented me copies of their books in Finnish and Swedish, and I have quite a collection illustrating the Finnish literature."

He was much fêted, and as he wrote, "made many pleasant acquaintances." With some of them he corresponded at intervals for years.

In the spring of 1871 he obtained a leave of absence and returned to America, where he spent the summer. A trip to the Rocky Mountains fulfilled the double object of increasing his knowledge of his own country and renewing his acquaintance with the younger brother whom he had left as a cadet at West Point,[1] and whom he characterises in a letter written during this journey as "the nicest fellow I ever met."

He returned to Russia in the autumn, but the pleasures of St. Petersburg had begun to pall, and in March, 1872, he wrote to a friend:

"I don't think St. Petersburg is a place to grow in, though I have grown a great deal in spite of it. There are many cultivated people scattered about. The Court circle numbers some. . . . But you can't find any set with that general love of art and literature that you find in New York, with the same cultivation and good manners. I am continually thinking better of America. I sometimes sigh for New York. Indeed I often sigh to be away from here, and it is a resolve of mine to get away as soon as I can."

[1] Major Walter Schuyler, United States Army, at present Colonel of the Forty-sixth Infantry, serving in the Philippines.

But he was destined to remain in St. Petersburg for some time longer. About this time he began to interest himself more systematically in art than he had heretofore done. In September, 1872, he wrote:

"There is one fault which nearly all connoisseurs have, and the better they are, the more they fall into it. With a good memory and a trained eye one can arrive at fixing almost unerringly by what artist a picture is painted, in which of his manners, and what parts have been retouched or repainted. That is a very good thing. But I notice that most people who can do that, get to looking at pictures very much as a botanist does at plants. If it is a fine specimen they are delighted. They don't seem to discriminate enough between pictures, setting down one artist as good and another as bad. Then, too, they are naturally led by the consensus of the critical and artistic world, and admire Raphael or Correggio or Poussin, or whom you will, simply because they have great reputations and must be good painters. That is all a truism to you, but I am particularly struck with it every time I meet a good 'judge of art.' Whatever I do I don't want to do that, but hope to be able to like pictures with a reason, and also to say why others are bad, and not to be afraid to say so, because Ruskin or Reynolds or Eastlake are opposed to me."

From a month's trip to Vienna and Dresden, with incidental halts at other places, he acquired an amazing amount of artistic experience. At last even he felt that his brain was becoming over-stimulated; especially when an opera of Wagner was added to the sightseeing of the day. Of "Lohengrin" he wrote:

"It was wonderful, but it excites me too much. I should like to hear it again to-night to form a cooler judgment. I have never been so worked up by an opera before, and listened to it breathlessly from beginning to end. It is the music chiefly. The play is not so well written nor so poetical an idea as the 'Fliegende Holländer.'

"All this excites me too much. My imagination runs perfect riot. I go to bed tired at eleven or so, and the moment my head touches the pillow I have the most curious complicated dreams, combining the times of mythology, the middle ages and the present day, which last till morning, so that I wake up tired."

On his return to St. Petersburg he wrote:

"So ends my 'Art Journey,' as I call it. I feel as if it were at least six months since I left here. Then, too, I feel that I have learned so much. I really look on it as one of those growing and starting points in a man's life, and I shall be much astonished if I don't develop still more. . . .

Now I am going to try to settle down to hard work. I have a lot of things on hand to do, and I am going to set about doing them as fast as possible."

III

Mr. Curtin resigned in the summer of 1872, and his successor, Mr. Orr, did not reach St. Petersburg until the following winter. Soon after his arrival Mr. Schuyler obtained a leave of absence and availed himself of an opportunity to visit Central Asia—a region rendered especially interesting by the recent Russian conquests.

"I shall probably astonish you a good deal by telling you that I am going to Central Asia, where I shall be gone for some months. It is one of those chances that ought not to be thrown away. I go with the permission of Governor Orr. I cannot say exactly when I shall come back, if I ever do, for as there is a war in that region things are rather unsettled. Still, I expect to keep far away from any fighting, and do not apprehend any difficulties at all. So do not be alarmed.

"My route is something like this: Moscow, Saratof on the Volga, Orenburg (where I was in 1868), Sea of Aral, Tashkent, Samarcand, perhaps Kokan, and back by way of Siberia."

This was the most extensive journey which he had yet undertaken, and was not by any means devoid of danger. Inheriting from his mother a physical timidity which made him uncomfortable when walking beside a precipice, or on a lonely road at night, a touch of excitement and interest, and especially a sense of responsibility brought the other side of his nature uppermost, and he could ride cheerfully through a crowd of unfriendly Asiatics, knowing that the first act of hostility might be the signal for his murder; or he could sit and read a novel (and remember what he read) while awaiting the order for the passengers to leave a burning ship in mid-ocean. With a strong love of luxury and without great physical endurance, he submitted philosophically to any amount of fatigue and discomfort in pursuit of new knowledge and experience.

He left St. Petersburg toward the end of March, 1873, and from Saratof travelled by open tarantass, arriving at Orenburg with a "lobster face," from which the skin was peeling off. From there he went on, with camels or horses, as the case might be, writing from Kazala: "This country reminds me a good deal of the plains of Colorado, but I suppose it is still more like Arizona."

MacGahan was his travelling companion, but at Fort Peroffsky they separated, MacGahan going across the desert to Khiva. Nothing failed to interest him, and during the long drives across the country he noted, with the trained eye of a botanist and the enthusiasm of a lover of nature, the varying vegetation, both wild and cultivated—thickets of saxaul; tulips and poppies, and "a blue flower something like a hyacinth;" the fields of barley and millet; and the little irrigating canals, "without which one can do nothing." He reached Tashkent on May 3d, driving "through a perfect wilderness of gardens."

"As I sat on the doorstep that evening, I could not help thinking that I had fallen on some village in Central New York. The houses, to be sure, are differently built, but then in the moonlight one does not notice that. But the aspect of the straight streets with the gardens and trees, the noise of the water, etc., all were like Ithaca or Geneva. New or Russian Tashkent is quite distinct from the old city, and has all been built in seven years. There are about 10,000 Russians here, including the army; and shops, a church, and a beautiful garden attached to the house of the Governor-General, where there is music three times a week. The Sart, or native town, is very different. The streets are narrow and

crooked, with no windows on them, the houses all being put back behind the gardens and enclosed with high walls, so as to hide the women. You see them occasionally in the street in blue dresses and a black horse-hair veil, which effectually hides their faces. The men are all in long, gay-coloured dressing-gowns of cotton or silk. Some wear white or blue turbans, but the most of them only little embroidered caps on their shaven skulls. I have only once been to the bazaar, so I will not say anything about it till I have seen it more thoroughly. In the Sart city there must be over 300,000 people.

"I have made a number of acquaintances both among the Russians and the natives. Last evening, in company with some others, I walked through the town, through the pretty garden of a mosque, and finally called on Sharif-Khodja Kazi, a judge (cadi, they call them in Turkey), and one of the chief mollahs, or learned men, the director of a college, or medresse. There were a lot of people there, relatives and students. We sat on our legs on carpets spread on a portico, drank green tea, smoked a Bukharan pipe, and ate various sweet things and pistachio nuts. This spread they call a *destur-khan*. Curiously enough everyone seems to have heard of America, and one man had even seen a picture of Lincoln—whom he thought a very handsome man.

"*Monday*.—Last night I went to the Governor-

General's garden to hear the music, and met there a lot of people, some Russians and some Asiatics. At last we went home to tea with Mr. Petroffsky, who is very kind to me in showing me about, and I stayed there till two o'clock. Among the people were Djura Beg, the former Bek of Kitab, another Bukharan, an influential Khirgiz, a Tartar doctor who has been doctor of nearly all the sovereigns here, has seen several of them murdered, and has been nearly killed himself several times. The story he told me was in the highest degree interesting. . . .

"Three of us made a little excursion to Urgut, a town in the mountains, twenty-five miles to the south. Everywhere on the road the village authorities met us with complimentary addresses, and trays of sweets, which are here called *destur-khans*. At Urgut we had pavilions ready for us in a beautiful grove, and had a royal time. When I left Samarcand, horses were ready for me everywhere on the road, and I returned by way of Ura Tube and Khodjent. Everywhere the same *destur-khans*, everywhere rooms were prepared for me, and I travelled as the Emir himself."

Nevertheless he found the road barred before him in various directions, and in Kokan was "reviled by the inhabitants," although as a rule the opposition to his journey was masked under many civilities.

"At every place I have been most magnificently received, in fact I don't know what they could do more for me. At every city the principal men of the place in gorgeous attire rode out several miles to meet us, and everywhere I was presented with *khalats*—a robe like a dressing-gown—of cloth of gold, horses with magnificent caparisons, etc., had too much even to eat, and almost every night dances and festivities, such as they were. It is the exact contrary of my experience in Kokan. But a few minutes ago the Bek, a son of the Emir, and the heir to the throne, sent me five *khalats* of various kinds, and a white horse—this time I believe a good one—with housings of blue and silver and a bridle set with turquoises and agates. I am now the possessor of four horses, but most of them bad. Of course I have to give presents in return, and with the exception of a few things I shall keep, I shall sell the most to pay the expenses."

"BUKHARA, August 12th.

"I have now done with my trip here and shall go back to Samarcand to-morrow. At present I am a slave-owner, having bought to-day a young Persian of ten years old for 700 tengas, or about $100. I saw a charming boy on the bazaar in the slave market and felt very sorry for him, as he had only been lately captured, and after wavering in mind whether I could afford it, finally bought him, and paid part of

the price, but before I could secure him, he was spirited off by order of the Government and I lost him. So to take to Samarcand a visible proof that they sell slaves here (for they deny it to the Russians), I bought this little fellow at private sale. I shall take him to St. Petersburg and hand him over to the Persian Minister to be sent home.

"On the road from Karshi here I spent a night in the camp of the Emir, who was going to Karshi, and was presented to him. He received me very well; told me I could travel where I pleased, and gave me a horse and four *khalats*. Here, at Bukhara, I have been lodged in a very nice house, and have had a chance to see everything. I think the Government has been a good deal disturbed by my inquiries and investigations. They have tried to make my stay as agreeable as possible, but on the subject of the slave deceived me fearfully and lied to me constantly. The same thing took place about going to Tchardjui, where I wanted to go. The Emir told me I could go, but the people here made all sorts of difficulties and finally told me I could not go. I think, however, that I have thoroughly *done* the city, and I have rather enjoyed the intrigues."

A few days later, as he was riding through a large bazaar, there were some hostile demonstrations. One man picked up a large stone, but fortunately betrayed himself by muttering: "Just

let me hit him and he will drop dead at once, and there will be one Kaffir the less." He was driven off, picked up another stone, and was finally soundly beaten by Mr. Schuyler's servants.

In the meantime Mr. Orr had died in St. Petersburg, and by the time the news reached Mr. Schuyler in Asia, Mr. Jewell had been appointed Minister and was on his way to Russia. Mr. Schuyler hastened his return and reached St. Petersburg about the middle of November.

"I have been here now a week, but am not yet settled down. . . . Mr. Jewell I like very much, and he is certainly remarkably kind and considerate. The State Department, so far as I know, is still satisfied with me, and talks of promotion, though as yet in indefinite terms. . . .

"I expect to write a book and hope to have it ready by spring. In that case I shall probably resign in case I do not receive some other place. The *Herald* has offered me a place in New York as editorial writer, but I think I can do better. . . .

"People here seem to think I have done a great thing in going to Central Asia, and more especially in coming back again. I don't know exactly how I have changed, but somehow I seem no longer to be the same—even to myself. Without being more serious—I feel myself so.

Probably I am not yet *orienté* to St. Petersburg life, but all here but two or three bore me dreadfully, and I don't know what to do with myself. With people who are interested in Central Asia I can talk with much more pleasure. You see it is my present hobby that I am riding to death."

Mr. Jewell resigned in the summer of 1874, after only a year and a half of St. Petersburg. His relations with Mr. Schuyler always remained cordial and even affectionate. He, too, was a man who spoke no language but English, and was unversed in Russian affairs, and thus had to rely greatly on his Secretary of Legation. His letters show him to have been shrewd, generous, humourous, and modest, and a very loyal friend. He saw clearly the disadvantage of sending representatives who were ignorant of the affairs of the countries to which they were accredited, and of any language but their own; and he expressed very earnestly his desire to have the place suitably filled after his resignation.

At this time Mr. Schuyler wished to resign his position in order to publish his book on Central Asia; and in spite of his strong preference for a diplomatic career and his unwillingness to give it up unless it should prove necessary to do so, he was making plans to adopt another profession,

in view of the uncertainties of the American Diplomatic Service.

Meanwhile, although anxious to publish his book while the subject was still fresh in the public mind, he felt obliged to remain at his post until the arrival of a new Minister, since the Secretary of State had requested him to do so, and had in fact refused to accept his resignation.

He had returned from the journey to Central Asia in 1873, filled with information on many subjects; and above all enlightened as to the methods of Russian officials in those parts. Since the better class of men disliked being sent to those outlying regions, it unfortunately happened that there where promotion was exceptionally rapid, inferior men rose to power. Thus, even in cases where the policy of the Government was unobjectionable, untrustworthy agents were left to carry it out. From this arose great abuses. What with burdensome taxation, broken promises, attempts to enforce a system of government foreign to the ideas of the inhabitants and incomprehensible to them, and the substitution of "administrative methods" for law, whenever law seemed burdensome to the foreign rulers, the unfortunate natives were greatly fretted and bewildered. When in addition to this, the Russian officers

were all anxious to obtain decorations as a reward of valour, a premium was placed on war. As, for instance, in the celebrated case of General Kaufmann, who wanted the Cross of St. George and could not obtain it except for victory in battle. It will be remembered that the Turkomans had yielded and had been pardoned, and were keeping faith with the Russians. Under the circumstances General Kaufmann decided that it was necessary to subdue "their pride and their license." Accordingly he levied an extortionate tax, and then went out on the warpath without giving them time to raise the money to pay it. The battle which brought him his Cross of St. George was really a massacre; but the distance from St. Petersburg was great.

It was such information as this that Mr. Schuyler brought back from Asia. At Mr. Jewell's request, he prepared a report for the State Department, which they both supposed would be considered a confidential document. The Department, however, did not agree with their view, and it was published in the Red Book of December, 1874, and made much talk. Many people were only too glad to receive information of Russian atrocities from any source, and all the more from a trustworthy authority; and the

newspapers in general took it for granted that the man who had made such revelations could not possibly remain in Russia. However, no complaint was ever made by the Russian Government, and shortly afterward the Emperor, always open-minded, rejected General Kaufmann's plan for the reorganization of Central Asia. In his diary Mr. Schuyler says:

"*January 10, 1875.*—Four copies of Red Book arrive with my report on Central Asia, which rather startles me. . . . General Vlangali[1] calls on me—a charming man—lend him a copy of Red Book.

"*January 11th.*—Baron Osten-Sacken[2] calls—he takes Red Book to give me his opinion. . . .

"*January 13th.*—Take the Red Book to Stremoukhoff,[3] who receives my report on Central Asia much better than I expected. He says no harm done. Go to Petrofsky.

"P. comes to me, says Osten-Sacken is in ecstasies over my report. Vlangali very much pleased and wants to read it to Grand Dukes Alexis and Vladimir. Stremoukhoff pleased and will use it for his own purposes. . . ."

Five years later he wrote to a friend who had asked him some questions on the subject.

[1] Russian minister to China and later of the department of Asiatic affairs.
[2] At that time one of the Masters of Ceremonies of the Court.
[3] Of the department of Asiatic affairs

"I suppose it is impossible to eradicate a popular error, but the Russian Government never found fault with me in any way or shape, and never hinted at my recall either in St. Petersburg or Washington. On the contrary when General Kaufmann stated his grief[1] at my criticisms of his doings in Central Asia, he replied that I was in my right and refused to take notice of his complaints. It arose from a report which I wrote on Central Asia being published by the State Department—to my great astonishment. I remained after that as *Chargé d'Affaires* for more than a year. The report was written in March, 1874, was published in December, 1874, and I left Russia for Constantinople in February, 1876.

"My book on Turkistan was not published until October, 1876, after I had left Russia. Naturally after the publication of my report and the subsequent newspaper war, I was obliged to print the main facts more *in extenso* in my book, lest I should seem to retract. I did so on the advice of several highly placed Russians, two being Under Secretaries of the Foreign Office, two members of the Council of State, and one, Mr. (now Count) Valnief, then Minister and now President of the Council of Ministers."

Mr. Boker accepted the Russian mission early in the winter of 1874-75, but did not arrive at his post until the following summer. In the

[1] He sometimes uses "grief" in the French sense.

meantime Mr. Schuyler's friends in Washington had endeavoured to keep him in the service by obtaining his transfer to another post. Mr. Jewell, who was then in the Cabinet, wrote to him:

"I have been trying to get Constantinople for you. . . . The Secretary of State has taken it up quite vigorously, and the other day asked the President to give it to you, giving two very good reasons—that he thought the Eastern Question was assuming such a peculiar shape now that we should have a Minister there now who understands the language and Eastern politics, and saying that you filled the bill better than any man on the list of his acquaintances. The President replied that the pressure on him for that place had been very great, people claiming that those who stayed at home and fought in the war were more entitled to these high offices than those who had already filled nice positions abroad for many years. Mr. Fish reminded him that your position had not been a very nice one, though you had filled it well; to which the President replied that from all accounts he had no doubt of your ability and fitness for any Mission, as he had heard you very favourably spoken of. In the course of the conversation it was remarked by somebody, I cannot tell who, that New York had three Ministers already, and that it did not help us politically to give it to you, but rather

the reverse; and that we ought to give it to some able and competent Republican from a State like Iowa perhaps, which had no representation abroad."

A later letter says:

"Boker has written that he desires you to stay and coach him at least until he is started."

IV

In January, 1876, Mr. Schuyler was appointed Consul-General and Secretary of Legation at Constantinople. It was a relief to him to turn his back on St. Petersburg, where, in spite of many friends, he had become weary of a mode of life which interfered with serious work, and which required an inexhaustible purse. However, he was detained until the arrival of his successor. He then took leave of absence and went to London, where he saw his book through the press, reaching Constantinople about the beginning of July. On his way he stopped at Belgrade, just at the time when Serbia had decided to make common cause with her neighbours, Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Montenegro, and declare war upon Turkey.

To Miss King.

"BELGRADE, June 28, 1876.

". . . The change from the comfort and the orderly life of Paris to the turmoil of a little principality which is on the eve of declaring war upon a still powerful empire is a great one. I feel as if I were in a far different world, where both passions and interests are new to me. And yet I have entered into them with a heartiness which I did not suspect that I possessed, and the three days which I have spent here have been full of incident.

" I had thought that the efforts of the great powers had been effectual in keeping Serbia quiet, and I was therefore the more astonished to find that everybody here considered war inevitable and was daily expecting the issue of a patriotic proclamation and the departure of Prince Milan for the Turkish frontier. Desirous of getting all the information I could for future use in Constantinople, I at once sank the tourist in the politician, and spent nearly my whole time in visiting the Diplomatic Corps, some of whom I already knew, in having interviews with the Ministers and with the Prince, and in studying the situation.

" Last Sunday—the night of my arrival—I went to the theatre, which was open for the last time before the war—as all the actors are to join the ambulances. The piece was 'The Janissary,' full of blood and murder, of Turkish insolence and oppression, and of Serbian valour and patience.

I think only two of the characters were alive at the end. The object was, of course, to excite the popular feeling against Turkey, and if the shouts at the end be an index, the piece was well chosen. Had the circumstances not been so tragic, the play would have seemed to me laughable, but I could hardly keep down my emotion when I thought of the ruin that might come upon the country, the bombardment of this pretty town, and the terrible cruelties that would be perpetrated in consequence of this popular enthusiasm.

"Prince Milan—considering that he left school at Paris when only sixteen, in consequence of his uncle's assassination, and has had a difficult and busy life of it ever since—impressed me as a very remarkable young man. He is now only twenty-two, handsome and well-built, and singularly intelligent and well-informed. He gave me much information about Serbia, and in the course of his talk showed me that he was well acquainted with America, and followed the march of events there better, I fear, than do many Americans in Paris.

"To-day all the flags are flying, and Belgrade is as gay as if for some great victory, but it is only to welcome the proclamation of war, and to express its delight at the march of the Prince. He sets out early in the morning, and in a week we shall hear of a fight. The suffering will no doubt be great, unless, indeed, the Turks kill all the wounded, as they had a habit of doing in Herzegovina. I hope the ladies of the West will con-

tribute something in the way of hospital stores. Such things will be useful to both sides. . . ."

He arrived in Constantinople at the moment when the attention of the civilised world was being drawn to the condition of Bulgaria, where the Turks had made an insignificant insurrection the pretext for a savage onslaught on the Christian population. The effort made by the Great Powers in 1856 to ameliorate the condition of the Christian subjects of Turkey, had had no result. The reforms and privileges granted by the Sultan Abdul Medjid had never been carried out. This delay and the consequent unjust treatment of the Christians by government officials, together with the almost daily acts of murder and violence committed by the Mussulman population, had caused a series of feeble and abortive insurrections. Meantime, however, a system of national education was making progress, owing in great part to the exertions of the Americans; and in 1871 the independence of the Bulgarian Church was re-established. With the gradual spread of education, a greater national feeling grew up, and the tyranny of the Mussulman rulers became still harder to bear. Still, no real agitation was carried on in the country until 1875, when the prevailing dis-

content assumed a more organized form, and an insurrection was planned, with the object of making a sufficiently formal demonstration to compel the Porte to pay some attention to the demands of the people. Apparently there was no idea of making any real opposition to the Turks. The people were without arms and unaccustomed to their use. After the day for the intended rising had been fixed, the chiefs resolved to defer it; but, owing to the miscarriage of a letter, one district remained ignorant of the postponement. Accordingly, about a hundred men of this region, armed with old muskets, sticks, and clubs, left their villages and went towards the Balkans. They were overtaken, some of them were killed and the rest imprisoned. Many more arrests were made and a number of persons remained for many months in prison without trial.

After this, it was resolved to see what could be done by petitioning the Sublime Porte. Many petitions were received at Constantinople, but no attention was paid to them. On May 1, 1876, another premature and partial insurrection took place. It was a very insignificant affair, but it caused a panic among the Turks, who spread the report that the Russians were coming. Aziz

Pasha, the mutessarif of Philippopolis, who had been a good governor, and was hated by the Turks, for being, as they thought, too favourable to the Christians, found himself powerless to prevent the arming of the Mussulman population and the formation of companies of bashi-bazouks, a term which signifies simply irregular troops, either infantry or cavalry. Aziz Pasha was superseded in a few days by Abdul Hamid Pasha, a man who did nothing to restrain the barbarities which followed. Meantime the regular troops, for which Aziz Pasha had telegraphed, were arriving on the scene, so that there was no excuse for arming the population. Scenes of horror followed. Near and accessible as the region was, it was weeks before the outside world began to learn what was taking place, and then the reports came chiefly through American missionaries and the professors and students of Robert College. These reports were discredited, and feeling ran high against those who disseminated them. It was then rumoured that the Porte intended to close the American schools and send the missionaries out of the country. The British Ambassador, Sir Henry Elliot, as is well known, refused to give any credence to the stories and did what he could to belittle them. Dr. Wash-

burn, the President of Robert College, and Dr. Long, then a professor in the college, but formerly a missionary and stationed during seven years in Bulgaria, placed in his hands much documentary and other evidence of the treatment to which the Bulgarians had been subjected, asking that he would use his influence in their behalf. However, the Ambassador did not appear to think the evidence of sufficient importance or authenticity to communicate to his Government, and returned the documents. The correspondent of the London *Daily News* adopted a statement prepared by Dr. Long, and it appeared in that paper, on June 23, 1876. This statement startled and aroused the people of England, but the Government was unwilling to take any notice of it. Meantime a Turkish Commissioner sent by the Porte into Bulgaria denied every accusation of cruelty on the part of the Turks, and represented them as the victims of Christian ferocity; and the British Government apparently preferred to believe the Turkish side of the story. However, Lord Derby requested Sir Henry Elliot to send one of his officials into Bulgaria to inquire and report. He sent Mr. Walter Baring, one of the secretaries of the Embassy, who started on July 19th; and at the same time the Ambassador re-

ported to Lord Derby that the statements as to the atrocities had been taken chiefly from information furnished by the American missionaries. At this crisis the United States Minister was glad to avail himself of Mr. Schuyler's willingness to be sent to Bulgaria to investigate the outrages.

To Miss King.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, July 21, 1876.

". . . I am to start to-morrow on an errand which is difficult, if not dangerous. No doubt you have heard something already of the frightful atrocities perpetrated in Bulgaria by the bashi-bazouks and Circassians. The English affect to disbelieve the reports and call them exaggerated. The British Ambassador even defends the acts of the irregular troops as just reprisals. I have therefore been strongly urged to go to Bulgaria and make an official report to our Government on the actual state of things. My mission is nominally to see about the establishment of vice-consulates. I am armed with vizerial letters, so that the governors will try to give me protection, but I fear that they will put all sorts of difficulties in my way, to keep me from seeing the calamities and distress of the poor peasants. I mean, however, to give my guard the slip and penetrate into the country. I have with me a secretary and an interpreter who speaks Bulgarian

as well as Turkish, an educated young man from Robert College, an American institution here. I hope to come back alive, though I must admit that I run some risk—and what is more, I hope to bring back irrefragably proved facts which will show to the civilised world what sort of a Government is this of England's protégé in the East.

"I went yesterday to the Commencement of Robert College up at Roumelé Hissar, one of the most picturesque places on the Bosphorus. I am glad to say that here is one form of missionary enterprise with which I can thoroughly sympathise. It was founded, however, not entirely by missionaries, but by a merchant of New York, and the men who teach there forswear any connection with religious propaganda and devote themselves exclusively to education. . . ."

He started July 23d, and was joined later by Prince Tseretelef, of the Russian Embassy. Mr. MacGahan, correspondent of the London *Daily News* and the New York *Herald*, and Mr. Schneider, of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, went at the same time. Mr. Schuyler says in his report:

"In going from village to village, I always had an escort of two zaptiehs, that being the smallest number which the authorities would allow me to take. They usually offered me six or ten, and would not permit me to travel without zaptiehs, on the ground that they were responsible for my

safety, as well as that politeness compelled them to escort me. The zaptiehs were useful for showing the road, but they were of slight value for purposes of protection, as they would probably have run away at the first approach of danger.

"While paying all proper respect to the authorities, and being careful to fulfil the necessary formalities of visits, I avoided staying in Turkish houses, as I would thus have been prevented from having free access to the Bulgarians. I also refused to allow a guard to be placed at the houses where I stayed.

"I had as an interpreter an educated young Bulgarian, Mr. Peter Dimitroff, who, besides his own language, understood English and Turkish perfectly. I knew sufficient Bulgarian to be able to follow the conversations and to be able to control what he translated to me. Besides this, I had for the most of my journey one and sometimes two other persons who thoroughly understood Turkish and Greek—one an Armenian, the other a Greek. . . . As I set out with no intentions either of proving or disproving any assertion or statement, I shall relate merely what I believe to have occurred."

As a result of the strictest questioning, cross-examination, and comparison of statements, he found that "the insurgent villages made little or no resistance. In many instances they surrendered their arms upon the first demand."

But both bashi-bazouks and regular troops vented their hatred freely upon the whole Christian population. It mattered not that the villagers surrendered at once. It mattered not even that a village (as happened in many cases) had taken no part in the insurrection, or that (as in the case of Perushtitsa) it had asked the authorities for protection against the attacks of a presumably unauthorized Mussulman mob. All were subjected to the same treatment. Messengers sent out to parley with the Turks were almost invariably massacred, as were also the hostages retained by them. One town, Panagurishta,

"Was attacked by a force of regular troops, together with bashi-bazouks, on the 11th of May. Apparently no message to surrender was sent. After a slight opposition on the part of the insurgents, the town was taken. Many of the inhabitants fled, but about 3,000 were massacred, the most of them being women and children. . . . The ruffians attacked children of eight, and old women of eighty, sparing neither age nor sex. Old men had their eyes torn out and their limbs cut off, and were then left to die, unless some more charitably disposed man gave them the final thrust. Pregnant women were ripped open and the unborn babes carried triumphantly on the

points of bayonets and sabres, while little children were made to bear the dripping heads of their comrades. This scene of rapine, lust, and murder was continued for three days, when the survivors were made to bury the bodies of the dead. The perpetrators of these atrocities were chiefly regular troops commanded by Hafiz Pasha. The Turks claim and the villagers admit the death of fourteen Mussulmans, two of whom were women, who were killed with arms in their hands during a conflict with a party that refused to surrender to the insurgents."

The case of Batak was even worse.

"This village surrendered without firing a shot, after a promise of safety to the bashi-bazouks, under the demand of Ahmed-Aga, of Burutina, a chief of the rural police. Despite his promise, the few arms once surrendered, Ahmed-Aga ordered the destruction of the village and an indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants, about a hundred young girls being reserved to satisfy the lust of the conqueror before they too should be killed. I saw their bones, some with the flesh still clinging to them, in the hollow on the hillside, where the dogs were gnawing them. Not a house is now standing in the midst of this lovely valley. The saw-mills—for the town had a large trade in timber and sawn boards—which lined the rapid little river, are all burned, and of the 8,000

inhabitants not 2,000 are known to survive. Fully 5,000 persons, a very large proportion of them women and children, perished here, and their bones whiten the ruins or their putrid bodies infect the air. The site of Batak is enough to verify all that has been said about the acts of the Turks in repressing the Bulgarian insurrection. And yet I saw it three months after the massacre. On every side were human bones, skulls, ribs, and even complete skeletons, heads of girls still adorned with braids of long hair, bones of children, skeletons still incased in clothing. Here was a house, the floor of which was white with the ashes and charred bones of thirty persons burned alive there. Here was the spot where the village notable, Trandafil, was spitted on a pike and then roasted, and where he is now buried; there was a foul hole full of decomposing bodies; here a mill-dam filled with swollen corpses; here the school-house, where two hundred women and children, who had taken refuge there, were burned alive; and here the church and church-yard, where fully a thousand half-decayed forms were still to be seen, filling the enclosure in a heap several feet high, arms, feet, and heads protruding from the stones which had vainly been thrown there to hide them, and poisoning all the air.

"Ahmed-Aga, who commanded at the massacre, has been decorated and promoted to the rank of yuz-bashi."

At Klissura, among other barbarities, "a newly born child was hacked to pieces before the eyes of its mother, who was put to death afterward."

Tussum Bey, who was in command of the band which pillaged and destroyed Klissura and several other villages, was, for this exploit, decorated with the order of the Medjidie.

At Petritch the children were put to death with fearful tortures. At Viega eight children were killed who first had their hands and other members cut off.

Chefket Pasha marched to his native village of Boyadjik, and was personally responsible for its destruction. This was believed to be an act of personal vengeance. As a recompense for his conduct, he was named Marshal of the Palace.

Seventy-five insurgents came out of a monastery where they had taken refuge, and surrendered themselves. They were unarmed and carried a white flag.

"They were all massacred by order of the Pasha commanding, in a most cruel way. Some were cut to pieces, others had their limbs cut off or long strips of flesh torn from their bodies, and others were disembowelled. On arriving at the monastery, the troops killed there the mother of the Prior, an old woman of eighty. . . .

"In the districts to which I paid particular attention, *i.e.*, those of Philippopolis, Sliven, and Tirnova and the neighbouring part of the province of Sophia, there were seventy-nine villages wholly or partially burned, besides very many pillaged. At least 9,000 houses were burned, and taking the average of eight to a Bulgarian house, 72,000 persons were left without roof or shelter. According to the figures I have given above, 10,984 persons were killed. Many more were killed in the roads, in the fields, and in the mountains, of whom there is no record or count, and I think, therefore, I am not wrong in estimating the total number of killed at about 15,000. Many more died subsequently from disease and exposure and in prison. . . .

"I vainly tried to obtain from the Turkish officials a list of the outrages which they said were committed by the Bulgarians at the beginning of the insurrection, but I could hear nothing but vague statements, which, on investigation, were never proved. . . .

"The highest number fixed for the Mussulmans killed, as stated to me in different places by Mussulmans, before and during the insurrection, is one hundred and seventy-four. . . . I was unable to assure myself that more than two Mussulman women have been killed at Panagurishta, and these were killed in fight. Neither Turkish women nor Turkish children were killed in cold blood. No Mussulman women were violated. No Mus-

sulmans were tortured. No purely Turkish village, with the exception of Urutsi, was attacked or burned. No Mussulman house was pillaged; no mosque was desecrated."

To Miss King.

"TATAR-BAZARDJIK, August 3, 1876.

". . . I don't know whether you'll find this place on the map, but it is near the end of the railway, a little west of Philippopolis, and the centre of the district which suffered most. I returned from one excursion yesterday, and start on another to-day to three villages northward, after which I shall return to Philippopolis for a day, and shall then visit the region of Yamboli. In my last trip I saw a scene of great horror, so fearful that I shall not attempt description. I can say but little. It was at the village of Batak, which I reached after a four hours' hard ride over lovely mountains. Here fully six thousand people were massacred in cold blood by Ahmed-Aga, after they had given up their arms and had made no resistance. The whole town was burned, and the streets and ruins were thickly strewn with skeletons, bones, and skulls, to which in many cases the hair still adhered. In the church and churchyard there were the unburied remains of fully a thousand bodies. But I will not go on. I was glad to escape from the fearful sight and equally terrible stench.

"This is the worst; I expect to find nothing again so horrible; but on every side it is nothing but murder, pillage, and conflagration, attended with the most horrible details. The prisons are full of victims, and innocent men have been lying there three months without even the mockery of a trial. Many have been executed, especially priests, for the storm raged most severely against priests and school-teachers, it being thought that education was at the bottom of this desire for liberty.

"Everywhere I am besieged by crowds of women who wish me to intercede for their husbands, sons, and brothers, in prison or condemned to death. I can do but little, but if I can believe what I have been told, my visit has had a good effect. Very many men have been released—one hundred and fifty in one day—and executions have stopped for the present.

"There is, of course, no thought of punishing the perpetrators of the massacres; the severity of the law is reserved for the innocent villagers accused of insurrection against Turkish injustice.

"The condition of these poor peasants is now terrible. The Turks took all their cattle, and refuse to restore them, and they are therefore unable to draw wood to rebuild their houses, or to reap and sell their crops, which are abundant. In addition to this they are afraid to go into the fields lest they be murdered. There is urgent need of relief, and I hope it will be possible to raise a fund for them by public subscription.

"Were it not for the horrors this journey would be a pleasant one, for the country is lovely. The valley of the Maritza is rich and well cultivated, and the Balkans form picturesque groups and ranges. Philippopolis is finely situated on three rocky hills rising out of the plain, and Adrianople has some splendid architectural remains, and boasts a mosque finer than that at Constantinople. I should like to go farther up into the mountains and see some of the monasteries, to visit the rose-gardens which produce the famous attar, and see the people where they are happy and prosperous. As it is, I am rather over-worked, for I have to rise at five and hear complaints, examine witnesses, talk to the Turkish officials, or ride until late in the evening. And all this in very hot weather. I sometimes feel as if I were gradually melting away. I hope that the results of my work will repay for the trouble and difficulty. How I wish that all these hideous scenes were past. . . .

Yours ever,

EUGENE SCHUYLER."

To J. S. Fiske.

"PHILIPPOPOLIS, Saturday Evening.

"Things are prospering, but I find harder work than I anticipated. . . .

"In the evening, Baring, who had just returned from a tour, came to see me. I liked him—and my first impressions have been confirmed by what I have seen since. . . .

"Thursday was a day of horror. Calls, work, the Konak, the courts, and the sight of a priest hung in the street. My every movement is beset with wretched Bulgarian women and children pleading for the life and liberty of their husbands and fathers. Then I went through the prisons—crowded, but clean—prisoners fed on bread and water—many petitions. In all a horrid and uncomfortable day. As to outrages—I am burning with indignation and rage—can scarcely contain myself. There may be exaggerations, but it is sufficiently horrible. Lowest estimate of Christians killed 12,000, highest of Turks killed two hundred and thirty, of whom thirty women, but no death of Mussulman woman or child has been proved to me. . . .

"Friday.—Went to Kutshura and Perushtitsa, the latter all destroyed. Sat in the church-yard still smelling of putrid blood and heard the fearful tale—about 1,000 killed there. . . .

Yours ever,

E. S."

To J. S. Fiske.

"SLIVNO, August 14, 1876, Monday Evening.

". . . Since leaving Philippopolis, I have done little except save two men from a hanging, and investigate. We arrived at Yamboli Friday evening, having increased our train by Prince Tseretelef, of the Russian Embassy, his cavass and servant. Saturday we investigated very thoroughly

Boyardjik, which was wilfully and unnecessarily burned by Chefket Pasha (since made Marshal of the Palace), and where about two hundred people were massacred. On returning we had to dine with the Mutessarif of Slivno, Haider Bey, who was there on a visit. He is, I think, the best Turk I have seen, and tries to do well. Yesterday morning we came here on horseback in four hours. This is a charming place, unpillaged, but we have been drowned with deputations and investigations. To-morrow we cross the Balkans, and on Wednesday night shall be at Tirnova. After a day there we go to Gabrovna to investigate the forty-one destroyed villages in that region—then Kazzanlyk, Eski-Saara, and so home.

"The English left Tirnova to-day, so that we shall pass them on the road to-morrow.

"As to the two men, I met them on the train which brought me to Yamboli, heavily ironed and to be hung the next morning at Slivno. I immediately telegraphed to Maynard, Tseretelef did the same to his Embassy. I then told the Governor what I had done and that he would be responsible if the men were hung before an answer came from Constantinople. Immediate postponement, and to-day telegram, saying: 'Orders have been given to stop all executions for political offences, which accidentally had not before been communicated.' The two men were to be imprisoned in chains for life.

"The result, great increase of our influence, and

Umbessarif, who returned to-day, very frank and cordial. . . .

"Everything leads me to think that I have been doing much good, but I am quite cut off from the world. . . ."

From Philippopolis, on August 10, 1876, Mr. Schuyler sent a preliminary report to his Chief, which was published while he was still in Bulgaria.

This report exceeded the very worst that had been told by the missionaries. Written as an official document by the Consul-General and Secretary of Legation of the United States, a man who, although friendly to Russia, had exposed Russian misrule in Asia, and who was moreover noted for his accuracy, it had an instantaneous and tremendous effect throughout Europe, and particularly in England. The Turks were probably not wrong in considering him in a large measure responsible for the war with Russia.

From Moncure D. Conway.

"HAMLET HOUSE, HAMMERSMITH, LONDON,
September 21, 1876.

"MY DEAR SCHUYLER: . . . I should indeed have written to you before—several times—if I had been sure of my letters overtaking you in your wanderings, simply to tell you how (person-

ally) I glory in the admirable service you have been doing, and how (Americanly) proud I am that our Consul-General should be on hand to step in where European diplomacy faltered, to direct and determine the path of the storm, to sweep away the refuge of lies. That refuge England mainly has protected, but will protect no more. This whole kingdom has resolved itself into a meeting of indignation which is in session day and night, and the ministry must bend or break. At each of these meetings a resolution of thanks is offered to you, and if you were recognized walking in the street, you would be followed by a shouting crowd. I wish your letter had reached me fourteen hours sooner, for I should have had it in my pocket when addressing a meeting of 1,500 people, who gathered in South Place Chapel to protest. The house was crammed to overflowing. I gave them some account of you and your service in the Khokand expedition, and circumstances of your transfer to Constantinople, all of which was received with loud cheering. The Americans have hardly had time yet to get the full hang of matters, but the next mail will bring tidings of excitement there. . . .

"Wife comes in to remind me (which I didn't need) to tell you that when you next come to London we shall have an old English mansion with plenty of room to entertain you and a billiard-table for your amusement, after the long, ugly tragedy in which you have been bearing a part.

When you find a chance for a private rest and armistice of your own, do think of London—where you will find a thousand friends where you had one or two before. . . .

Ever yours,

M. D. CONWAY."

From Edward A. Freeman.

"SOMERLEAZE, WELLS, SOMERSET,
September 27, 1876.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to be able to send another sum, £439 7s., for the Bulgarian sufferers. I am sure there is no one to whom it can be so well intrusted as to you who have done so much for the cause. I have now sent the following sums. . . .

"The English people are roused as they never were roused before within my memory. They commonly go right whenever the real facts are set before them, and this time, thanks to you and the *Daily News*, the real facts have been set before them. Everybody agrees that Baring's report, with all his wrigglings to excuse the Turk, substantially confirms you and D. N.

"Believe me yours faithfully,

EDWARD A. FREEMAN."

The following letters are taken almost at random from many similar ones:

"EXCELLENCE: Les ruines de nos églises, de nos écoles, et celles de nos habitations, les mal-

heureux qui trainent dans nos rues et pleurent leur vie, et, le petit nombre des déténues qui pâlissent encore dans les prisons sont des traces et des souvenirs affreux qui nous font fondre le cœur à chaque instant. Toutes ces traces seront effacés et grâce à votre bonté et à la peine que vous prenez pour nous tout sera oublié. Mais, il est trop pénible, il est grand malheur pour nous lorsque ces choses se prolongent et trainent leur chemin longtemps envers nos déténus. Notre désir le plus grand est d'en finir un moment plus tôt.

" Grâce aux secours qui vont arriver de l'étranger nos établissements seront relevés et nos malheureux consollés nous l'ésperons bien; mais que faire de ces déténus qui sont encore dans les prisons. La plupart d'eux ne sont pas interrogés et tous ils ne savent pas pourquoi on les retient et jusqu'à quand on les retiendra. Chacun de ces déténus a sa famille et toutes ces familles sont à la discrétion de toutes espèce de souffrances: Feu, fer et des voles innombrables nous ont épuisés et la plupart des survecus sont laissés nus et sans aucuns ressources. De plus il faut penser que l'hiver approche à grand pas.

" Vous avez fait beaucoup pour nous, vous nous avez rendu de grands services à nous, et, nous ne pouvons que de vous en être reconnaissants jusque ce que un Bulgare existe sur la terre. Après tant du bien que vous nous avez fait, veuillez encore avoir la pitié pour quelques malheureuses familles,

veuillez faire lâcher nos quatorze détenus qui se trouvent à Philiple, et dont cibas sont leurs noms. Après tant des pertes que notre village a subits, la liberté de ces détenus lui fera gagner beaucoup; le village entier en sera consollé et soulagé infinement. Les noms des détenus: Neïvro Stoyanoff (prêtre), Pintcho Stoytchoff, Stoyan Troptchoff, Pavel Simonoff, Rad Nicoloff, Naïden Stoyanoff, Peyo Stoyanoff, Mazine Dettchoff, Guéorgui Neytchoff, Evan Marinoff, Petro Radoff, Pavel Nicoloff, Thoma Stoyoff, Stoïko Stoyanoff.

"Après tout cela et surtout la bonté et la bienveillance qui vous font distinguer le plus nous font espérer que vous daignerez accueuiller favorablement la demande que nous avons l'honneur de vous adresser.

"Agréez nos reconnaissances perpetuelles at nous sommes Excellence vos serviteurs les plus humbles vous remerciant d'avance:

Le 28 Septembre 1876.

Panaguiourichté

(Otlou-Veni).

Signatures des villageois:

(Thirty-nine signatures, not decipherable.)"

"HONORABLE SIR: There are in Dear-Bekir, as you know well, many exiled Bulgarians, for political causes, who were free to live in the town, and gain their daily bread with their labour.

"Some of those Bulgarians before eight months being in a state of despair, as it seems, escaped

from that city. The remaining were then more rigorously confined, for the sole reason that some of their co-sufferers escaped without their knowledge.

"My brother, Christo Illitch, one of those exiled at that place, writes to me that they heard, with great pleasure and gratitude, that you, Honorable Sir, hearing about their misfortunes, you had the kindness to speak in their favour before the Government, asking they should be let loose so that they may earn their daily food by their labour.

"But, unfortunately, they are kept in prison still, and almost all of them suffer from the dampness of the place and from the climate.

"I take the liberty to announce all those and to beg you most humbly to help them in any way possible, and I will with them glorify your well-doings, as they are glorified by the whole Bulgarian nation.

"I have the honor to be, Honorable Sir,

"Your most respectful and obedient servant,

STEF. ILLITCH.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 16 Decembre 1876.

To the Honorable Mr. Eug. Schuyler, etc., etc., Pera."

On his return to Constantinople he found himself almost overwhelmed with work, which poured in upon him from every direction. Not the least important item was the preparation of his formal

report, to which the one already published had been merely preliminary.

"My report is not yet finished and takes much time and thought, for I labour to be strictly accurate, and to meet all the objections which will certainly be brought against it.

"Mr. Baring has been sent again to Bulgaria to diminish his statements, but from what I hear he feels more inclined to strengthen them."

In the midst of this excitement his book on Central Asia appeared and went rapidly through several editions. He writes of it:

"In one sense, I regret that my book should be untimely for the Russians and be used against them in the Eastern matter, but in another I do not, for it is some evidence of my impartiality. Mr. Boker wrote to me from St. Petersburg that the only objection to my book in the Censor's office was a light remark about Catherine II. (vol. ii., p. 93), but that at last even this passed. Speaking of Petersburg, I feel that I should like to see my friends there again, and at the same time I feel so happy that I am not there. I began to detest that life of dining out and card-playing and uselessness. Here I have ten times the real leisure I had there, and do ten times the work. But I fear there must be a change even here. The Embassies have all come back to town, and that

will necessitate calls—to say the least. If there should be a conference with the foreign delegates that are suggested, there must be dinners, soirées, and waste of time. Such things always attract me and generally bore me."

From G. H. Boker.

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG, October 26, 1876.

"MY DEAR SCHUYLER: . . . It gave me great pleasure to read in the *Times* that your work has already reached a second edition, and bids fair to go through many more before its 'run' is over. I have not as yet received my copy of the book, after which I have been hankering, although your volumes are for sale at the English book-shop, where I have seen them with longing eyes. The people at that shop told me a queer story about your book, when they were attempting to get their copies through the Custom-house without the dreadful chasms of black ink with which our Censor so lavishly and artistically has ornamented the pages of other volumes. It seems that the embellishing official hung over your book, paint-pot in hand, for a half hour, revolving your literary atrocities in his mighty mind. He said that he did not care one damn about all that you had said of Kaufmann, nor of the misdeeds and the horrors perpetrated by the Russians in Central Asia; all that might go scot-free; but that

story about the Empress Catherine was more than he could stand! What do you think of that for loyalty to an Empress whose hot bones must now be bleaching upon the roaring shores of Hell, if there be any use in such an institution? Finally the stern Censor softened, having convinced himself that Catherine would either hear nothing or care nothing about the scandal, and your book was permitted to enter without a single blemish upon its fair pages. I suspect that you owe this indulgence to the immense popularity which you have attained in Russia because of your Bulgarian Report.

"Never was St. Petersburg so deserted of all kinds of people, official and unofficial, as it is just now. . . . It is impossible to get a word of news out of De G., so that all that I can send to the Department is but a rehash of the newspapers, and my own feeble and unguided speculations. So far, by being very cautious and making my predictions capable of almost any interpretation, I have kept my foot out of the fire, and, read by the light of the future, my despatches will seem ridiculous to no one so much as to myself.

"Socially things are just as you left them. We have the same round of dinners and of whist-parties as those at which you assisted, the only recruits to our circle being Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Boker, who seem to look on with wonder at the placid manner in which we all bear one another's stupidity. . . . Of course we often discuss you

and your late history, and as I have yet to hear ventured a single word of disfavour, even by your Turk-loving friends at the British Embassy, I am beginning to think that you are an extraordinary man, and that you must have left a deal of affection behind you, inasmuch as no abuse has yet burst forth from a flaw in any one's friendship. . . .

"With my best wishes, I am

Yours very sincerely,

GEO. H. BOKER."

To Mrs. Schaeffer.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, November 15, 1876.

"MY DEAR EVELYN: . . . I cannot help being amused at what is said about me. Even the *Tribune*, in a review of my book, calls me a 'man of singular courage.' Why, I am as timorous as a cat about some things—precipices, for instance. I don't know that I have any courage, except for saying disagreeable things, and that is apt to be called impudence. You ought to see a picture of me that appeared in a Vienna paper. I keep it to prevent my growing vain, for it is detestably ugly. . . .

"I am fearfully busy. Just now I am getting up a Constitution for Bulgaria. General Ignatief is to present it at the Conference, and as Russia threatens to fight unless she gets what she wants, I am anxious to make it a good one. . . ."

His work on the Constitution was interrupted by a visit to Bulgaria.

"I hope to come back with material enough to support their case before the assembled diplomatic wisdom. . . . My full report of the Massacres was finished to-day, and I flatter myself it is complete and unattackable.

"One of the commissions I have in Bulgaria is to bring back with me twenty little she-orphans, aged from seven to twelve, for adoption in Russia. Imagine my doing it!"

The Turks objected to his going back to Bulgaria, and refused, under various pretexts, to give him a travelling pass, so he took the risk of going without one, merely saying that they would be held responsible if anything happened to him; an act which certainly required the courage which he disclaimed. However, when he wanted to do a thing he did it.

To Miss King.

"PHILIPPOPOLIS, November 28th.

". . . Don't think from my heading that I am in the midst of horrors. On the contrary—I find things much better than I expected. A certain amount of security is restored to the country, which gives me the hope that reforms could be carried out without new massacres. In my opinion

much will depend on the punishment of some of the leaders of the bashi-bazouks. The commission is slowly considering their cases, but is, I think, waiting to see the result of the conference, and to know whether to punish or to liberate.

"I have visited two of the burned villages, and find that the Turks have really done something in the way of rebuilding—much more than I expected. It amuses me however to see the credit they take to themselves for this, and that they offer it as proof of their humanity. If all Europe had not cried out, nothing of the kind of course would ever have been done. The Relief Committees are on the whole doing very well. Lady Strangford is working admirably and with great pluck and perseverance. She has gone to Batak to establish some English nurses in the hospital built there.

"Our Relief Committee at Philippopolis is, I am happy to say, very successful and has in its way done more good than any of the others. It devotes itself solely to the relief of widows and orphans. I visited the asylums and saw those who live there. They all look well, clean, and comfortable. The children are bright and all go to school. . . . I came up here partly to establish a Vice-Consul, but I find that at the last moment my nominee refuses, from patriotic motives, because he doesn't wish to protect the missionaries or to be mixed up in their affairs. And I don't know whom else to name. By the way, d'Istria,

the French Vice-Consul, is acting splendidly. He is the president of our Relief Committee and is working hard, and besides has great trouble with the authorities to secure the punishment of the murderers of two Frenchmen during the troubles.

"I shall have to carry this letter back to Constantinople myself, but I don't know when it will be. I came by the last train, as there has been a flood which has washed away the railway, and no trains have yet got through. I am anxious to get back, because I have some work for the Conference, and because the Porte, not content with refusing me permission to come here, has taken occasion to abuse me well in the journals and to accuse me of everything under the sun. Under such circumstances, I think my presence desirable; then, too, I have done what I had to do and have got the information I desired."

"*To Eugene Schuyler, Esq., Consul-General of the United States in Constantinople.*

"SIR: We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by your second visit to our town to tender you our most heart-felt thanks for your services to Bulgaria. No nation has ever contracted such a debt of gratitude towards the disinterested defenders of truth as we have done towards you and the noble band of your fellow-workers. To all of them we are deeply indebted, but we cannot forget, Sir, that it was only when the

weight of your name was added to the reports of our misfortunes which reached England, that that explosion of feeling broke out which has saved a nation and marked an epoch. Be good enough to accept our thanks and the expression of our hope that you will continue in the future also those labours on behalf of the Bulgarians which have already earned for you their eternal gratitude.

"On behalf of the Bulgarians of Philippopolis,
The President of the Diocesan Council,
A. ENUCERON SESSBEICIU.

PHILIPPOPOLIS, November $\frac{17}{29}$, 1876."

Meantime Mr. Schuyler was experiencing some of the annoyances which beset the champion of an unpopular cause. Outside of Turkey he had become famous and popular, but naturally he was hated by the Turks, and still more by English society, which, as he said, "is assuring each other that I am a little devil incarnate."

"I amuse myself greatly in making the acquaintance of some of the English residents. They are all more Turkophile than the Turks, and have most horrible ideas about me—without knowing me—call me a Russian spy, a Turkenfresser, say I had no business to come here and meddle, etc., etc. They milden down a little when they find I am mild and peaceable-looking, and don't abuse them up and down as soon as I am introduced. Some

of them, I think, positively hated me. The English here—to explain this—are either Levantines, or are connected in some way with the Government (Turkish), and therefore their duty and their interest both make them love the Turks. Then the English Embassy has so long been Turkophile that it has given the tone to the English society that revolves—even distantly—around the Embassy. Among the merchants, who have no social relations with the Embassy, the feeling is very different. I have no doubt that with a new Ambassador of different ideas, the tone would be soon changed to meet the exigencies of the time."

The representatives of the Powers assembled at Constantinople early in December. It was hoped that the Porte would be induced to grant certain guarantees for the protection of the oppressed provinces and that war would be averted. The Conference, however, was destined to be a failure. Emboldened by the moral support of England, the Porte refused, in the end, to accede to the requirements of the Powers.

"Lord Salisbury is expected to arrive to-day. Chaudordy is here. . . . The English have asked many of their Consuls to come and give information. Mr. White has come down from Belgrade. He was so polite to me there and is such

a charming man that I was delighted to see him. He dined with me last night. The Austrians have sent as their representative Calice, who is only Consul-General at Bucarest. Count Zichy, the Ambassador, is furious. Plenty of other people come too—especially correspondents, many of them recommended to me. . . .

"A letter from the Russians telling me I must work harder and come after lunch and help finish the Bulgarian Constitution. . . .

"*December 7th.*—To-day I have had to do a disagreeable duty. I went to the Central Relief Committee to protest against Mr. —— (an American missionary) reading the Bible and praying in the Hospital at Batok. I have no especial objections to this myself, but the Committee agreed to do nothing sectarian, and the Bulgarians decidedly object to Mr. ——'s proceedings as an attempt to proselytise them. We must respect their scruples, especially when they are in such difficulties. . . .

"Since Lord Salisbury has arrived, things look more peaceful. He seems inclined to come to terms with the Russians—far more than Elliot is. Mme. Ignatief goes into raptures over Lady Salisbury, etc."

"CONSTANTINOPLE, December 12th.

". . . The Bulgarian Constitution is done and has been accepted by Salisbury as the basis of discussion. I think it will get through without a great many modifications, and what I am

chiefly interested in is that Bulgaria be left as a unity, instead of being divided into several separate provinces. . . ."

To Miss King.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, December 19, 1876.

". . . It begins to look now as though the Conference would soon be over. Everyone has been calculating on several weeks yet of talk, but a sudden desire of conciliation seems to have taken hold of all the members, and they have so nearly agreed that they hope to present their plans to the Turks on Saturday. It is to be hoped that no chance will be given to the Turks for discussion, but that they will be forced to say either *yes* or *no*. Otherwise the Conference will be apt to last all winter, for the Turks are fertile in delays and apt at procrastination. . . .

"Did I tell you that we had been to St. Sophia at last—the most wonderful church that ever I saw? I am trying at last to see some of the sights. . . . We find that there are thirty-six old Greek churches left—all but four of which are mosques—and we hope to see them all or perish in the attempt. I must have something for relaxation, especially as I am thinking of beginning another book. By the way, do you know that 'Turkistan' has reached its fifth edition in England and its second in America? Did I tell you that I have been elected to the Royal Geographical and Royal Asiatic Societies (English) in consequence? . . ."

Diary.

"PERA, January 1, Monday, 1877.

". . . After lunch went out for New Year calls and cards. Met Mr. White (English Agent, Belgrade) in the street, who told me affairs were looking very critical. Found Sala[1] at home, and had a little talk with him, and afterwards with Campbell Clarke. Both are immensely disgusted with the *Daily Telegraph* for not printing or misprinting letters and telegrams, and for taking such an absurdly wrong tone in opposition to all the facts. Sala says Arnold, who is the chief leader writer, 'is bitten by the Oriental tarantula,' fears for India, dreads Russia, etc., etc.

"After dinner went to a soirée at General Ignatief's. Even Lady and Miss Elliot were there. Lord Salisbury said to me: 'Well, you see, they are sending us away sooner than we expected.' We had some little talk, in which d'Ehrenhoff[2] and afterwards Tseretelef joined. I told of the farcical elections at Salonica, and then of Chefket Pasha. D'Ehrenhoff tried to defend the Turks. Salisbury was inclined to be a little bitter against them. He is evidently impatient of them and anxious to get away. After all were gone, I had rather a long talk with General Ignatief. He told me what had taken place at the Conference, and hinted that Elliot and Beaconsfield were trying some underhand game to make the Turks obstinate. I referred to various rumours. He assured

[1] George Augustus Sala. [2] The Swedish Minister.

me Russia had no intention of backing out; that all the stories of faults in mobilisation, of illness of troops, etc., were all lies. The Grand Duke Nicholas had telegraphed to him that evening, asking when he could cross the frontier.

"What happened at the Conference seems to have been this: On Saturday (December 30th), Turks presented certain counter propositions which consisted in brief in accepting a part of the provisions for the cantonal administration, another Russian project for Bulgaria, and applying them to the whole Empire, but leaving out all the rest of the project. This proposition was sent in writing to General Ignatief about six o'clock Saturday evening. Prince Tseretelef sat up most of the night making an analysis and criticisms of it. This was approved by General Ignatief and copies were sent the next day to the other representatives. A private meeting of members of the six powers was held Sunday afternoon at General Ignatief's house, and it was decided that the Turkish proposition could not be accepted nor even discussed. At the meeting on Monday therefore Lord Salisbury, as the spokesman of the Conference, said to Safvet Pasha that it was impossible for them to discuss the Turkish counter proposition. This caused considerable ebullition of feeling on the part of the Turkish delegates. The question was then asked whether the Turks would consider the propositions of the Conference. To this Safvet Pasha replied that it would be im-

possible even to consider them unless many points were eliminated. Ignatief said that according to his instructions he could not discuss the project at all if the Turks had made up their minds to refuse certain articles as soon as they were reached. He asked what the points were that the Turks wished to eliminate. Safvet Pasha enumerated several of them, including the gendarmerie, the international commission, the provincial assembly, reform of taxes, interference of Powers in appointing the Governor-General and other officers, etc. When he reached this point Ignatief wrote a few words on paper and handed it to Salisbury and with his assent said this was a mere farce and waste of time. There was no use going farther if the Turks eliminated all the propositions which constituted the merit of the scheme. The Turks then refused to discuss the matter further, and General Ignatief asked for a firman for a vessel to carry him to Odessa. He was followed by Salisbury, Zichy, Werther, Chaudordy and Corti. Safvet seemed astonished at this situation and said, 'There is no necessity for going away,' adding, '*Est-ce que l'Europe est folle?*' The Conference then broke up to meet on Thursday.

"*Tuesday, January 2d.*—There was to-day a meeting of the Representatives of the Powers at General Ignatief's to adopt a line of action to be pursued on Thursday. It is not definitely known what this is, but it is thought that they have all agreed to leave Constantinople as soon as possible

after the refusal of the Turks at the next Conference. This refusal is considered to be highly probable.

"Wrote to-day to Lawson to say that *Daily Telegraph* was pursuing a very wrong course, and was inciting the Turks to resist and thus provoking war. Currie told MacGahan that Lord Salisbury felt very much the same way. It is believed here that Beaconsfield is inspiring the *Telegraph* and that both he and Elliot are trying to counteract Salisbury. Cannot believe this. . . .

"I am beginning to think that in case of war, Russia's policy will be, after beating Turkey well, and making the provinces into autonomous states, to keep Turkey at Constantinople, and make it a very weak power, always subject to Russian influence."

To Miss King.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, January 2, 1877.

". . . We are in turmoil here—political, for it looks more like war than ever, and the Conference has nearly gone to pieces;—social, for calls and cards have to be exchanged with lightning rapidity. . . . We hardly know here what a day may bring forth. Last week everything was peaceful, this week everything is warlike and unsettled. The Ambassadors are talking of going away, and unless the Turks are more yielding next Thursday they will. I think Lord Salisbury has fully made up his mind not to stand this sort of thing any longer. The Turks in one way have not played their cards

well, for none of the new men seem to love them. Sir Henry Elliot is still obdurately fond of them, and Baring, who is a good fellow, has no end of complaints against him. Well, Elliot is going off on leave of absence in any case.

"I have been nowhere since I wrote last, except to make some calls, and last night to a soirée at the Ignatiefs'. The outsiders here don't seem to entertain this winter, so that one rarely meets them. But I am beginning to find that there are many pleasant people here, in spite of their sentiments and their political views. I wish they would forego my opinions in the same way. Little by little, they'll find out that I can criticise the Turkish administration and still be a respectable member of society. Meanwhile I am reading some old English plays and don't trouble myself much about them. . . ."

"CONSTANTINOPLE, January 12, 1877.

". . . The Conference winds its slow length along, astonishing the people who expect to see it burst up daily. The Turks are very obstinate, and yet manifest signs of giving in. Lord Salisbury is getting furious at them. The rupture between him and Elliot is now very open, and both sides take little pains to conceal their feelings. There would seem to be little doubt that Elliot is encouraging the Turks and working against Salisbury. Hints have been given me that Beaconsfield is doing the same thing. If this be so, a split

in the Cabinet is inevitable as soon as Parliament meets, and I think Salisbury will win, for he will have part of the Conservatives and all the Liberals to back him. The situation is further complicated by the attitude of Germany. It appears that Bismarck has given Baron Werther here a sort of reprimand for his moderation, and ordered him not to give in to the Turks. It is Lord Salisbury's opinion that Bismarck, 'for reasons of his own,' desires to get Europe into a general war. I think those reasons point towards France. The Russians seem more yielding than before, but whether it comes of unwillingness for war, or whether they are trying to lead the Turks on in obstinacy to make them fight, it is impossible to say. All I know surely is that when the Porte looks like refusing, Ignatief is very good-humoured, and when there seems a chance of arranging matters, he looks cross. . . ."

"CONSTANTINOPLE, January 16th.

". . . My last excitement is being 'medalled.' The Prince of Roumania, whose acquaintance I made when I was in Bucarest last summer, and who seems to be equally—in triangular-wise—impressed with my 'person' (so the letter of the Marshal states), my book, and my Bulgarian report, has given me a medal 'Bene Merenti'—'*distinction exclusivement réservée à ceux qui ont bien merité de l'humanité.*' . . . After having satisfied myself that a medal is an award, and neither 'an emolu-

ment, pecuniary favour, office or title,' I have written to say I have accepted. . . ."

"January 19th.

". . . We had a very pleasant dinner two days ago with the wardroom officers of the Vandalia. Last night was the last soirée of the Ignatiefs, but I didn't feel well enough to go, and shall bid everybody good-by at the Greek Minister's to-morrow night. It seems settled now that everybody is going away on Sunday or Monday. The Turks held a great council yesterday, which unanimously resolved to reject the proposals of the Conference. The people who feel worst are the Turcophiles. They have all along counselled the Porte to resistance, and now they begin to look at the matter seriously, and wonder what will happen. It would serve them right if the Turks should turn them all out of their places. In the present feeling against foreigners this is very possible.

"Lord Salisbury, in a certain way, regrets the failure of his mission, which was to arrange a peace, but he has been so much worried with the delays and ill-will of the Turks that I think he much prefers a definite refusal to any further haggling. The men who most sincerely regret the failure of the Conference are the French delegates. They wanted peace at any price, and would have yielded still more. From their point of view—the attitude of Germany —they are quite right. Even I would rather have Bulgaria wait a little than France attacked. . . ."

L. of C.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, January 23d.

". . . We are in the midst of a terrible storm, which has lasted already for several days, and which may last for several more. General Ignatief says: '*Le temps est contre nous; notre coup a manqué.*' Lord Salisbury's party got off yesterday, as they go by the Mediterranean. But all the rest, who journey by the Black Sea, are afraid to voyage in the teeth of this north wind.

"The final refusal of the Turks was on Saturday. Sunday evening the protocol was to be signed at Count Zichy's, and there was a little *soirée d'adieu.* The Turkish plenipotentiaries did not turn up, though they sent no excuses, and the paper had to be signed without them. It was a final exhibition of spite, which, however, did no one any harm. Saturday evening I dined with Count Corti, and went afterwards to a pleasant little party at the Greek Minister's. Last night Mr. White and Sala dined here very quietly.

"Now for a lull in the political storm and a period of rest and work. I have nearly finished my commercial report, and shall soon be at leisure to take up some more pleasant work—editing some old travels of Russians in various parts of the world, which I promised to do for the Hakluyt Society. . . ."

"January 26th, Friday.

"The weather is still as bad as bad can be. Not only can I not go anywhere, but no one can go anywhere. Elliot got off yesterday, because he goes

by the Mediterranean; but the other ambassadors are all still here.

"I got last night my Roumanian medal. It is the first class, No. 6, which shows that it is a rarity, and may some day be a curiosity. . . ."

From W. E. Gladstone.

(Address)
"7 HARLEY STREET, LONDON,
January 29, 1877.

"MY DEAR SIR: I thank you very cordially for your letter of the 9th. It was a satisfaction to me to have the power of reading your report in words which, unless as to some possible errors of typography, appear to have had your own sanction. It is an appalling document. By its production you conferred a great service upon the people of my country, if not upon all Christendom. I am glad to tell you confidently that this service is known and felt all over England. The day before yesterday I had to address a public meeting at Taunton, one of our small towns in a rural and rather remote district. I mentioned your name partly to test the feeling and knowledge of a community of this class; and I wish you had heard the hearty cheering with which it was received.

"All that has been said about a reaction in the national feeling here is so much trash. The people do not repent, and will not repent, of their outburst in August. The majority of the London newspapers are governed by the sentiment of the clubs

of the West End. Clubs in the first French Revolution and in the Italian movement were the organs of popular feeling. Now they are the homes of the anti-popular sentiment. Of all the great legislative measures, which in this country have given name and mark to the age, there is not one that has been carried by the agency or with the approval of these clubs. The question is, whether the present House of Commons, which is intensely ministerial, will in any tolerable degree answer to the national sentiment. This must remain for a time uncertain. But come what may, the people are sound; and in due time they will prove it authentically, if they have the opportunity.

"What we want is a steady flow of information on all the parts of this great and many-sided question. I am gratified with the announcement, then, of your further report on Bulgaria, and thankful for your promise to send it me.

"Pray do not be uneasy about the Turkestan business. What I wrote has served its purpose and stopped the mouth of falsehood. I well knew that the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* must reply, and must reply by charging me with lying, for he had no other weapon. I am content.[1]

"Again expressing my share of gratitude for your services to truth, justice, and humanity, and

[1] This refers to Mr. Gladstone's discussion with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He had used "Turkistan" as an authority, and in reply to a subsequent letter of inquiry Mr. Schuyler had been obliged to inform him that he had mistaken the meaning of a certain passage in the book.

heartily wishing that God may prosper all your labours. I remain, my dear sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

EUGENE SCHUYLER, ESQ."

Meantime the Turkish Minister in Washington was doing everything in his power to injure Mr. Schuyler, without bringing forward the real grievance. In an earlier letter the latter had said: "I think the Government would be glad to get rid of me, but will not dare to say so. It couldn't more plainly confess the weakness of its cause." On February 16, 1877, he wrote:

"It seems that the Turks attacked me at Washington and accused me of all sorts of things, among others putting into my mouth 'that I had come here to destroy the Ottoman Empire.' This I was supposed to have said at a private dinner-party at Adrianople. Mr. Fish gave the Turks a very proper answer, and informs me of what they have said, to which, of course, my reply is one of the easiest."

About the end of March, writing on the eve of a short visit to Athens, he says:

"Everything now looks very warlike, and Stamboul is in great excitement. It is said that the *arriero ban* has been called out. If there should be

war now, it would be entirely the fault of England, which pursues a wretched policy under the guise of preserving the peace."

War between Russia and Turkey was declared in April, and on May 13th he wrote:

"The Bosphorus is quiet and lovely, as it was last summer; the only sign of war I can see is the greater stillness. There are fewer vessels going to and coming from the Black Sea. For all else we might be in Italy or Corsica. Here no rumour even comes nowadays. . . .

"I had a visit the other day from Yussuf Zia, the Member from Jerusalem (doesn't that sound strange?), who has made such a sensation in the Parliament by his eloquence and boldness. It was almost dinner-time, but I nerved myself for a long Turkish call with stupid compliments and a great deal of *ennui*. To my astonishment the Member from Jerusalem spoke English and French very well, and the conversation became lively. Yussuf Zia was almost as liberal as a French Republican, both in politics and religion. Though a Mussulman, he lives by preference here in a Greek convent. He inveighed in no measured terms against the Sultan, the corrupt officials, and the Turks in general. That is not unnatural, for he is an Arab, and the Arabs don't like the Turks, whom they contemn as a low, coarse race. He particularly objected to polygamy. He wanted a reformed Islam.

He thought the Turks had no business in Europe, that it was inevitable they would some time be forced back to Asia, and that the sooner they went there the better. The result was, that, though he stayed an hour, I stifled my appetite and was interested and pleased."

Shortly after this Mr. Schuyler obtained leave of absence and spent several weeks in Paris and ten days in London, where he enjoyed some of the pleasanter results of the reputation which he had acquired by his work in Bulgaria. Hitherto the seamy side of fame had been turned towards him. His brief letters give some idea of the attention which he received.

"I have had a very busy time of it since I have been here. I went last night to the House of Commons and saw Dilke, Forster, Mundella, and Grant Duff. Finally Mr. Gladstone, after eying me a long time, came up and presented himself and asked me to breakfast. . . . I breakfasted to-day with Sir Charles Hartley, breakfast to-morrow with Smalley, and dine with Burnaby[1] at the Marlborough Club. On Monday I lunch with Mrs. Bruce[2] from whom I had a charming note. I shall not be back till Tuesday, the 10th, as I have promised

[1] Author of "A Ride to Khiva."

[2] Bed-chamberwoman of the Queen, and a well-known personage in English and Roman society. In her apartment in St. James's Palace was the room in which Anne Boleyn spent the last night of her life.

to dine with Dilke on Monday—a party for me. . . .

"*Sunday.*— . . . I have just time before dinner to write a line. It has rained all day till now, but I have, nevertheless, breakfasted with the Smalleys, lunched at the Eustace Smiths', and called on several people, including the Milner-Gibsons.

"General Grant did not go to Mr. Motley's funeral, and Mr. Pierrepont refused to go because Mr. Motley had not called on him.

"*Thursday.*— . . . I am getting very tired of all this dissipation, and at the same time I wish I could have come here two months ago, because then I could have taken it more easily. . . . After leaving some cards, I went to the Fourth of July reception at the Pierreponts'. Lots of Americans; very few whom I knew. I dined quietly with Ashton Dilke and wife. Later on I went to the Cosmopolitan Club—a peculiar institution here—where I saw Dilke, Forster, Spedding, Lord Carnarvon, Harcourt, etc., etc. The Comte de Paris was also there, but I did not make his acquaintance.

"I woke up this morning feeling very wretched, but managed to crawl out of bed and go to the Gladstones' to breakfast. Both Mr. Gladstone and his wife were very amiable. I sat next to Mrs. Gladstone. Among the guests were Goldwin Smith, Palgrave, Freeman, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Lord and Lady Frederick Cavendish, etc., etc.

To-morrow night I go to an evening party at Buckingham Palace, per order.

"*Saturday.*— . . . I had a very pleasant dinner with Sala last night, and enjoyed the concert immensely. Buckingham Palace is prettier than I supposed, and the concert-room was very fine. The Prince of Wales spoke to me very cordially and invited me to come and see him on Sunday, at 1.30. The Comte de Paris and wife were there, as well as no end of royalties, but not the Queen herself. Invitations continue to pour on me from all quarters. I almost wish we were coming here for a while.

"*Sunday.*— . . . I have had a day of it. One friend came along before I was up, then I had to go out and see two men on business, and be at Marlborough House at 1.30. The Prince was very nice, and did most of the talking, which ran over very many subjects. He congratulated me on my marriage and inquired who you were. . . . He kept me so long that I got late to the Gosselins' for lunch, and found it all eaten up. . . . The dinner last night by Gennadius[1] was very pleasant. Among the guests was one delightful old fellow, General Gore-Browne, who had been in Greece at the time of the revolution. I forgot to say that yesterday afternoon I was taken to see a very charming old lady, the dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. She looks like a picture and talks like a book, only better.

[1] The Greek *Chargé-d'Affaires.*

"If I can get up early enough to take the tidal train on Tuesday, I can be in Paris at five o'clock. . . ."

On July 12, 1877, Mr. Schuyler was married in Paris to Miss Gertrude Wallace King, a daughter of the late Charles King, of New York, president of Columbia College, and granddaughter of the eminent Rufus King.

V

Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler arrived in Constantinople towards the end of the summer, going first to Buyukderé, where they spent the rest of the hot weather. There, when consular duties were over for the day, they took long walks—always accompanied by a cavass and armed with pistols—to "Paradise" and the Fountain of Roses, and down along the Chestnut Water. Reading aloud was a favourite amusement in "German, French, English, or Italian;" but the authors whom they chiefly read at this time were Gibbon and Byron. "Byron, especially read on the Bosphorus, where you understand the allusions and appreciate the truth, strikes one as very great; far greater and simpler than I ever imagined."

The house in Pera, to which they went later, could not fail to be interesting to a new-comer, with its consular offices below, including the court-room where the Consul-General dispensed the law, even granting divorces, if he chose; the big drawing-room above, of which one end was masculine, with book-shelves and a large writing-table, and the other end feminine, with bric-à-brac and a fire-place; and the rooms above screened off with glass and making a little apartment by themselves. Hitherto a man's household of Montenegrin servants (who were so devoted in their attachment that if dismissed, their wounded feelings were in danger of expressing themselves in a dagger thrust), it was now tempered by the French maid, whose doubts of Montenegrin tidiness were so deep-seated that she went down-stairs and scrubbed the kitchen once a week herself.

This house was a head-quarters for all sorts of interesting people—the more so, since hospitality was almost a passion with its master. His wife used to say that getting properly settled in a new house was a minor and incidental matter; as soon as the necessary housekeeping articles were at hand, they had a dinner or a breakfast, and went on having breakfasts and dinners from that moment.

Here, as in Russia, Mr. Schuyler was considered

a well-spring of authentic information. Everybody who wanted to get at facts, to verify surmises, to learn secrets, applied to him, from diplomats to newspaper correspondents. The political situation was, of course, intensely interesting. On November 9th he wrote:

"The situation is more critical here than it has been at any time, and yet everybody is very apathetic. It is believed that Erzeroum is taken, and it is known that the Russians are near Trebizond. Plevna is thought to be on the point of surrendering, and the Turkish outlook is everywhere black. We think ourselves too on the brink of a domestic revolution. Mahmoud Pasha has a fit of apoplexy (poison?), and will scarcely survive. Orders were given to poison Murad, and his servants refusing, were all arrested for high treason. The newspapers have just been forbidden to publish news of a character likely to excite popular feeling."

Towards the end of January affairs looked very threatening.

"By the time you get this letter you will probably know what has happened to its writer. The Russians occupied Adrianople on Sunday; they will take Gallipoli to-day; whether they will come to Constantinople, a day or two will decide. The Circassians, who are far worse, are marching along

the coast of the Black Sea, burning and pillaging as they go. I don't really think we shall be troubled with them, but I fear for Buyukderé and Therapia. I think their plan is to cross from there into Asia. So you see we are surrounded by foes. The Turks—I may now say 'poor Turks'—are almost frightened to death, especially the Sultan. It is a great break-up."

In fact, the Sultan was so badly frightened that he thought of running away. In that case a revolution would probably have broken out; and with the feeling which prevailed among the Turks, there was every reason to fear a general massacre of foreigners. Each of the Powers represented in Constantinople had two warships in the harbor, but in the case of the Schuylers and a few others it would have been useless to try to get to them. Any one attempting it would have been cut to pieces. A plan was therefore arranged by which, in case of an outbreak, these persons, after sending their valuables to the ships, were to collect the Christians of the neighborhood and take refuge in the Austrian and French Embassies, which stood in adjoining grounds, and were there to stand a siege. Meantime the function of the Ambassadors ceasing with the cessation of the Government, the consuls were to come forward, invite the Russians in, and hand

over the keys of the city to them. In view of these possibilities, life at the Consulate was sufficiently exciting. However, the Sultan decided to stay where he was, and by the end of January there was talk of an armistice.

"*February 1, 1878.*— . . . The general belief is, that an armistice has been signed, but nobody really knows anything. I have been amused with the fear of the Turcophiles. G—— sent away his wife on Wednesday, and Lady T—— and a lot of other people were intending to go to-day. Perhaps they feel so sure of peace that they will stay now.

Baker and Burnaby have got back, having accompanied Suleiman Pasha in his retreat to Enos and Gallipoli. Baker is sad and quiet. Burnaby is full of spirits.

At present the Russians are at Tcherlow, about seventy miles from here, and we suppose them also to be near Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora. Yesterday was lovely, and Gargiulo, James, and I took a long walk in Stamboul, amid crowds of refugees and Circassians. We went into several mosques, which are quite full of wretched people. The difference between the Mussulmans over there and the Greeks and Bulgarians from Burgas who fill the churches here is immense. Here they are bright and intelligent looking; there, the reverse; and oh, how dirty!

Diary, 1878.

"*Wednesday, February 6th.*— . . . It is said the Russians have advanced and taken Silivria, it is supposed by accident. Several Russian officers are to arrive to-day or to-morrow at Hôtel Royal; it is thought to arrange details of neutral zone.

"*Thursday, February 7th.*—I was startled this morning by receiving a package which turned out to be from MacGahan, containing letters from himself and Greene, our Military Agent with the Russians. MacGahan says he will be here in a few days. He wrote from Haden-Keui, the head-quarters of Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha, where he had gone with a flag of truce with Count Keller, to see why the Turks did not evacuate their position. By the armistice the Turkish line of fortifications was to be evacuated and placed in the neutral zone. The Turkish lines run from Tchekmedjé to Derkos, close to the fortifications. The Turks were to have evacuated their positions by February 6th, but last night Ahmed Mukhtar had not received from the Porte any instructions and did not know the actual terms of the armistice. He asked for three days more to remove heavy guns and stores. The mud is fearful.

"Skobelef's head-quarters are at Tchaldja. The Grand Duke's will probably be at Rodosto, and Gourko's at Silivria. . . . Chambers is going to-morrow to join Greene in Russian lines. Wrote by him to MacGahan, and will try to have despatch go for him to Rodosto. . . .

"*Saturday, February 9th.*— . . . Gargiulo tells me that Turkish Parliament have refused to recognize Ahmed Vefyk as First Minister, on account of the unconstitutionality of his appointment. Yussuf Zia (Jerusalem) made a violent and telling speech. General Mott says Yussuf Zia made a very forcible speech Wednesday against the Council of State, on account of the Jaffa railway.

"*Sunday, February 10th.*— . . . The *Levant Herald* issues a supplement, to say the English fleet had orders to pass the Dardanelles and come to Constantinople to-day. Morloy met me in the street, told me the order was countermanded, and that the fleet had returned from the Dardanelles. It is supposed that the Ministry went crazy on finding that the Turkish fortifications here were to be evacuated by the Turks in accordance with the terms of the armistice.

"Captain Touchard, of the French Latouche-Treville, told me to-night that Layard had a conversation with Mouÿ, the French *Chargé-d'Affaires*, about the fleet, and said that his Government telegraphed him that the French fleet would enter with the English. Mouÿ said he thought not; that he had telegraphed the real state of things to his Government, and that there was no necessity for such action. Both Mouÿ and Count Corti, the Italian Minister, telegraphed to their respective Governments that in the present circumstances it was better not to ask for a firman.

"The *Phare de Bosphore* has been publishing some very bitter articles on the supposed delimitation of Bulgaria, taking an ultra Greek view of Greek rights in Thrace and Macedonia.

"*Monday, February 11th.*—In the afternoon Captain Higginson called here officially with Captain Haxtun. Then went with Galloway to see St. Sophia. About two thousand refugees there, looking, for the most part, tolerably comfortable.

"*Tuesday, February 12th.*—Placards were posted this morning on the British Embassay and in the surrounding streets: '*Perdue—entre la Baie de Besika et Constantinople—une flotte. Recompense honnête à ceux qui pourront fournir quelques renseignements.*' Other placards said: 'Apply to Mr. Layard.' It is understood here that the English Ministry ordered the fleet here, but that when Mr. Layard applied for a firman the Porte refused it, on the ground of complications, it being thought that the Russians would at once occupy Constantinople. Layard then telegraphed to Admiral Hornby to wait for further orders.

"Safvet Pasha has started for Adrianople to take part in the peace negotiations.

"In the afternoon I went with the Higginsons to make their official calls, and in the evening to tea at the Maynards'. Just before I started, MacGahan suddenly came in, having returned with General Chambers.[1] He says Russians all ready to come

[1] United States military attaché with the Turks.

to Constantinople, and will come if the British fleet comes. They have orders to attack any British troops without asking any questions.

"The fiasco of the British fleet is the general subject of laughter everywhere.

"Owing to the raising of the blockade, many ships have already sailed for the Black Sea.

"*Wednesday, February 13th.*—MacGahan came in and then Pears, and both breakfasted here. MacGahan brought me last night a very pleasant letter from Tseretelef, with an invitation to come to Adrianople. Onore, the first Russian Dragoman, came here to-day on some special business from Adrianople.

"According both to MacGahan and Chambers, who quotes Greene, the capture of the Shipka pass was a fluke, and owing entirely to Skobelef's diplomacy, after both Mirsky and Radetsky had been beaten in detail. MacGahan was full of interesting accounts of events and people. He has suffered much in the campaign, and is very lame with rheumatism. *Levant Herald* had a rumour that the English fleet has passed the Dardanelles.

"Went to the German Embassy in the evening, to be presented to the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. Confirmed that English fleet has passed.

"*Thursday, February 14th.*—I had a telegram from the Dardanelles, from Consular Agent Calvert, about 2 A.M., telling me that English fleet passed Dardanelles at 4.15 P.M. of Wednesday. . . . Nothing yet seen of English fleet, which, it is said,

will anchor off Prinkipo. Reported one of the ships aground.

"*Thursday, February 21st.*— . . . In the evening lectured for the British Mechanics' and Literary Association on the superstitions connected with the days of the week. . . .

"It is said that there are now three English ships at Gallipoli and three in the Gulf of Saros. It is reported that the Russian demands in detail are so great that Safvet Pasha has refused to sign the treaty.

"*Friday, February 22d.*— . . . There are many rumours to-day about the Russians and the English fleet, but nothing definite is known. The Turkish fleet left yesterday, it is said, for Crete. Azarian,[1] who has frequently very correct information, said that he talked with Namyk Pasha, who was very despondent, and feared the whole thing was up, and with Ahmed Tefik Pasha, who said that the armistice would be over by the end of the week, and that then they could attend to their ordinary affairs. What it meant he did not quite know.

"*Saturday, February 23d.*—We had intended going up the Bosphorus, but the boiler of the Despatch gave out, so I sent Greene up with James Maynard. Greene and I breakfasted on the Despatch and afterwards called on Mrs. Maynard and walked. In the evening went to the Maynards', where Greene and some others were dining, and

[1] The Armenian Metropolitan.

then to the Austrian Embassy. The Ambassadors all say that there was a great crisis, which has fortunately passed, and that war has been averted. It is generally understood that a Russian force, together with General Ignatief and the plenipotentiaries, will occupy San Stefano, and that the treaty will be signed there. *On dit* that without question Bulgaria will have a port on the Ægean.

"*Sunday, February 24th.*—While still in bed I had a card from Millet, an American artist, now corresponding for the *Daily News*. Hastily dressing, I went down to him and found a very sympathetic fellow. He arrived at San Stefano at 2.30 A.M. with the Grand Duke Nicholas, Gourko, Ignatief, and the whole lot. The war is apparently over. *La Turquie* publishes a supplement with Bismarck's speech, which is extremely sensible, and very different from the first report.

"According to what I am told to-day, the Russians must have had a very good spy system here, for they occasionally recall to people the places and dates when they have said certain things here. Some believe that peace will be signed to-morrow.

"*Monday, February 25th, 1878.*— . . . Millet, a young American artist, who has been through the war as a newspaper correspondent on the Russian side, came to see me yesterday, and told me that he had just come in from San Stefano, which the Russians occupied early in the morning. As Greene wanted to get back to his post, I agreed to take him down in a tug, together with

C. K. Tuckerman, lately our minister at Athens. There was some trouble about the luggage and horses, causing delay, so that we only reached San Stefano at half past twelve. The first man I met was Radonitch, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Montenegro, who had been here last year during the Conference, and had dined with me. He seemed delighted to see an old acquaintance. I then called on Prince Tseretelef, who is living with General Ignatief and the rest at Schneider's house—a fine house with large garden right on the shore. We had picked up MacGahan in a sail-boat when half way to San Stefano, and he and I breakfasted with Tseretelef, Basili, Stebatchef, and one or two Russian Secretaries. No one is yet settled, and there is not much to eat. We had bread and a pâté, some beer that I had brought, and an egg-nogg made with condensed milk. After breakfast I saw General Ignatief for a minute. . . . We then walked out on the quay: the day was lovely, and all was animation, the bands playing, and every one—many in new uniforms—enjoying the sun and the sea. The inhabitants, too, enjoyed it. I saw many faces I knew, but, except Benkendorp and the Grand Dukes, could not place them. I was introduced to Prince Eugene Leuchtenberg, who was very amiable, and introduced me to General Skobelef, the father of the celebrated one. Leuchtenberg said he wanted to go to Prinkipo to see the Duke of Edinburgh. . . . By the way, people

say that opinions are so divided on the 'Sultan,' H.M.N., that the Duke of Edinburgh had to put up a sign, 'Please remember that the Emperor of Russia is my father-in-law.' I saw also Prince Alexander Battenberg, son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, brother of the Empress of Russia, who is expected to be Prince of Bulgaria when that State is created, a handsome, agreeable young fellow who has accompanied the army during the campaign. I met, too, many old acquaintances, including Colonel Gaillard, the French Military Attaché, whom I had known at St. Petersburg. Brunswick was there to see Ignatief, though he had only just returned from Paris. He and several people wanted to return with us, but finally we brought no one except the two Austrian Military Attachés. We made very good time returning, leaving at 5.15 and reaching Galata at 6.45. On coming home, I found a telegram that General Grant will be here on Friday.

"*Wednesday, February 27th.*—I expected to go to-night on the Despatch to the Dardanelles to meet General Grant, but after the sailing had been put off from five to seven, we got on board only to find that the boiler had totally given out and was worse than ever. We (General Chambers, James Maynard, and Feridoun Bey, the Turkish Court official) dined on board and came away.

"*February 28th.*—It was finally decided that General Chambers, James Maynard, and myself should go down on a tug and meet General Grant. We

started at five and towards seven reached San Stefano, where we found Greene. We went into Le Bon's restaurant while Greene ate his dinner, where we met MacGahan and a number of Russian officers, many of whom I had known before. . . . Afterwards I went with MacGahan to the Schneider house to see Tseretelef. General Ignatief found us waiting, came in and talked for nearly half an hour. He said that the propositions of peace as published in the *Levant Herald* were all nonsense. The Turks were very slow and dilatory; he must give them a little time or Europe would cry out that he did not allow them to deliberate. Saadoullah was all the time talking about his commission in Bulgaria and the trouble he had with Baring. Ignatief said: 'Are you not ashamed ever to mention that you were on such a commission?' Safvet Pasha never could remember anything about the Conference, and always seemed to forget that Ignatief had been present at it. Ignatief, however, hoped to get an answer to some points next day. The Turks would never consider one point at a time, but were all the time skipping from Serbia to Bulgaria, and from Montenegro to Armenia; were constantly discussing the boundaries of Bulgaria and mentioning isolated points within them, such as Rasgrad, where the population was mostly or wholly Turkish.

"After he went away, we took tea with Tseretelef and Stchertatchef, and had a long talk and many stories about the war and old scenes.

"Afterwards went to Greene's room, where we talked about West Point, etc., till after twelve, when we went on board the tug with no difficulty, for the Russian sentries had been withdrawn during the night.

"*March 1st.*—We passed rather an unsettled night, sleeping partly below and partly on deck. We stood out to sea all night, so as to be on the course of any vessel. A little after daylight we saw the Vandalia and finally went on board. General Grant was very strong in conversation on the Silver Bill; said that if he were President he would not only veto it, but that if Congress passed it over his veto, he would use every means to hinder its execution until the Supreme Court had passed on it, and would advise all bankers and others to have dealings only in gold. Much as he should hate to vote for a Democrat for President, he would rather vote for a Democrat sound on financial questions than for an unsound Republican. He was anxious to know about recent events, and was interested to hear all that I could tell him from my visit to San Stefano the night before. In spite of everything that he had said and done at the places where he had previously made visits, it was evident that the military spirit had come upon him very strongly, as he expressed a great desire to see the Russian Army, and wanted to know if it would not be possible for him to get horses and ride out that day to San Stefano and back. I endeavoured to dissuade him by explaining the difficulty of the communications, and

that he could scarcely visit the Russian camp except under the convoy of Greene, who had remained there, and to whom I could not easily get word so quickly. I suggested that it would be better to go down in the Vandalia, perhaps, when he went away after his visit to Constantinople was over. I told him how Greene had ridden in from the Russian lines, forgetting that, owing to the exigencies of the campaign, he was almost in Russian uniform, wearing Russian decorations given to him for his bravery, and how he had not been challenged by the Turkish sentries till he had entered the streets of Constantinople, when, for the first time, he thought what a fool-hardy act he had committed. His ride in, however, had given him great prestige. We reached Tophané about nine o'clock. . . . Lieutenant Miller, Jesse Grant, and John Russell Young, who was acting as General Grant's private secretary, dined with us, together with Greene, who had just returned. Several others came in the evening, including Austin (the *Times* correspondent), Millet, and MacGahan. Greene had arranged that if General Grant chose to visit the Russian head-quarters he would be invited to breakfast with the Grand Duke Nicholas, and that a review would be held in his honour.

"*March 2d.*—General Grant had proposed going up the Bosphorus, but the weather was too bad. I called there and stayed to breakfast. Grant is very strong in his ideas against the Turks and what ought to be done with Turkey. It is plain he is

learning a great deal during his journey. The Grant family and some others dined at the Legation. We went there in the evening for a little while. It was not very amusing.

"*March 3d.*—General Grant dined with us to-day. As it is impossible in my position to invite Ambassadors to dinner, and as I could not in any case ask them to yield their place at table to General Grant, we had only a small party—Mr. Maynard, the Minister, and his daughter, Captain Robeson, of the Vandalia, and Captain Higginson, of the Despatch, with his wife. A very good dinner, and Grant was unusually talkative. Mrs. Grant had a headache and did not come. Being our usual reception evening, a lot of people came, including the Italian, Dutch, and Swedish Ministers and other diplomats—about thirty in all. Prince Reuss, the German Ambassador, sent word by Count Radolinsky regretting that he was kept home by illness. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves, and General Grant more than all. When tea was announced, he proposed to go; but on my telling him that whiskey toddy and cigars were always provided in the dining-room, he consented to stay for a few minutes. Nevertheless, after he had cooled his glass of toddy with a little more whiskey, he sat down on a sofa with the wife of the Swedish Minister next to him till nearly one o'clock. He made himself so very entertaining that he was the middle of a large circle. Count Corti, the Italian Minister, had known the General in Washington, and came

expressly to tell us that he had just had a despatch from General Ignatief, saying that peace had been signed at San Stefano that afternoon a little before five o'clock."

This was the first public announcement of the peace, and it turned out afterwards that the English Embassy did not hear of it till next morning.

"*March 4th.*—The Maynards had a reception for General Grant, to which they had bidden all the Diplomatic Corps, no end of Turkish officials, and every one they knew. It passed off very well and was thoroughly *à l'Américaine*. After that, General and Mrs. Grant came to our house to rest and dress before going to dine at the British Embassy. They had three or four rooms devoted to their exclusive use, and the General was left alone in my study with his cigars and the last American newspapers. He made his appearance, however, long before it was time to go out; and while waiting for Mrs. Grant, stood with his back to the fire and told us what he would have done had he been the Russian Commander-in-Chief. Millet and MacGahan were present, as they were going to dine with us, together with Greene. They told us all about the signature of peace and about the review afterwards. Among other things, the General said: 'Had I been in the position of the Grand Duke Nicholas, I should have refused to make peace except at Constantinople. The occupation of Con-

stantinople—for the English fleet could not have prevented it—would have been an accomplished fact, which the European Powers would have had to treat as they best could. I should have insisted on one condition—that Turkish rule in Europe had for ever come to an end; and should have expressed my willingness to leave the details of the settlement to the European Powers on this one condition; provided, also, that all rights of private property, whether Mussulman or Christian, should be respected, and a fair sum be paid to the Turks for the Government property.'

" He then went into many details as to how this settlement could be made, but I remember only the general drift of what he said. After dinner we went to the reception given to General Grant at the British Embassy, and found Mr. and Mrs. Layard unusually amiable and all Constantinople present. Unfortunately, Mrs. Grant was tired and the General went away early, before many people had time to see him.

" *March 5th.*—Early this morning Tseretelef telegraphed that he would come and breakfast with me. He made himself very agreeable and amusing, and was delighted to be once more in Pera. General and Countess Ignatief breakfasted with the Greek Minister. Tseretelef told us that everything was prepared for a fine reception of General Grant at San Stefano to-morrow, with a breakfast and parade. Some of the rest of us are to go down on the Vandalia or Despatch, and will be met and shown about

the town and given places at the review. The Vandalia with the Grant party will then go on, while we return to Constantinople.

"At 6.30 the Grant party and all the Legation dined at the Seraskierat, with most of the Turkish Ministers, the Military Attachés, and some others. The dinner was given in the Sultan's name (as on account of the disaster he does not wish to appear in public). It was an excellent one in French style. I sat between Mehemmed Ali Pasha and Assym Pasha, President of the Council and acting Minister of Foreign Affairs, and amused myself very well. Both were polite and agreeable. Grant saw the Sultan informally to-day and the Sultan's stables. The Sultan wished to give him a fine Arabian horse, but he refused.

"After dinner the General told me that he had suddenly decided not to go to San Stefano to-morrow to see the Grand Duke Nicholas. I repeated what Tseretelef had told me of the preparations made for him; but he said that our Minister was so positive that this would be considered impolite to the Turks and would injure his position as American representative that he begged him not to go. I represented to him that since the armistice, and especially since the conclusion of peace, there had been frequent communications between the two sides; that General Ignatief had breakfasted in Pera to-day with the Greek Minister; that various diplomats had been to San Stefano, and that arrangements were on foot for a formal visit of the Grand

Duke Nicholas to the Sultan. At the same time I admitted that the Minister was the only person to decide what might affect our relations with Turkey, though, considering the length to which matters had gone, I feared the effect upon the Russians. Much as I dislike the result, I cannot but admire Grant's patience and loyalty in submitting to the advice of the Minister, especially as he says it was against all his wishes and inclinations. Poor Greene has had to ride post haste to San Stefano, in order to make what apologies and explanations he can. What annoys and amuses me particularly in this affair is that some of the suite who were disposed to be severe with me because I dissuaded the General from riding to San Stefano on the first day of his arrival, now wonder that such an idea could ever have been considered, and blame me as if I had suggested it.

"*March 6th.*—The Vandalia, with the Grant party, after various delays, got off to-day for Athens.

"*March 7th.*—Just as I was finishing breakfast there came a little note from Greene, asking me to go to breakfast at Le Bon's to meet Skobelef. I went at once. General Skobelef professed to be very anxious to meet me, as we both knew so much about each other. He complimented me on my 'Turkistan,' and said that many of the persons I had spoken of were being accused and brought to trial. General Kaufmann was making a regular clearing out. We pitied General Golovatchef, who had been turned out of the army, and was even re-

fused a brigade in this war. We both thought him personally innocent, though he was always surrounded by swindlers and blacklegs.

"Skobelef dined with us, together with Helbert, MacGahan, Millet, Greene, and Chambers. He made himself very entertaining, especially in his discussions of the war and of military operations. He is evidently a genius and a very sympathetic one.

"Among other things, we spoke of Kashgar. He said that much as the Russians hated to see a strong Mussulman nation erected in Kashgar by the English, they would have kept still had the English been in earnest. The moment they saw the English waver in their policy they took advantage of it, and egged on the Chinese—even supplying them with money and arms. Kaufmann wrote to him the other day that much as he disliked the Chinese as neighbours, he yet liked them better than the English.

"His appearance was very amusing. A European officer who lives in his uniform always looks odd in civilian dress. Skobelef had ridden to town in uniform, and had been obliged to send to a Jew slop-shop to get some ready-made clothes, and they did not at all fit him.

"*March 10th.*—In accordance with a telegram I had yesterday from Tseretelef, I went to the Russian war steamer Vladimir to see General and Countess Ignatief. I found the whole Russian Embassy. General Ignatief takes the treaty signed by

the Sultan, together with Réouf Pasha, the Minister of War, as special Ambassador. Tseretelef and Stcherbatchef accompany him. The Countess Ignatief was very amiable, but abused me like a pickpocket because I had not been to see her and because Mr. Maynard had not let Grant go to San Stefano. The General told me that Zichy, who had been aboard, had begged him not let Bulgaria come down to salt water; that if it did, England and France would intrigue, etc., etc. Ignatief told him that this was a proof of Russia's sincerity, for if she had wished to keep Bulgaria all to herself, she would have been very careful not to give it a port. . . ."

"My previsions were correct. Greene had very hard work to explain why General Grant had not come to see the Grand Duke Nicholas, and when the General went to St. Petersburg later he was given a very cold shoulder. Years before there had been a little ill-feeling against General Grant, on account of the Catacazy affair, and it had been very difficult to procure a proper reception for General Sherman, because he was accompanied by one of the President's sons as aide-de-camp.")

VI

It was quite natural that the Turks should object to the presence of a man who had done so much to expose their barbarities. However, they never dared say a word about the Bulgarian business, but complained that Mr. Schuyler had too vigorously supported his Government's view of its treaty rights in Turkey. To relieve the situation, he was given leave of absence and returned to America in the spring of 1878, where he spent the summer. In the autumn he was transferred to the consulship at Birmingham—a curious appointment for a man whose specialty was the Eastern Question. He accepted it as a stop-gap, which, in fact, it was, as he was made Consul-General at Rome in the summer of 1879.

Life in Birmingham was not in itself interesting, but wherever he might be he made life interesting. From his house at Edgebaston, the most attractive of the suburbs, he took long walks over the country, and longer excursions by train. Naturally, he and his wife met all the people of note in the neighbourhood, and in his letters he speaks of Mr. Chamberlain, of Mr. Samuel Timmins, the Shakespearian scholar, of the antiquarian, Mr. Bragge, and of many others.

Housekeeping in Birmingham was unexpectedly

difficult, the British cook objecting to the French maid's irreligious habit of sewing on Sunday, and giving notice in consequence; while the latter took England so hard as to bring on a *crise des nerfs*, which was made the occasion for a delightful trip to Bath, "partly for ourselves, but chiefly for the maid, who over-exerted herself until the other night she went half crazy."

Then the confectioner would not supply sweets on Sunday, the cook had a heavy hand, guests were expected, the mistress was a good mistress, but no cook, so the master of the house, collecting a heterogeneous array of fruits and liqueurs and a bottle of champagne, invented a dish which was a standby of the family for ever after. The garden was looked upon hopefully at first, but as everything came up rhubarb, no matter what was planted, it did not prove the source of pleasure that was expected.

All this time he was not forgotten in Bulgaria. At the first meeting of the Bulgarian National Assembly, on April 4th, 1879, three telegrams were sent, one to the Emperor of Russia, one to Mr. Gladstone, and one to Mr. Schuyler. His diary contains the following entry:

"*Sunday, April 6th.*—Palm Sunday. . . . Went to the office and found a letter from Lord Augustus Loftus and another from Shaw, Consul at

Manchester, which enclosed a telegram, sent there by mistake, from the National Bulgarian Assembly at Tirnova. I could not help being much pleased.

"'TIRNOVA, April 4, 1879.

"'At the time that European diplomacy was trying with all possible means to conceal the sufferings of the Bulgarian nation, in consequence of the Turkish atrocities perpetrated two years ago, you, through your famous report, brought the truth to light and helped to remedy the evil. The free Bulgarian nation hastens to thank you heartily for your great services, and to assure you that your honoured name will hold an enviable place in the history of the liberation of our nation.

(Signed) ANTHIM,
President of the National Assembly.'"

While on a visit to London in May, 1879, Mr. Schuyler saw in a newspaper his appointment as Consul-General at Rome, and returned to Birmingham only to prepare to leave it; although for some reason his departure was delayed until the end of August. Meanwhile, in the leisure of Birmingham, he had begun his "Life of Peter the Great," and before going to Rome he found time for a visit to Holland, where, as he says, he "archived" most industriously, and incidentally made an effort to find out something about his Dutch ancestors. To his eldest sister,[1] whose birthday he never forgot to notice,

[1] Mrs. Grant.

through all his wanderings, he wrote from Amersfoort on August 3d:

"You see that I do not forget your birthday, and I write, too, from the birth-place of your ancestors, as well as of Jan Olden Barneveldt. . . . At present I will only say that there was a Hendrik van Slichtenhorst, a Schepen (Alderman) at the Hague from 1633 to 1646, when he died, and that he figures in two splendid large pictures by Ravestyn, and one of Jansen. I hope he is a relative. I have also bought a copy of the book of our ancestor Arent v. Slichtenhorst, the 'History of Guelderland.' I can only barely make myself understood in Dutch, but I find I can read it easily enough.

"My Dutch cousin came and took me to Nykerk, the home of the Van Rensselaers. They took their name from an estate called Rensselaer close by. There and in many other churches I saw the Van Rensselaer arms on many tombstones. In the orphan asylum there is a splendid picture by Breecker in 1641, of the first regents of the asylum. One of them is Jan Van Rensselaer and another Rykert van Twiller. Every one thought I looked very much like the Van Rensselaer. I didn't see it myself, except that he was short and stout. . . ."

Mr. Schuyler's position in Rome was a very agreeable one. He and his wife were *personæ gratissimæ* in Roman society, where the latter had already had

five years' experience. On the other hand, the venerable Mr. Marsh, for many years Minister of the United States at Rome, and greatly respected there for his learning and other qualities, considered it derogatory to the dignity of the Service to associate the Commercial with the Diplomatic branch in social matters, and therefore declined to present the Consul-General at Court. To a man who had been used to being on pleasant terms with royalty in many countries, this view was unexpected. However, in one way it gave to him and his wife a social position of more scope than would otherwise have been possible. They had a delightful apartment in the Palazzo Altemps, where they received their friends in their usual way. Because they were, in a manner, outsiders, having no connection with the Quirinal, everybody came to them—both Blacks and Whites. One met at their receptions Cairoli, the King's Prime Minister, and the officials of the Papal Court; Cardinal Howard, and Doctor O'Connell, the head of the American College; the ladies of the Court; the Ambassadors to the two Courts, resplendent with decorations; all Roman society, and Americans without number.

At this time "Peter the Great" was coming out in *Scribner's Monthly* almost as fast as it was written; a manner of publication which proved trying to

the nerves of a much-interrupted man. Fortunately for him and for the book, his duties as Consul-General required many short journeys of supervision, and at these times he could often stop by the way and get a quiet day or two for writing, and for the country walks which he loved. He wrote from Albano in the spring of 1880:

"A rainy day has not prevented work, though it has made me hazy from want of exercise. Just now I am capturing Azof. . . . I walked yesterday fully ten miles and came home rather tired. We went to Genzano, from there down close to the shore of Lake Nemi, then up an awfully steep hill to the village of Nemi, and then by a short cut to the Galleria di Sopra, on Lake Albano, and so down home. It was windy and cool, but we had the sun just at the worst time—as we were going up the hill. For wild flowers it beats even Greece. I counted fully eighty-five plants in bloom, not counting grasses or the lovely ferns. Some of them were very pretty. In the woods between the lakes the ground was covered with the Poets' Narcissus, of which I brought home a large handful.

"Dictation last night and this morning. Three parts of Part 10 finished. Peter is back in Moscow, having resisted—so far as I know—the temptations of Aurora v. Königsmark and the Fräulein v. Thurn, and is beginning to cut off beards and skirts. . . ."

The Roman life came to an end very soon. In June, 1880, Mr. Schuyler was surprised by the announcement of his promotion and transfer to Bucarest as Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General. He writes of his appointment:

" We enjoyed Rome very greatly, though I have been far too busy with my Consular work and with ' Peter the Great ' to get all the advantage of Italy that I wished. I leave it with regret. Bucarest is very expensive and not particularly pleasant. Still there is great political interest in the East, and no one knows what is in store there. . . . I was appointed without my knowledge, and even yet have no official announcement of the fact."

His stay in Bucarest was beset with vexations. The title with which he was sent—Diplomatic Agent—did not suit the Roumanian Government, who justly maintained that such an agent could not be received in an independent country. The newness of their independence made them, perhaps, more particular; but, in fact, the only other Diplomatic Agent sent by us was to Egypt, a vassal state. The President respected their prejudices by using the term " Diplomatic Representative " in his Message; and Mr. Schuyler was accepted provisionally until his title could be arranged. About the

end of January he received his credentials as *Chargé-d'Affaires* and Consul-General, but meantime his anomalous position had caused him many annoyances. As *Chargé-d'Affaires* he was placed on a par with his colleagues of Holland and Monaco, all the others being of higher rank. His personal relations with the Prince and Princess were always pleasant. Of the former he had written in 1876: "Like all the Hohenzollern princes that I have met, he leaves you under a spell, produced by frankness, bonhommie, intelligence, and culture."

With a new country like this, relations of every kind had to be begun, and it was necessary, therefore, to make commercial and consular treaties, which placed Americans choosing to go to Roumania for business purposes, on the same footing as other foreigners as to rights and privileges. These negotiations dragged on until the following summer, owing to the procrastinating habits of the Roumanian statesmen. The treaties were, however, finally signed and ratified. In addition, there was a trade-mark convention to be made, and general and special reports to prepare on the commerce, industries, and revenues of the country.

Meantime a visit to Bulgaria, in response to an invitation to dine with the Prince, made a pleasant episode.

"RUSTCHUK, September 26, 1880,
Monday Morning.

". . . So far I have every reason to be satisfied with my reception. Stoilof, the Prince's secretary, timed a visit to Bucarest so as to take me over, and we found one of the Prince's launches waiting on the Roumanian side of the river. I got here about noon, and at two o'clock was received by the Prince, who was very amiable, and who talked politics a long time with me. He thanked me for all I had done, and also for my telegrams. It seems that my telegram after the Winter Palace explosion was the first he received, and Stoilof told me he was very much touched.

"Afterwards I went to Stoilof's room, where I saw the Metropolitan-Archbishop, who was all that is most amiable. A number of Bulgarians were invited to dinner to meet me, and one of them said I had saved his life. I had seen him in prison. He was then a school-teacher, and is now a judge. The Metropolitan sat on the right hand of the Prince and I on his left. There were, among others, the Prefect, the Master of the Court, a German, and a young Russian aide-de-camp, to whom I took a fancy. The dinner was good, and the conversation, at least on our side, tolerably animated. The Prince started off that night for Shumla, where he has some inspections of troops.

"I was interrupted here by a visit of the Metropolitan, the Prefect, and all the city authorities, etc., etc., with formal speeches and no end of hand-

shaking, and thanks to the original liberator and saviour of Bulgaria, etc. If it did not somehow seem ludicrous for me to be in this position I should feel like crying. At the bottom of the last page I had a visit from Mr. Zancoff, the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister.

"*Later.*—I breakfasted with Dalziel, the English Vice-Consul, where I met Vincent,[1] one of the secretaries of the East Roumelian Commission. I had seen him in London. Then I went with the Prefect to inspect some fortifications, visited a school, and called on the Metropolitan, and apparently thus escaped a Macedonian deputation.

"I am, on the whole, very much pleased with my visit. Everybody looks happier and more comfortable. One can see that the people are free. Even the Turks seem contented enough. It seems rather pleasant to see Turks again in their motley garb, bazaars, and minarets. . . ."

He was now working harder than ever at "Peter the Great," which was drawing to a close in a manner that was vexatious to him. The magazine having changed hands, he was asked to condense his later chapters, in order to finish more quickly; and where he did not condense enough, a ruthless editor either mangled or omitted some of the portions with which he had taken the greatest pains. This, of course, necessitated a subsequent rewriting of all

[1] Sir Edgar Vincent.

the latter part of the book. In October he went to Odessa to consult the library there.

"Still at ODESSA, October 28, 1880,
but I expect to leave on Monday.

"MY DEAR GERTRUDE: I have been very busy with reading up until I thought my brain would burst. Everything opens up here so much, but I hope to go back with a much clearer idea of certain things concerning Peter. I shall also be all primed to write my regular article for the *Athenæum* on Russian literature. . . ."

"BUCAREST, November 14, 1880.

". . . My report is finished, but the third copy is not quite finished. It makes eighty-one pages of foolscap, of which forty-one have been done since I got back—in ten days. Besides that, I have corrected, had copied, and got off three chapters of Peter, have drawn up and had copied a *projet de traité*, both in English and French, twenty-one pages each; have written two long despatches in English and French, and two short ones, and this makes thirty-six letters. I have now on hand some more Peter and three long despatches. I feel, therefore, that I have not been idle, but still I have not seemed to work particularly hard. . . ."

It was a peculiarity of his that he never did seem to be working very hard. He always had an air of leisure and detachment, stopping to walk about

the house or the garden, to talk, to play a game of patience, seeming to idle away his time, but accomplishing an amazing amount of work. At this time his work was made much more difficult by the long illness of his private secretary. Moreover, Bucarest did not agree with him. He suffered greatly from neuralgia, and found his life there altogether depressing. To one of his family he wrote:

"I don't know why you have such a fixed idea of the charms of Bucarest. Take to-day; it is sunny and pleasant, but it is impossible to walk a step. There are two streets that are well paved, six more with a block or two of paving; the rest are with large cobble-stones worse than Constantinople, either no sidewalks or paved like the street. Even in the good streets the sidewalks are as in Pera, either very narrow or none at all. As the streets are never cleaned or swept, those rare sidewalks are now covered with slimy, sticky mud, through which you must shuffle, for if you lift your feet you fall down. There is not a picture nor statue—a poor library, a parody on a museum, almost no music, except a wretched Italian opera. Society is fearful. . . .

"I have just had another Christmas present, or, rather, notice of one. The Prince of Serbia has sent me the Takova Cross, Commandeur, round the neck like the others. It has not come yet, so that I don't know how it looks. When it arrives I will

write a polite note, and say that I will ask permission of Congress to wear it. I won't say *when*, but that will excuse me from wearing it if I go to Belgrade. Of course I don't wear any of them, except the Roumanian medal, which is not a decoration, being only given for literary merit. But some day when I am in America I'll get some friend to get a resolution through Congress for all of them. I see General Sickles has just asked permission for the Legion of Honor."

In March, 1881, occurred the assassination of the Emperor of Russia.

"The first account has just come. The awful details make me almost sick. . . . I don't think I ever spoke to the present Emperor,[1] except on my formal presentation, and I don't remember that I was even presented. He did not care much to see people. But I used to hear a good deal about him from people who knew him, and, contrary to most foreigners, formed a high opinion of him. One thing is perfectly true. He and his wife are still in love with each other; and they were the only ones of the Imperial family, male or female, about whom there was not the slightest breath of scandal. I might, perhaps, except the Grand Duchess Catherine (Mecklenburg) and the Grand Duchess Vladimir. He is obstinate, but he is sensible and intelligent, and is fond of the English."

[1] Alexander III.

"BUCAREST, March 26, 1881.

". . . We have had a great excitement. The Prince has been proclaimed King. I have just come from the Senate, where I saw the law voted. The town is gay with flags. It is a pleasant day, and everybody is out. Fortunately, I did some work this morning, for I have been gadding about all the afternoon, seeing my colleagues, who are now only distinguished strangers until they get new credentials, and looking at the crowd. Unluckily, it will put the treaty back a few days yet, and some pages will have to be re-copied. I have sent a telegram to Washington and hope to get one soon in reply.

"It seems that yesterday the Conservatives violently attacked the Liberals for protecting Nihilists, which made the majority so angry that they insisted on proclaiming the King as a reply. It *was* not to be done until May 22. No foreign power has been asked for its consent, and some of the Austrians are furious. Awkwardly enough for them, both Hoyos and Wesdehlen went to Sinaia early this morning to look for a house, so that they know nothing about it. . . .

"*March 27th.*—After finishing my letter last night, I went up towards the palace with the crowd, and when all the formalities had been concluded the King and Queen came out on the balcony. He looked grave and quiet, but she was excited and very much pleased, and constantly waved her handkerchief to the crowd. When they had gone in

Bratiano[1] bowed awhile and finally kissed his hand right and left. It is something, of course, to make a king. . . .

"*May 10, 1881.*— . . . Your letters came yesterday, just as I was starting on my picnic. 'Gar nichts oder ganz' is the Queen's favourite motto, and has no special reference to her being queen. They say she is very unhappy. She is rather afraid of her husband, who is not very sympathetic; she has no children, and worse even, not a single relative or equal in the country. In most royal families you know, there are a lot of cousins, brothers, and sisters, who help pass the time. When Carol came as Prince he introduced a very rigid etiquette, which has quite cut them off from intercourse with the people of the country. So she is to be pitied. . . .

"I am much worried over Bulgaria. The Prince is going to try to upset the Constitution. You will have seen his proclamation in the papers. I tried to see Zancoff to-day, but was unsuccessful. I shall do what I can to support the Constitutional party. I think the abdication of the Prince much the least of two evils, and I cannot but ask myself whether there is not some Russian intrigue at bottom, to show the Russians the folly of a constitution. . . .

"It seems to me now as if there were nothing but going to bed and getting up again, with a little worry in between. . . . If I were in the service

[1] The Prime Minister.

of any other Government it might do me good to be an authority about these countries. But with ours it is not of the least service."

In June, 1881, he was sent on a special mission to Belgrade for the purpose of making treaties with Serbia.

"I fear that my stay here will be prolonged for a few days. I saw Mr. Mijatovitch again this morning, and gave him my draft treaties. He says he will read them over at once, and hopes that we can come to an agreement in a few days. I should then have to send them to America before signing, which would take about six weeks. . . . We had a long hunt in the library this morning for the volumes of Russian laws I wanted, which had got misplaced. There is an awful job before me to study them, which, however, will satisfy my author's conscience not to take the things at second hand. . . .

"At noon I was received by the Prince and Princess. I was in ordinary morning dress, with black gloves, he ditto, and she in black. They are in mourning for his grandmother, who died the other day, very old—a peasant woman, who could neither read nor write. I had sweets and cold water and a cup of coffee. They were very amiable. He has great good sense, and showed that he perfectly understood himself and what he was talking about.

He is much more sympathetic than the Roumanian King."

While waiting for the treaties to be sent back from America, he went for a short visit to Paris. From Vienna he wrote to his wife, August 4th:

"I think you will laugh when I tell you why I stay over here to-morrow. I am invited to dinner to meet the King of the Sandwich Islands. I have been dining to-night to meet the Prime Minister, and am to breakfast with him to-morrow.

"I found, to my astonishment, to-day that the Prime Minister is Armstrong—whom we used to call 'Feejee' Armstrong—an old college friend of mine. You say I meet them everywhere. He was born in the Sandwich Islands, where his father was a missionary or something of the kind, but had never been back there. He had always known the King, and did a good deal for him in America. The King then asked him to go out, but he refused. He said, however, that if the King should ever get into difficulties, to send for him. Last November, when he had lost all his money and was helping his brother supervise the negro schools at Hampton, he got a telegram to go at once. He was made Attorney-General, settled all the difficulties, and is now Prime Minister and Foreign Affairs. Then came the journey round the world, and for the last few months he has done nothing but hobnob with Kings, Queens, and Emperors — China, Japan,

Siam, Burmah, India, Egypt, Berlin, London, Vienna, etc. He is very entertaining and amusing, especially when he talks about his King. Phelps had him to dinner to-night, together with Jones and his daughter, and a very amusing old man, Smith—who is with them—a man who seems to know everybody. By the way, Jones crossed with you all in 1867, when you rescued a shipwrecked crew, and your father christened a baby. From there we went to the Volks-garten, where I met General di Cesnola, whom I knew only by correspondence. . . ."

"VIENNA, Sunday, August 7, 1881.

". . . The dinner last night passed off very well. . . . Besides the King, his prime minister and his chamberlain, there were only Jones, Smith —who knows everybody in New York and Paris— Cesnola, and myself. His Majesty Kalakaua was very amiable and pleasant, and there was a good deal of general conversation. I did not, however, get any chance to talk to him, on account of my place at table. I devoted myself chiefly to Armstrong, and had a very jolly time. His Majesty is not bad looking, but very much like a negro, which is strange, as he has no negro blood in him. I have acquired such delightful ideas of the climate and life at the Sandwich Islands, that I think I would accept with joy if Blaine sent me there as Minister. . . ."

To his Wife.

"BUCAREST, Monday, September 26, 1881.

". . . The Requiem for the repose of the soul of President Garfield took place yesterday morning in the cathedral, with all due ceremony, the Metropolitan conducting the proceedings. The service by no means comes up to a Russian one. There had been very late notice, and not many people were there; most of the diplomats, several officials and officers, etc., etc. In spite of the pouring rain, I had to go down again in the afternoon to call on the Metropolitan and thank him. He speaks French and is a nice old man. I believe the Government has also sent a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Garfield. They have also charged me with a message for the Government. The papers say that the English Court has gone into mourning. I should not be surprised if this and the general feeling of sympathy in England led to our sending an Ambassador to England before very long. I am sure I hope so. All this only shows how people are beginning to respect us now that we are strong and successful. England now looks at us with very different eyes from twenty years ago. . . . I see that the Belgian and Spanish Courts have also gone into mourning. . . ."

In the autumn of 1881 a leave of absence enabled Mr. Schuyler to revisit America. During the winter, which he spent chiefly in Washington, his

advice was asked in regard to certain matters concerning which he was greatly interested and particularly well informed. He had always advocated the union, wherever possible, of the Diplomatic and Consular Service, on grounds of economy and efficiency.

"Our interests are chiefly commercial ones. Any important case has to go in the end to the Minister. Why not suppress the intermediate step—the Consul-General—or unite him to the Legation? It will be cheaper and will be more efficient. At the same time there is a saving to travellers and others. . . . The office of Consul-General is chiefly one of supervision—at Rome almost entirely so—and that could perfectly well be performed by the Legation. In London and Paris this is impossible or very difficult, owing to the amount of work done. . . .

"There is no such absolute distinction between diplomatic and consular duties as many people, not diplomats, seem to think. They constantly run into one another. If our Government chose to impose upon the Legations all the duties incumbent on consuls it would make no practical difference to anybody, and would, of course, be only applicable in the Capitals, where the Legations reside. . . . Nearly every government has at some time carried on its consular business in some Legation or other. But just here is a point about which there may be

a susceptibility, charging not diplomats with consular, but consuls with diplomatic functions. Generally speaking, in Europe diplomats come from the upper and consuls from the middle classes; and this looks like putting a man above his sphere. You know the idea is very widely spread in America that it is absurd to have any diplomats; that a consul acting as *Chargé-d'Affaires* could do the work just as well. Now what I have wanted to do was to . . . show that ministers and secretaries, while not losing the consideration attached to them, and keeping their proper rank, are perfectly fit and able to do consular duty and are not useless excrescences."

Mr. Schuyler's opinion was not mere theory. Among other instances, the Italian Minister had the title of Consul or Consul-General in five countries, while a number of European Courts recognised our Minister as Consul-General or our Consul-General as also Secretary of Legation without any trouble. In view of all this he assisted in the preparation of a bill uniting the Consulate-General with the Legation in several places, including Rome and Vienna. In his absence, and greatly to his annoyance, the wording of the bill was accidentally changed, so that instead of making the Secretary of Legation, Consul-General, the Consul-General was invested with the office of Secre-

tary of Legation. This unfortunate mistake caused him to be accused of having shortened the life of the Minister to Rome, by depriving him of a secretary without whose services he was unable to carry on the work of the Legation; and a very powerful enemy was raised up in Washington. The result was far-reaching, and was undoubtedly one of the causes of the subsequent interruption of his career.

VII

Mr. Schuyler remained in America until the following July. Meantime he was appointed Minister to Greece, Serbia, and Roumania, and after visiting the two latter countries, took up his residence in Athens in January, 1883.

His first visit there had been made in the spring of 1877, when he went off for a breathing space after the eight months of work and worry entailed by the Bulgarian investigation and the events which followed it. A letter written at that time gives his first impressions in all their freshness:

"I cannot realize that I have been here only a week, so much has been compressed into a small time. There is much to see and much to enjoy, and much that is simply strange. For one thing, peo-

ple here are much more cut off from the world than at Constantinople, and the European mails leave at rare and, to me, difficult-to-ascertain times. To-day is the Greek Good Friday, and I must say I never saw so strange a one, or, on the whole, so jolly a one. The streets are full to overflowing with people, and yet it is not a close holiday, for most of the shops are open. One, indeed, is draped in deep black, and the flags are everywhere at half-mast, but trade goes on as briskly as ever. Half of the common people go about with lambs and sheep on their shoulders or hung around their necks—to be eaten on Easter—and booths are on all the corners, for the sale of Easter candles and red Easter eggs. We went into some of the churches and did as the rest did, and were never before so hospitably received. For a few sous we bought some slim candles, which we lighted and stuck before the pictures of the saints, some little bouquets and sprigs of flowers, which we laid on the tomb of Christ, erected in the middle of the church, and we were then sprinkled with holy water from long-necked blue bottles, and were given sprigs of orange flowers for ourselves, amid the smiles and bows of the priests, deacons, and all the assistants. To-night there are to be everywhere funeral processions, of which I will tell you later.

"It is impossible to give you an idea of the purity of the air, the loveliness of the landscape, and the charm of everything, from the Acropolis to the

Public Garden, and from the peasant to the King. Each day seems more delightful than the one preceding. Coming here from Constantinople is like suddenly emerging into civilization. I feel better and younger. We don't even talk politics, though I have met nearly the whole diplomatic corps. It is quite another atmosphere—moral and intellectual, as well as physical.

"The more I see the ruins and the remnants of ancient sculpture, the more I am willing to bow down before Greek art, and to admit that the Greeks of the old days could not do wrong in matters of taste.

"We left Constantinople last Wednesday on the Messageries steamer, and after coasting by purple islands scattered through a bright blue sea, anchored off the Piræus early on Friday morning. An hour's drive brought us to Athens.

"How our days have been spent, except that they have been pleasant and happy, I don't think I could tell you. We have been to Daphne and Eleusis, have ascended Mount Pentelicus, have driven through the olive groves of Plato's Academy, have been almost daily to the Acropolis, and were presented to King George, who was very pleasant and amiable and talked to us for a long time. One thing we found very delightful, and that was, strange to say, the cemetery. Not the modern one, but one where people have been resting for 2,000 years and more; where simple, touching tombs have but lately been brought to light. There

was no suggestion of grief in those sculptures—restrained, but sad, farewells. I wish you could see them. Unfortunately, photographs never show such things exactly as they seem to you when you see them; they exaggerate defects and discolorations, and do not allow your fancy to replace the broken noses or smooth the ragged outlines. . . .

"I believe I began this letter on Good Friday, but it is now Easter Sunday in the Greek rite. We were at a great ceremony last night at the cathedral, or, rather, on a platform in front of it. The King and Queen and all the Court came to be blessed by the Metropolitan at midnight. The whole square was alive with lighted candles, and the effect was marvellous. Unluckily, Greek church music is not as good as Russian, or it would have been even grander. The streets were all filled with troops, and what with the bands, the people, the lights, and the firecrackers and the fireworks, it was very gay. Good Friday evening was almost as gay in another way with the religious processions, while everybody held candles.

"The fields, hillsides, and roadsides all about here are wonderfully gay with wild onion—pink or white—daisies, marigolds, scarlet poppies, and blood-red anemones—these last the most beautiful of all.

"The Reads have been very polite to us; far more than I had any right to expect, and we have taken them in great affection. In general, every one here is nice and agreeable, and we are already great Philhellenes. . . ."

The Schuylers were very fortunate in their house (Michaeli Vodu), which was a little out of the city; a palace, in a very large garden—the largest in Athens except the King's. Their landlord was Prince Souzo, a son of that Souzo, a Phanariot Greek, who, after being made Hospodar, was starting for Bucarest, when the Sultan casually mentioned a little service which he could render in return for his new honours. Would he be so obliging as to send back the head of a certain prominent personage in Bucarest. The commission was executed in the simple manner of the time, the person in request being bidden to a feast. At the end, when the guests were dispersing, there was the slight gesture usual in such cases, and the head was brought in a few moments after.

In spite of the Arabian Nights entertainments of the last generation, the Athenian Souzo was a peaceful and agreeable man, who let his palace and lived in an apartment in the city. Still, the civilisation of modern Greece is not very old. The King's *aide-de-camp de Service* was Colonel Hadji-Petros, the son of the *Roi des Montagnes;* and among the Greek Deputies were a few who still wore the national costume, and might quite well have been brigands in their day. One of them stared so long and so fixedly at Mrs. Stanford's dia-

monds that a bystander exclaimed: "Oh, wouldn't he like to catch her in a dark place on her way home!"

It was at a reception at the Schliemanns'. They had a handsome house and entertained a great deal. As Schliemann delighted in finding that the old Greek names were still in use, Madame Schliemann (who is a Greek) used to say when engaging a new porter: "Your name is Rhadamanthus," and to the cook, "Your name is Pelops." On this occasion Mrs. Stanford had consulted a friend about her dress, saying that she was sorry she had left her diamonds at home; she only travelled with a few. When she entered in her purple and gold gown, she was blazing with diamonds from head to foot. Everybody stopped talking and looked at her, and, after a little, Madame Schliemann said to Mr. Schuyler: "Shall I go up and put on my Trojan necklace?" "Certainly," he said; and she ran upstairs like a little girl. When she came down she said to Mrs. Stanford: "You have your diamonds, but I have my necklace, which was dug out of the ruins of Troy."

"My diamonds are older still," said Mrs. Stanford. "They were dug out of the bowels of the earth."

At this time Tricoupis, the great Greek states-

man, was in power. He was the Government. His capabilities and endurance seemed unlimited, and it used to be said of him, with more or less truth, that whenever a Minister resigned, he took the vacant place, so that it sometimes happened that he held nearly all the portfolios at once. He was a strong man and a serious one. Interesting he always was, but he did not care for trifling; nor could he find leisure or inclination to be so constantly accessible as is expected in ultra-democratic Greece. His devoted sister took that duty upon herself. Miss Tricoupis was never known to go out of the house, but received from eight o'clock in the morning until midnight. A man-servant in Greek costume sat on a chair on the pavement, in order to be able to direct visitors upstairs. At the head of the stairs they knocked on a door, were bidden to come in—"Oriste!"—and entered the salon. This was a room literally filled with plants and flowers. An india-rubber plant reached to the ceiling; all manner of other things grew in pots, and every available spot held plates and vases of flowers, principally wild flowers. Miss Tricoupis always sat on a sofa at the left of the door. Chairs were arranged in a semicircle in front of the sofa, and the most distinguished guest was placed beside the hostess, in the Continental fashion. Miss Tricoupis

wore an unchanging costume; a black stuff gown, made with a train, with white lace around the neck and down the front of the bodice, and her hair braided in front *à la Grecque*. Her face was not handsome, but strong and pleasing, with very bright, brown eyes. At this time she was a middle-aged woman, perhaps a trifle older than her brother. She had the vivacity which he lacked, and made herself agreeable to every one. Besides this, she was able, in the course of a day, to pick up any amount of information which he must have found useful. Foreigners were welcome to her salon during the day, but the evening, when Tricoupis himself could be present, was reserved for the Greeks; and while others were not forbidden, it was generally understood that they would go in the daytime.

There were always Russian ships in the harbor and usually many others, and life was gay as far as breakfasts, dinners, dances, and entertainments of that sort were concerned, but there was no theatre—no opera—not even concerts, except sometimes at the palace.

"In spite of scenery, we cannot equal Rome in attractions. 'Tis the Carnival, and dancing is the aim of life. You would not suspect me of that, and what will you think when I tell you that I

opened a *thé dansant chez nous* day before yesterday by dancing with the Queen? You know everything begins small. We have the best dancing-room in Athens. 'Twas thought to revive the mazurka, which has not been danced since Otho's days, and of which the Queen, as a Russian, is very fond. At the Russian Court it replaces the cotillon. So they asked us to give a practising place. We were only too glad to consent, for it amuses us to have others be amused. The Grand Duke Paul (brother of the Emperor of Russia) came once, and asked for another. The result was, that on Tuesday we gave a dancing afternoon, which seems to take here, as saving ball dresses, to which the Queen also came with one hundred and ninety others and danced for three hours. Now they ask for another soon. As royalty has gone to no other diplomatic house for three years, the rest don't like it, and talk about these d——d republicans, but what care we? What makes it worse is, that we are the only non-Russian diplomats asked to the balls and fêtes on the Russian ships when the King and Queen go. The King says he don't care. Neither do I."

The Queen was still young; she had been married at sixteen. She was a devoted mother and a most kind and sympathetic woman, very active in works of benevolence. She had more gayety of temperament than the King, and must have missed the

large family circle of the Russian Court, with their constant informal amusements.

The afternoon dances were all extremely simple affairs. Tea and cakes constituted the principal refreshment. On the first occasion a young Russian officer said to Mrs. Schuyler: "Your samovar isn't nearly big enough. I'll bring ours next time." And after that, every time there was a dance at Michaeli Vodu, the young Russian appeared with the ship's samovar tucked under his arm.

After hearing about the Queen's dance, the King intimated that he would like to go too.

"Admiral Baldwin has been here now a week with the Lancaster, (illegible) and Kearsarge, and has been making full atonement for what was thought the rudeness of Admiral Nicholson about two years ago. I am nearly killed by it all myself. We began with an informal dinner and soirée, followed by another. On Monday we had a pretty garden-party and dance, where we were much helped by the Lancaster's band. One surprise we could give to the officers, which was to show them more pretty girls than they have the habit of seeing out of America. On Wednesday the King breakfasted with us at the Legation. We were twenty in all; and besides the officers and regulation guests, we were able to ask the Roumanian Minister and the Serbian Minister and his wife; also the Russian

Chargé-d'Affaires and Madame Bakhméteff. It passed off remarkably well, both eating and drinking fairly good, and the Lancaster's orchestra playing in the next room. The King stayed fully an hour and a half afterwards. This is the only foreign house he has taken a meal in for very many years, except the Russian Legation, where it is *de rigueur* to invite the Queen, as being a Russian Grand Duchess."

It was at this breakfast that the King spoke to Mrs. Schuyler of his early life in Greece, and of having come there a boy of eighteen, of another religion and another language. "My boy will have an easier time of it than I have had," he said; "but thank God, I have had a happy marriage."

It is a somewhat thankless task to be the king of an intensely democratic people.

The King and Queen carried themselves very royally, and no one knew better than King George how to prevent a liberty; but in their private life they were extremely simple and natural. When Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler were about to leave Athens, they were invited to the King's country place at Dekeleia to say good-by. A palace has been built there since, but then it was a simple country house. It was all quite charming, and leaves a pretty picture in one's mind—the King making jokes with the

children and running up-stairs two steps at a time to see if the Queen was ready to receive the guests; the Queen taking Mrs. Schuyler into her bedroom to show her an Ikon which had belonged to Peter the Great, and saying: "Do you think Mr. Schuyler would be shocked if I brought him in here?" Everything perfectly unaffected, yet not without the proper amount of observances.

When they were asked to write their names in the visitors' book, and it was found that a queen's writing materials go astray like other people's, she called out, as any other wife might call on the man of the house for help: "Oh, Vil—lee, Vil—lee, I have no pen; I have no ink!"

On coming to the throne, the King had been obliged to change his name, as well as his language and his religion. As King of the Hellenes, he had to be George, but in his family he was still "Willie."

A lady spending a day at Dekeleia was asked to "Come up-stairs and see the prettiest thing you ever saw." She went up, and there was the Queen, giving the baby its evening bath, while the King looked on and handed sponges and towels. Then the other children were put to bed, and their mother went around and kissed them all good-night, making the sign of the cross over each one.

The Queen was a devout member of the Greek Church, but the King clung to the faith of his childhood; or, rather, King George belonged to the Greek Church: "Villee" was a Lutheran.

Among all the social diversions there was no lack of serious occupation. "Peter the Great" was finished in Athens and came out in book form.

To A. A. Adee.

"November 5, 1883.

"My Dear Adee: I have been feeling of late that I have been neglecting you — officially — but I have always remembered that it is far more of a bore for you to read a despatch than it is for me to write it, and I have thus quieted my diplomatic and consular conscience. In point of fact, I have been working very hard ever since the first of August at finishing 'Peter the Great,' and I have sent off, on the average, forty 8vo pages of print a week, which has thus relieved the Department. I am happy to say that this great feat has been accomplished, and I think you will (modesty of no account) find the copy I shall send you worth your reading. You will tell me afterwards. But on parting from this companion of so many years, I don't quite know what to do next, and to keep myself from having brain fever and to cure a bad cold—for even in my orange and lemon garden, with my tame owl and tortoise, I have a cold—I am going

to Corfu for a week, leaving the newly raised 'vexed question' of the suppression of free Bible distribution until my return. Perhaps by that time I shall be more inclined to agree with the Synod, and think it even worse than I do now. . . .

"Pray remember me to all, and believe me

Yours most sincerely,

EUGENE SCHUYLER."

To A. A. Adee.

"January 30, 1884.

"MY DEAR ADEE: I have ordered my publishers to send you a copy of my 'Peter the Great.' But I can scarcely expect you to read it, as it is all prose and no poetry. You will, however, I hope, make semblance of reading it, and in due time send me a little compliment. Just now I am working on a translation of some old Russian travellers—one as early as the thirteenth century in Constantinople before the Latin conquest. I began them years ago.

"I am delighted with a recent circular of the Department, asking information about the culture of raisins, figs, olives, etc., partly because it revives all my old botanical tastes, and partly because it gives me occasion for various petty excursions to the islands. I shall set about the work at once, and only hope I can do it justice; not that I expect much from Greek agri- and arboriculture.

"Another thing, too; it makes me put an end

to a period of dissipation which has lasted too long, beginning with the daily practice of the mazurka in our salon and ending with an afternoon dance here, in which the Queen and the Grand Duke Paul took a lively part. Did I say ending? I have been out nearly every night since, and that, added to dances on the Russian ships, has nearly finished me. I absolutely need solitude in the olive groves with Theocritus. With good weather—we have snow here—there is nothing like that.

Yours most sincerely,

EUGENE SCHUYLER."

At this time the American School of Archæology at Athens was in its infancy, and a man of Mr. Schuyler's tastes could not fail to be deeply interested in its success. What he could do for it, he did, more in the way of moral support than in any other way, although he was occasionally able to obtain gifts of money. He wrote in April, 1883:

"The school is getting on very well, and fortunately some excellent Americans have been here who can witness to its utility. Sturgis is here now, as well as Professor Thayer and Professor Greenough, of Harvard. . . . In order to show the good feeling of the Government here, Professor Goodwin was invited twice to dine at Court, and has also been invited to the balls there."

One of the last pleasant incidents of Mr. Schuyler's official residence in Greece was a series of short cruises on the Undine, a little yacht which he hired for a time.

"I have just got back from another cruise; this time to the Cyclades, when I saw something of six, the prettiest being Tinos, and Karystos on the south end of Eubœa, and by far the most interesting, Delos. In its utter desolation it is more interesting to me than Olympia; but then it was the seat of a finer religion. . . .

"The proposed abolition of this Legation is merely the absurd economy-cry. The Democrats want to save $100,000 on the Consular and Diplomatic Service, and then give outright a million to the New Orleans Exposition (which promises, however, to be very remarkable, and you may find it worth while going there). The Department of State has taken up the defence of this Mission, saying very nice things about me and of the Service generally with unusual warmth and energy. The Senate has greatly amended the House bill, and it now remains to see what will be done in the Conference Committee."

To Russell Sturgis.

"July 23, 1884.

"My Dear Sturgis: *Consummatum est.* . . . The Diplomatic Agency at Cairo is reduced to a simple consulate. The Consul-General at Constantinople is reduced nearly half, and is no longer Sec-

retary of Legation. This Legation is utterly abolished. A Consul-General will be appointed at Bucarest at $3,500 and a Consul here at $2,500. The total saving on this place is $1,000. No provision is made for any officer at Belgrade. So far as I know, I am legislated out of official existence; for I know of no vacancy where I can be stored until wanted for future use. Therefore, as far as I know, I am a private man and my own master. I don't so much object to the situation as to the moment when it comes. . . . I have a house on my hands up to the middle of November. Therefore, I think I shall stay here until the late autumn. At all events, I have a house over my head—my books around me; I can pack up at leisure, and perhaps do a little work. And yet, when I am in trouble and perplexity, I find it very hard to work. It is only when I am comfortable and prosperous that my brain works easily and that my hand follows.

"Here is one hardship. Congress passed the law July 6th, to take effect July 1st. I did not know it till the 14th."

When the letters of recall came, that to Serbia was written to Prince instead of King, and the one to Greece to the King of Greece, instead of King of the Hellenes. They had to be sent back, causing much delay and annoyance. Later he writes:

"I am on my way to Belgrade and Bucarest, to take leave and present my letters of recall. It is

an expensive journey, and at the present time uncomfortable, for I do not see how I can escape a quarantine on returning. However, I cannot afford to be impolite, even if the Government chooses to be. I have known the Kings of Serbia and Roumania since 1876, and they have always been very amiable to me. The Department said that if it were inconvenient to present my letters in person I could send them to the Foreign Offices. But these small countries are very sensitive—for such a proceeding with England or France would hardly be remarked—and I am patriotic enough to wish to soften the withdrawal of the Mission as much as possible, even at my own expense. I shall try to get repayment out of the Government, but have little hope of it."

This had been a very happy and successful period of his life. A dozen years later, a visitor returning from Athens said: "It is astonishing how the Schuylers are still loved and lamented there."

VIII

Mr. Schuyler returned to America in November, 1884, and he and his wife established themselves for the winter in Washington. During the following year he delivered at Johns Hopkins and Cornell Universities the lectures afterwards embodied in the book entitled "American Diplomacy," which was published in 1886.

There was every indication that if he had chosen to stay in America and resume the practice of the law, his peculiar experience and training would have brought him an important practice. His decision to leave his own country at this period of his career was an error of judgment, of which he afterwards became conscious. But literature was always more attractive to him than law; and he longed for the out-of-door life of a southern climate. In March, 1886, he settled in Alassio, on the Riviera, which remained his head-quarters until he went to Cairo, in September, 1889.

For the moment the restful life was very agreeable. The villa, Molino di Sopra, was a pleasant place, with one of the lovely terraced gardens common in that locality. The owners of the villas about Alassio are much given over to gardening, and he was an important member of the enthusiastic band. He had gone to Alassio mentally and physically tired, but his natural elasticity was great and the surroundings were restorative. He soon began to plan literary work, and to feel the need of getting in touch with people and things in Italy. In June he wrote from Parma:

"I am on a little journey. It seemed to me that I was not quite Italianised, and I needed to see more of the country and fall into Italian ways of thought.

Out on the edge, in Liguria, we see too many foreigners and too few cultivated natives. . . . There have come suggestions to my mind which may turn me off into a new track. For somehow I cannot resist the temptation to write, or at least to study for writing ultimately. Taking in knowledge in one way, working it over, and letting it out in a different form begins to attract me for its own sake."

A temporary decrease of income made him feel that the gap must be filled by something less leisurely than literature, and he made an arrangement with the *New York Herald* for occasional correspondence. This was not an agreeable step to take, and he only did it from a sense of duty. "I don't want, but our income has been reduced, and I must."

About the same time he was spending some of his time in looking up out-of-the-way words and their definitions for the "Century Dictionary," on which his friend, Mr. Russell Sturgis, was engaged. This was a pursuit which interested and amused him greatly, and for which, with his stores of unusual and accurate information, he was peculiarly fitted.

In pursuance of his arrangement with the *Herald* he spent about two months in Vienna in the early

winter of 1887. One of the interesting events of this visit was the meeting with the Bulgarian Deputation in search of a Prince. They told him that the Prince of Coburg, on whom their choice finally fell, and who became Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, had never occurred to them until suggested by him at that time.

A few months later he and his wife were stopping in Mentone at the time of the famous earthquake of that year.

To G. Bakhméteff.

"ALASSIO, March 10, 1887.

"MY DEAR JACK: Ever since your telegram I have been intending to write, but you know in such times one can't always do as one chooses.

"We had gone to Mentone for a dinner-party with the expectation of going on to Nice and Cannes for the like. The very morning that we were to breakfast at Nice came the earthquake at six. Of course there was no getting off, as the trains were too full of runaways. So the next day we came back to Alassio, after spending five hours at the station, to come back to Italy on a train with no passengers, simply because the fugitives had about 6,000 trunks at the station bound the other way, and they would look after them first. As no telegrams had come, we supposed Alassio safe, and were much surprised on arriving to find that the whole

town had fallen down, but the villas safe; ours, however—as luck will be—the worst damaged. To go back—it seems an age. Having seen several small earthquakes, and supposing this not to be an earthquake region, I lay calmly in bed, happening to be awake at the time, wondering when it was going to stop . . . and then when part of the front of the hotel came off, G. and I found ourselves under the archway of the door. Somehow I had managed to put some clothes on. She had very little. We went into the garden. She shivered and I went up again, enjoying the view of the distant mountains through the fissures in the walls, to get some more clothes. Unluckily, she had packed up the night before, and it was very hard to hit on anything. I had my money in my pocket; diamonds and jewels were out of the question; but I seized what I could, even the blankets from the bed. But while I was groping about in the twilight came a second shock, almost as bad as the first. She did—I don't know what—in the garden, and I—well, imagine anything you like. However, I got down-stairs, and, although we were perfectly safe, we followed example and went to the Public Gardens, where Howard and I held up a blanket and She put on a dress, and then my brilliant yellow and brown plaid dressing-gown from Vienna, and then blankets over her head. Howard found a Kiosque; they gave us brandy and biscuits; we revived ourselves and then others, especially one very pretty girl. Then we went back to the hotel, had coffee—the strong-minded servants (though

they left that day) wanted to know if we wished hot water, baths, etc. We packed up entirely and left nothing; we had our luggage brought down-stairs, and then went to see how our friends had fared. (Our friends are the Andrews. Him you met in Athens; she is Cyrus Field's daughter.) They were very nervous; their house was unharmed, but the shock had gone about one hundred feet the other side. A number of people already there, including a Dresden baroness, a grand-niece of Sir Walter Scott, and two very shaky old New Yorkers named Watts. We took coffee again, and then the third shock came, when we preferred the dew to the coffee. Andrews, however, was very calm, remained up-stairs, and insisted on having a long, scientific discussion with me, and refused to come down till he chose, or let his carriage take the Watts home, lest he should never see it again. (The Watts, however, got home and took their nine o'clock drive, as if nothing had happened.) Then a sad day. We couldn't get away; we went to Rumpelmayer's, had kümmel and bitters, then to see the ruins, then to Rumpelmayer's, etc., etc., etc. The telegraph office was in ruins; an office rigged up in a hotel garden, with one wire, four hundred English women and men waiting to send telegrams. We—that is, Howard and I—couldn't stand it; by great good luck got tickets, went to Monte Carlo, to send telegrams and postal-cards. Of course we played on all the earthquake numbers, and, strange to say, always lost, when we ought to have won.

At last we went to the Grand Hotel to dine, and found old Admiral Baldwin and his wife and a lot of other people whom we knew. At Monte Carlo there had been only an uneasy feeling, and they were much astonished at our tales. Finally, in despair, we came back to Mentone, found the ground floor of the Andrews' villa covered with beds, and a motley, but pleasant, company. Unfortunately, at each alarm they routed us out, and finally we were forbidden to go back to the house. The garden was very damp and cold. Howard sat in the street in front of a fire which they built for him, and we took a deserted carriage and slept for three hours. And we could have been comfortable indoors, had we known it; for there was a room with a fire and a private entrance into the garden, where it was very cold and damp.

"We could stand it no longer and made up our minds to come back to Alassio as soon as possible, having no idea as to its state. We went to the station at about nine, but there was such an accumulation of luggage that we couldn't get off till about two o'clock. The farther on we went, the more ruins we saw, except at San Remo, which is intact, and the more we began to think that our own house had fallen down. It was not, however, so bad as that. Nearly every house in the town itself is uninhabitable, but the villas are safe enough, though the walls and ceilings of our bedrooms are so badly cracked that we are sleeping in the study, drawing-room, and dining-room. The rest of the

population was in the fields, or a few favoured ones in railway wagons. Now most of them have little wooden huts. At last, too, they have begun to pull down and repair the town where it is possible. Here there were only three old women killed, but the material damage is very great and falls chiefly on poor, ruined, decayed gentlemen, and *mezzo ceto*, who get a scanty living from the rents of their houses and rooms. Some houses had as many as twenty owners, for single rooms were bought and sold. At Diano Marina, not far off, there were over two hundred killed, and every house is down. All must be blown up by dynamite and rebuilt. Diano Castello is just as bad, but the loss of life is less. I had to accompany our consul to these places the other day and walk through the whole. I wished him at the bottom of the sea, for we had had a little shake, which drove us from the breakfast-table, and sent down walls at Diano, nearly killing two soldiers. One couldn't help thinking that another shock might come when we were in the middle of it all.

"It is only two days now that we have been quite free from little shocks, and I think even with this that there have been some tremors. We cannot quite get reconciled to them; and when the pigeons all fly away from the window-ledge at once it gives my heart such a quiver as makes me want a glass of *vodka*. At the same time we don't feel equal to going away, unless for a long time, and that we cannot do just now. Besides, we want to give a good ex-

ample to the rest. The worst of it is, that the shocks came chiefly at night, and seemed to prefer from four to six in the morning. We have had to put all our clothes near the door, so as to grab them when we ran out, to sleep with the outside door open, with lights everywhere, with a bottle of brandy and water already mixed in the garden, and cold bouillon and sandwiches on the hall table. We devoutly hope that you will never have such experiences and we never again. . . .

"We both send much love.

Ever yours,

EUGENE SCHUYLER."

"On reading this letter over to Gertrude, I find it very mixed and repeating, but you must lay that to our tremors and quivers.—E. S.

"*March 11, 3.30 P.M.*—I was just going to close this letter ten minutes ago, when we had the worst shock we have had since the first."

The strain of living for several months with continual shocks of earthquake and continual expectation of worse ones was greater than appeared at the time, and left him somewhat run down. From Castrocaro, where he went for a course of baths, he wrote:

"I amuse myself with reading, even in my bath. Byron's and Shelley's poems took me to their lives, and Landor's Life has taken me to his poems.

How wonderful Gebir and Count Julian are! Now I'd like to read a little of Southey, but he seems so very dead that he is not even in Vieusseux. I remember about things which I read years ago and liked. I have also read the greater part of Moore's poems, and want now to get hold of his Journals. I must try Wordsworth, though I rather hate the thought. I am now in Lady Blessington's novels, having read three volumes of her life and letters. Dickens comes next. The fact is, that all these people knew, and most of them either loved or hated one another, and thus I am led on, and all because I saw Byron's and Shelley's houses at Pisa last April."

A little later he wrote from Alassio:

"Of late I am entirely devoted to Italian history and memoirs of the early part of this century. . . . For serious reading I have a canto of Dante every morning before my bath and tea. Longfellow's translation amuses me very much. You cannot possibly understand it unless you have read the original. I dare say that at first it was very good, but that little Dante Club sat on it every week, until they quite squashed all the poetry, and even the verse out of it. . . .

"In reality, I am lazy by nature, and yet I am never so happy as when hard at work. But I like to get off quickly what I have in my head, and writing bothers me. I really can't do much with-

out a shorthand writer and clerk, and that here is impossible. Indeed, I fear that I need a good deal, and was looking back with delight to Athens at the time I was finishing 'Peter.' I must have, in addition, a good study, with my man in the next room, table, lights, many books, etc.; then mild weather, so that I can get up early, and finally a country not so hilly as this, with a carriage, and facilities for making excursions where I can stay a day or two, when I always read greatly. Here I have most of this, except the carriage and the level country. It is a bore always to walk up and down hill."

The early summer of 1888 found him in Bologna, attending the festivities in honour of the eight hundredth anniversary of the university. On this occasion he represented Yale, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and Cornell Universities and the State University of Iowa. His detailed description of the commemorative ceremonies was sent to the New York *Nation*, and his private letters contain only jottings. From Bologna he went on by short stages to Venice, picking up material for the series of short articles which he was at this time writing.

"I had six delightful weeks at Venice, two days at Bassano and Possagno, a fortnight at Salò, on Lago di Garda, and a week at Brescia, which pleased

us very much. Gertrude and I are studying up Lady Mary Wortley's 'Italian Life,' and we have seen some pleasant places and made some agreeable acquaintances in consequence. . . .

"The *Nation* has let you know from time to time where I have been and what I have been doing. They have three or four articles still on hand, and I have as many more nearly ready. It has amused me to write them, and especially to read up for them; for each of them represents two or three thousand pages of reading, and some of them have been in outline in my head for a year and more. Indeed, I have read more English literature and more real literature in general than for many, many years before. And I have enjoyed it, too!

"On the whole, I am more than usually satisfied with myself. I have told you what to think about Bulgaria in two articles in the *New Princeton Review* (for which or for some other reason I have received the Grand Cordon of the Bulgarian order of St. Alexander), I have enlightened you on our Consular Service in *The America* of Chicago, and on Mr. Bayard anent of 'Marriages Abroad' in the *North American*, besides three stories, which repose and will long repose in manuscript. At present I am trying to enlighten you on the advantages of Commercial Treaties, and on the relations of the Pope to the Italian Government. For lighter work I have Canova, Corinne, Ruskin, Mrs. Browning, and Smollett, not to speak of others on the stocks or in them."

The political situation in America interested him greatly, and in November he wrote: "Things happen just now to be in that state that our foreign policy during the next ten years will make a great point in the history of the nation." And again, December 30th:

"I am writing out some of my ideas about foreign policy, but I shall probably send the article to the *North American*, as it will be too long for a mere newspaper. I am working also at one or two shorter things on the same subject or similar ones. I don't exactly like to write anything for the *Post*, simply for the purpose of being refuted. It seems to me as if you all had chosen to typify all that seemed to you most objectionable in the single person of Blaine, regardless of whether he really possesses all of these characteristics. It seemed to me during the campaign that Godkin weakened his case by harping too much on Blaine and his wickedness. I fear that you are all too busy in America to get interested in more than one or two issues at a time; and now that you all go in for tariff reform and civil-service reform, you forget that a nation as great as ours has other duties and interests which must also be looked after."

When, in March, 1889, Mr. Blaine was made Secretary of State, he offered the Assistant Secretaryship to Mr. Schuyler by telegraph. The latter

had been hoping that a foreign mission would reinstate him in the Diplomatic Service, and this appointment took him entirely by surprise. The pay was very small, the work was hard, and the expenses were great; but in every other respect the position was attractive to him, and he telegraphed his acceptance, and at once began his preparations for departure. In a few days came another telegram from Mr. Blaine, asking him to refuse the nomination, offering a European post, and promising explanations by letter. There was but one thing to do—to comply with the request and await the explanation. While awaiting it, he wrote:

"Perhaps a great favour is done me, perhaps I am sacrificed in an ingenious way. But I can't help myself. . . . I had made up my mind to four years of Washington, and Washington life, which I love, with all its surprises and opportunities, and am therefore disappointed. I had hoped, perhaps, to make some reforms, and do a little good to the country, as well as to help a few deserving people and do something to raise the consular standard. For all that, I was willing to make some sacrifices, though I feared that it would end in my financial ruin. I shall now probably be able to go on with the mild literary work, to which I have taken a liking, and shall be in every way more independent."

The opposition to his confirmation, which was the cause of the withdrawal of his nomination, was generally supposed to have been caused by the fact that in his "American Diplomacy" he had made certain statements concerning the official actions of a man who had at one time held a high office in the Government. In point of fact, while this was one of the causes, his connection with the bill uniting the offices of Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Rome was possibly an even more important factor. In spite of his philosophy and his mental resources, it would be useless to deny that he was disappointed and for a time depressed. He never did deny it—he only made the best of it.

In connection with this appointment there were some touching incidents. He received a large number of letters and petitions from Armenians, reminding him of his services to humanity at the time of the Bulgarian massacres, and begging him, now that he was to be in power, to induce the United States Government to interpose in behalf of the oppressed Armenians. Perhaps nothing went to his heart more than his powerlessness to respond to these appeals.

As to the promised European post, he wrote:

"Think of my uncertainty—anywhere from Tobolsk to Tangiers. We have settled ourselves in

imagination in Paris, Frankfurt, Athens, Constantinople, Cairo, and even Calcutta. We live a day in each in turn."

To Herbert Tuttle.

"ALASSIO, May 11, 1889.

"MY DEAR TUTTLE: Many thanks for your letter of April 27th, which came this morning. The 'Schuyler incident' requires some work to explain; but I have every confidence in Mr. Blaine's wishes and intentions, and I hope that will justify us.

"Briefly thus: I had asked for a diplomatic post, especially the Roman mission. To my surprise, I was offered by telegraph the Assistant Secretaryship, my chief friend being notified at the same time. There was a reason, and the offer was serious. Aside from what Mr. B—— knew about me before, I had an opportunity in Rome last spring, though a private man, and not having been there for eight years, to manage for him one or two little diplomatic matters that no one in the Legation was able to do.

"The objections against me on the part of certain senators were not political, but from such petty, trifling, personal reasons, that, had I been in Washington, I could have stopped it all by threatening to tell the true cause. But even had I started I should have been too late. Mr. B—— asked me by telegram to decline, not saying why, and promising me a European post. This I did. Had I

known of the Senate opposition to me, I should have declined sooner for a patriotic reason: it is essential to the success of an administration that the State Department and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations should work well together. Now Sherman, the chairman, is, or has been, a rival of Blaine; while Edmunds has not for years been on speaking terms with him. I could not properly, by fighting for a confirmation, increase this tension.

"If Mr. Blaine offers me a place that I can accept, as he has promised others, as well as myself, that he will do, I shall come to America in the winter, and I have no doubt of my confirmation if I am on the spot, though I may have to show fight. I am willing to accept one or two places that would otherwise be unacceptable, simply for the purpose of setting myself right before the public. . . .

"I have been doing a great deal of work, and writing, with the great amount of reading necessarily involved, is now my chief amusement. The *Nation* still has five of my Italian articles on hand, besides some reviews, including a long one of Mme. de Staël. You have probably seen one of my articles on Tolstoy (as he wrote his name) in *Scribner's* for May, and you will find one which will interest you on 'American Marriages Abroad' in the *North American* for April. Every once in awhile the old habit comes over me, and I write, what would once have been a report or despatch to the Department. . . ."

To Mrs. Schaeffer.

"ALASSIO, May 25, 1889.

"MY DEAR EVA: It rejoices me that you have liked my Tolstoy article. I hope to follow it up with some more, but they will not have that interest of actuality, nor will they give much, if any, of my personal experience. One is written, though not corrected, called Corinne, which is an account of one of Mme. de Staël's flirtations (I have already sent a review to the *Nation* on Lady Blennerhasset's life of her); Lady M. W. Montagu, that I have been preparing for ever since last summer; and perhaps Corilla, the improvisatrice, with Florentine and Roman life in the last century. Also 'Two Petty Sovereigns': 1, Napoleon, Lord of Elba; 2, Marie Louise, Duchess of Parma.

"Here is a list of small subjects. If you want anything done quickly, say so, as I am blown about by every wind. They all enter into the *cadre* of my 'Italian Influences' (don't mention that title): Pisa, Leigh Hunt; Florence, George Eliot, Countess of Albany; Rome, Lady Blessington, Queen Christina, Hans Christian Andersen, Châteaubriand, Thorwaldsen; Bologna, Lady Morgan, Rogers; Chiozzia, Goldoni; Venice, G. P. R. James, Cooper, Ruskin, Moore; Mantua, Sordello; Naples, Alexandre Dumas. Also somewhere Stendhal, N. P. Willis, and Miss Sedgwick, Madame Mère (Bonaparte); Ugo Foscolo, Rossini, Metastasio, etc., etc. The list is very easy to

extend. I have just sent off an article on Hawthorne. That on Smollett will be published at once. I don't know why I should inflict all this on you, except that it is pleasant to talk about what I am interested in just now more than anything else. . . ."

On July 2, 1889, while on a visit to Zurich, he received the announcement of his appointment as Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General at Cairo. He wrote to his wife, "It is like beginning a new career."

To Herbert Tuttle.

"ZURICH, July 23, 1889.

"MY DEAR TUTTLE: Many thanks for your congratulations and your letter of July 7th. Cairo was one of the places I had expressed a willingness to take, and even a preference for, over Athens again. You understand, what is not so well known in America, that over here the post is rated as of first importance, that the Agent ranks as Minister, and that it is a place of great political interest. After seeing the intrigues of Oriental powers like Russia, England, and Turkey, it will be interesting to witness those of Western powers on Eastern soil. I shall regret being cut off from libraries, and I hope that I shall not be bitten with the mania for Egyptology, almost thinking to take up the study of the Alexandrine period in self-defence.

"By the way, in coming to Switzerland on a semi-

literary journey, I have in full view daily here the house in which Bluntschli was born, and have visited Neuchâtel, the early home of Vatel. In general, my Swiss tour has been very fertile, and something may yet come of it. I have been particularly interested in the bearing of the Swiss during this last crisis. I saw many old friends among the diplomats at Berne, and had quite a talk with Droz, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. . . .

"I shall leave for Egypt about the end of August. Probably I shall come to America to see about my confirmation, in which case I'll see you. You'll find in the September number of the *Political Science Quarterly* a short article of mine on Italian immigration. With regards to Mrs. Tuttle,

Yours ever,

EUGENE SCHUYLER."

Even in the pleasure of a return to the profession which he preferred, he did not disengage himself from literary interests. A letter written while he was still in Zurich contains the following outline of a projected work:

"To amuse you and show you that my mind has not been idle, I send a prospectus of my proposed book. 22–24 I have not yet visited, and I should like to make royalty complete by adding Prangins, with Jerome Napoleon, his father and mother, whose diary is just being published. You see that I have a good deal of work cut out, but I have so

much material that with a shorthand writer it would go very fast. In treating of the reformers, I shall take a modified Catholic view, which has not been done in English with the new lights; but I should tell of their private lives, etc., rather than of their religious ideas.

"Does it look like a book that you or any one else would want to read?"

Swiss Associations.

I. Geneva in 1816 (Byron, Staël, Shelley, Countess Bruce, etc., etc.).
II. Geneva—Calvin and the Heretics.
III. Coppet—Benjamin Constant.
IV. Geneva—Bonstettin.
V. Geneva—Voltaire, etc.
VI. Chillon—Bonivard and Peter of Savoy.
VII. Lausanne—Madame de Charrière, Gibbon, etc.
VIII. Payerm—The two Jominis.
IX. Yverdon—Pestalozzi and Education.
X. Neuchâtel—Rousseau.
XI. Geneva—Töppfer, Cherbuliez, Zschokke, and Swiss Novelists.
XII. Berne in the Eighteenth Century.
XIII. Basel—Erasmus and Paracelsus.
XIV. Säckingen—Schleppel.
XV. Constanz—John Huss and Pan-Slavic Patriotism.
XVI. St. Gall—Gustavus IV. (very affecting).

XVII. St. Gall—Vadian, Kenler, and his funny adventure with Luther.
XVIII. Zurich—Zwingli.
XIX. Zurich—Lavater, the pietist and physiognomist, the Russians, and the French.
XX. Rapperschwyl—Koszciuszko.
XXI. Rapperschwyl—Caroline Bauer and Leopold I. and Stockmar.
XXII. Einsiedeln.
XXIII. Chur and Louis Philippe.
XXIV. Arenenberg and Louis Napoleon, the Don Juan of Canton Thurgau.
XXV. Luzerne—William Tell.

IX

Mr. Schuyler did not reach Cairo until October 1st, owing to delays about his papers. It seemed wiser, in consideration of possible difficulties about confirmation, to keep the house in Alassio for another year, and Mrs. Schuyler decided to remain there for a time, especially as they were expecting to go to America later in the season. This journey was finally given up, but in view of the uncertainties of the situation, he did not settle himself in any permanent way; and his Cairo house remained only half furnished. He had with him, as Vice and Deputy Consul, a nephew, to whom he was much attached.

"CAIRO, October 14, 1889.

"MY DEAR EVELYN: Your letter of September 13th came to me here, where I arrived ten days ago, after being obliged to spend a few days in Alexandria. It seems much the same as ever, and I have not yet tired of looking at the people. But the moist heat at this season, when the Nile is overflowed, and the consequent flies, mosquitoes, etc., beggar all description. I have to attend to work, to make official calls, and to bother about the house, but it is far too hot even to look at rugs and portières. That will come later.

"Louis[1] has been appointed my Vice and Deputy, and I shall hurry to have him here, as I have no one at all to write or copy for me. . . . My predecessor . . . took the house before I came, owing to the stupid blunders which delayed me. It does not quite suit me, but we can manage to live in it, especially with our pretty garden, which we hope to make still prettier. I am going to furnish a bedroom temporarily and take up my abode there, for the hotel is too expensive. The house, being built by a Turk or Arab, is full of absurd, useless passages, so as to allow women and servants to disappear in every direction. Not to speak of the ground floor, where I must create a kitchen, we have on the first floor two halls, four passages, two staircases, a coffee-kitchen, a Turkish bath, various closets, etc., a large salon, and four other good rooms, besides one which will serve

[1] His nephew, Louis Bedell Grant.

for the servants' dining-room. On the floor above are seven good rooms, besides four passages, etc. My present household consists of the first Janissary, Suleiman, a light-colored Arab, in a gorgeously embroidered costume, speaking English; the second Janissary nominally, but really a very good body-servant, the blackest nigger you ever saw, in similar attire, named Farak, brought from the Soudan by Gordon, and trained by Lady Vivian; a boàb, or gate-keeper, named Ali; and a gardener called Abdullah. All these more or less paid by the Government. Then we shall bring Francesco and Barbara, and, of course, have a cook. Last winter, as Cardwell says, about five hundred Americans called at the Consulate, and the year before about twelve hundred. And as the season lasts from four to six months, that alone gives work.

"But I am hungry, this being 7 A.M., before my bath, so good-by.

Ever affectionately,

EUGENE."

To his Wife.

"CAIRO, Monday, November 25, 1889.

". . . This week has gone like a flash, and has been so taken up that I have had time for nothing. First, it was necessary to instal Louis; then there have been lots of Americans who wanted things; and finally, on Saturday, I was received by the Khedive. Everybody says that it was a very fine ceremony, but being inside a gilt coach, drawn by

six horses, with an escort of cavalry, Louis and Lynch (whom I had temporarily attached) following in another, I didn't see much of it. But there were salutes of cannon (twenty-one guns) from the citadel, and the band played "Hail, Columbia." My suite were much impressed with my demeanor, especially Louis, and the hotel was crowded with spectators. We made our little speech, then we sat down and smoked jewelled tchibouks about ten feet long, which were arranged with such mathematical precision that I could scarcely keep from laughing, as, including the whole Cabinet, we were about twenty people. Then coffee in jewelled cups or cup-holders; and then as I went away a sword was hung over my shoulders. The master of ceremonies accompanied me back and came in. Then the Minister of Foreign Affairs called in state. A special salon, coffee, and cigarettes. Then five minutes afterwards we went in state (Suleiman having new clothes and sword for the occasion) to call on the Minister of Foreign Affairs. That night we were at a friend's to see a dance of Arabs, and yesterday I was so used up that we took refuge with the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and had a nice lunch there. All this morning we have been making official calls, and have been working hard all the afternoon. . . ."

To Mrs. Schaeffer.

"THE NILE, NEAR MARAGHA, January 17, 1890.

"MY DEAR EVA: Receiving two letters from you makes me think that it is very long since I wrote to you. Of course here in a dahabiyeh I don't have all the distracting occupations and worries of Cairo, but I find that reading, work, sight-seeing, and a rough sea like the present interfere with letter-writing. In fact, the Nile life does not come up to my ideal, especially as we have generally had too cold winds to sit on deck, and the sun has not always shone. The trip has been an interesting one, but I have had enough of tombs and temples, of mud towns, and native visitors. However, I have had a rest, and have accomplished my consular inspection. I feel as if I were beginning to know something about Egypt. To-day we are bored by the strong head wind, as we are in a hurry to get to Assiout, where I shall probably take the railway to Cairo, as I ought to be there for the dinner to Stanley on the 20th. I am the guest of a San Francisco friend, Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, on this good dahabiyeh Vittoria. . . .

"Since I have been in Egypt I have had no time to write anything but official reports; but even those I have tried to make entertaining, and all have been complimented. I have been up here working on a big one on 'Irrigation.' And yet I am boiling over with subjects and information, and desire to write, but I can't find the time. I believe

that I could get off three long articles in the next week if I only had a good shorthand writer always at hand. I brought up a lot of books and material with me, chiefly so as not to run too much in one groove. But the only poetry I have read was Paracelsus on the day of Browning's funeral. I had read it already twice since getting interested again in Paracelsus himself when I was at Einsiedeln and Basel. As was natural, my reading has been chiefly on Egyptian subjects—books of all kinds and descriptions. So far as I have yet got, about the best book of travel on the Nile is Miss A. B. Edwards's 'A Thousand Miles up the Nile,' though she is too wordy and gushing. Her article on Bubastis in the last *Century* is very good. As she is now lecturing in America, you may see her.

"I have also been trying to read Ebers's novels, but I find them rather tough. I am only three-quarters deep in the 'Egyptian Princess,' though 'Uarda' looks better. Still the 'E. P.' was his first attempt. The most romantic things I have read are the Biblical accounts of the Egyptian Jews. If you can read the story of Joseph without prejudice, you will find it great fun. He was such a fearful Jew, especially when he made Pharaoh proprietor of all the land. His successors have maintained this monopoly ever since. And the general wiliness of everybody before and during the plagues, which really occur every year! . . . Truth compels me to state, that being obliged to use glasses to read, I bought a big-print Bible of

the Missionaries especially for the trip. My great regret is, that it does not contain the Apocrypha. I have picked up a few stray bits of information; as finding that Jeremiah wrote his 'Lamentations' in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, in a village now called Matarieh, the ancient Heliopolis. When I was there I did not know this, though I did know that Moses, Pythagoras, Plato, and Euclid had studied there, and Herodotus had stayed there. By the way, I hope you like my seal, which is an old cornelian scarab—say 5,000 years old—bearing the name or cartouche of King Usurbasen I. I don't go in for such things, but this was given to me, and I rather like it, now that I know that this king built the obelisk at Hieropolis, which must have been seen and admired by all the gentlemen just named, not to speak of Joseph. Close by the obelisk is a big sycamore-tree, under which the Holy Family rested during the flight. It is surrounded with a fence, and a knife is provided for visitors to carve their names thereon, provided they do not touch the tree. . . .

"Much love to you all.

Yours ever affectionately,

EUGENE."

He had entered upon his life at Cairo with all his usual enthusiasm, and without taking the Egyptian climate into account any more than he had ever taken anything into account when he had an

interesting occupation on hand or a plan to carry out. A bad climate is a great searcher-out of weak points; and certain tendencies which might have remained in abeyance, or might even have been corrected in Washington or Alassio, were rapidly developed in Egypt. By midwinter the climate and the feverish rush of work were beginning to tell on him. Soon after his return from his trip up the Nile, he had a great anxiety in the dangerous illness of his nephew, who had no sooner recovered than he himself was attacked with influenza.

"About a week after I got back Louis was taken down with influenza, which turned into bronchitis, and then with pneumonia with a touch of pleurisy. He had to be taken to the hospital of the German diaconesses, where he was for two weeks, excellently attended to and nursed, though he was twice close to death. The doctor insists on sending him up the Nile, probably to-morrow, so that I shall be alone again with all my tourists. Well, Louis was not yet out when I was taken down with a very sharp—though short—attack, raging fever, bronchitis, etc., etc., in bed six days before allowed to sit up. Can now crawl about, but have temporarily lost my voice. It leaves us all so weak. One of the cavasses was ill too, and we had to shut the Consulate for three days. Then people besieged me in my bed. I had to interfere when an Austrian

officer threatened to kill a very pretty American girl if she would not marry him, with no end of telegrams, letters, and interviews. I think, however, that the excitement did me good. I had also to institute a search for the missing head of the American School at Athens. I have drunk more milk than I have since I was a baby.

"Now for your letter. I have lost all thought about my confirmation. I am too busy. I suppose that —— will keep me on the tenterhooks until the end of the session in July or August, and that then I shall be reappointed. I don't care, except for the uncertainty, and on Gertrude's account. Just at present I feel desperately like writing—novels, plays, essays, all sorts of things—and no time. . . . Constance Woolson has been here, and is coming back again. She has quite set me up. She cares not about plot, but only for the way things are done, and she puts my little stories way, way up, next to the French, for *facture*. Now she wants me to write a play, and has left me a lot of French ones to read and profit by. I have two in my head. One an English melodrama, the other a society comedy, scene in Cairo. Dear me! if I could only do all that is expected of me.

"It is impossible to give you an idea of the number of Americans here. I have had fifty in one day in the office. Until I was convalescent I had not been able to open a book since I left the Nile. The season is at its height. They will go soon."

He was never really well again, although he went on with his usual occupations and tried to write in his usual vein.

"This is Shams el-Nessin, 'the smelling of the Zephyrs,' and is the only festival which Mussulmans and Christians both hold to. It always comes on the Coptic (or Greek) Easter Monday, and the proper thing is to eat some onions and badfish in a garden: much like that festival in Athens to which we were invited for strawberries at 8 A.M. As the garden looked pretty, I thought it a good way of inaugurating an unfurnished house by giving a small tea-party under this pretext.

"*Tuesday, April 15th.*—Our little party went off very well, but I got no chance to finish my letter. There were about twenty here altogether. . . . Four rooms and the veranda were open, though only two were furnished, *i.e.*, properly with curtains and all. The rest had only rugs, tables, and chairs. The garden looked pretty, as the roses are just coming out, and the turf was bright green with the shadows of the palms on it. I had eight big earthenware bowls filled with roses, which are very fine here now. There are not many varieties, but the La France and Maréchal Niel are as good as anything on the Riviera—also a dark red rose. People seemed to enjoy themselves. . . .

". . . One of the great races here is a Noah's Ark race, where people drive or guide animals. General Dormer won one once with a turkey, and

someone else with a pelican. The ostrich and the monkey were recalcitrant and lost. . . ."

To Maurice Howard.

"CAIRO, June 9, 1890.

"MY DEAR MAURY: How many letters I have begun to you I don't know. The one I just tore up was dated May 13th.

"Would that you were here, for in spite of the heat I could get much out of you, and you would be much interested in all sorts of things. The gardens, for example. As a rule, everything blooms twice a year, and just now we have no end of Brazilian, Madagascar, Soudan, and Indian queer trees and plants. I never saw a place where bright red was so prevailing a colour. I have just driven by a little oval, which I remember in early winter as thickly planted with scarlet geraniums and *Hibiscus rosasinensis*, with an inside circle of Poinsettias, which grow here from six to ten feet high. Now the poinsettias are green, but there is an outside row of *Poinciana regia*, a graceful clean mimosa-leaved tree, each now a mass of scarlet flowers with yellow stamens, each flower about three inches across. You can scarcely see the foliage, and they look like bonfires. Then the Erythrinas have been gorgeous, especially the indica. There was one very beautiful tree just going off—*Jacaranda Mimosifolia*, leaves as suggested, but lovely blue flowers, in big clusters, like a Tecoma. The trees

vary from ten to thirty feet. There is a very beautiful *Tecoma stans* now in bloom, bright yellow flowers, a shrub from ten to twenty feet high, well worth cultivating on the Riviera, as is also *Bignonia venusta*, the most beautiful I know, climbing, flowers of a perfect orange, growing in clusters, in shape and size like a trumpet honeysuckle. The Frangipannis are in full bloom again, as also the *Duranta Plumieri*, though I am not very fond of this last. The general shade-tree here, which grows very quickly, is the lebbek—*Albizzia Lebbek*—a sort of acacia with locust leaves and a whitish-green tassel of flowers. It is not quite evergreen, for the leaves fall off about the middle of April, but by the middle of May they are all on again and the flowers out. Then the sycamore and no end of *ficus*, including banyan; bananas, palms of all kinds (I have a big Pritchardii in bloom in the garden which is very fragrant), candle Euphorbias, *Phytolacca dioria*, rosewood (palissandre), with its pendulous branches of fragrant yellow flowers, and logwood, much like it, casuarinas, acacias, eucalyptus, and deciduous trees like poplars, planes, etc. I wish you could smell a double *Jasminum Sambac*, or even a single one. Mrs. Gibb and I once tried to make them grow. The double is a greenish-white flower like a round double ranunculus, with a strong jasmin odor, just saved by a touch of lemon. It is heavenly. There are beautiful magnolias out now. As to roses, I have seen few climbing ones, except Maréchal Niel, but those and

La France are as good as you have anywhere on the Riviera. I have two or three hundred bushes of La France and little else. If I stay I shall have Stamm send for some fine varieties. Hardly a day passes but I see something new.

"Just now both melons and watermelons are exquisite, apricots and plums fair, cherries bad. But the fresh dates in October! Nothing is more delightful.

"You would be charmed too with the colours both of faces and dresses. Such figures, such poses, such dignity and grace! And then the camels, the donkeys, the black soldiers in white uniform, the jugglers, the marriage and circumcision processions. I can sit at a café or on the hotel veranda for hours at a time, simply watching the people. As to the bazaars I will not speak, for I have kept pretty clear of them, having no money to buy, and not wanting to be tempted. There is a £5,000 rug which I'd like, but am not going to buy—only about six metres square.

"Love to John and much to yourself. Yours ever sincerely, EUGENE SCHUYLER."

In spite of himself his letters began to show his failing health. To his wife's desire to join him in Egypt was opposed the decree of his physician, ordering him away. He was prevailed upon to write for a leave of absence, and awaited its arrival, hoping, as he said, that after all he would not need it.

"CAIRO, June 12, 1890.

"MY DEAR EVA: Just as I was about to write to you there came in your letter of May 15–20. I have not been in the mood for writing either letters or articles, and yet I have greatly wanted to do the latter. But I have been far from well, and even now am in the doctor's hands. My liver seems to be all wrong, which in this climate is bad. The doctor is coming to-morrow to take another general look at me and tell me what to do. However, my mind is more active than it has been in a long time, and to-day I have even written a page of a note for the *Nation*. Otherwise I have done nothing but official things, and yesterday got off a report on irrigation of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, which cost me a lot of work, as I knew very little about the subject, and now I know a good deal. My next official subjects are Egyptian Finance, Olive Culture, Education, and the Suez Canal. Every month now we have to write a Crop report, and I have varied mine with all sorts of agricultural lore. . . .

"I am glad that you have become a gardener. My work in that line consists at present in sitting on the veranda. However, I have raised some sweet-peas, much to the wonder of the florist, though I admit that they are not good, and I have some morning-glories and balloon vines running up the veranda lattice. One of the palms is in bloom and is very fragrant evening and morning. We are very comfortable in the house, though there is very

little furniture; but that is all the better in summer. Since I have been ill the servants make me up messes. I can make milk-toast myself, and Farak makes excellent oatmeal-porridge. We always have our early breakfast here.

"I had a little trip through the Suez Canal with the U. S. S. Alliance, and enjoyed it greatly, then stopped a few days at Suez and Ismailia for a change. . . .

"Much love to you all.

Affectionately,

EUGENE."

At length, yielding to the urgency of his physician, he telegraphed for a leave of absence. Immediately on its arrival he left Cairo, expecting to join his wife at Alassio and go with her to Carlsbad. Stopping to rest at Venice, he was prostrated by a malarial fever. The physician in attendance did not consider him in immediate danger; but in any attack of illness a weak heart had to be taken into account. On the evening of July 16th, suddenly, without an instant's warning, he died.

Two days later he was buried in the Protestant cemetery on the island of San Michele, in accordance with his own request that wherever he died, there he should be buried.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY
TWENTY YEARS AGO

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY TWENTY YEARS AGO[1]

I

Twenty years ago there still existed in Moscow the salon of the Prince and Princess Odóiefsky, one of the literary centres of Russia. Other houses there were where literary men assembled in groups and coteries. At Katkof's for instance, on Sunday evenings, one was sure to find the shrewd and caustic Leóntief, Professor Liubímof and his fellow-workers on the *Moscow Gazette* and the *Russian Messenger*, some of the professors in the recently established Lyceum, and occasionally a passing stranger, from either North or South, who sympathized with the Moscow as distinguished from the Petersburg school of literature and politics. Katkof, decided as he was in his political views, was a charming talker on literary subjects, about which he allowed more difference of opinion. He was such a hard worker, especially

[1] Published in 1889.

at night, that Sunday afternoons and evenings were the only times when he was visible, as his *Gazette* was not issued on Monday. His wife, a princess of some small family in the Caucasus, was an agreeable little woman; and the house swarmed with children, with whom—I may speak of myself—I was the best of friends; and I shall never forget my occasional dinners and evenings with the family. At the house of Aksákof, the journalistic rival of Katkof, and the great Slavophile, one used to meet Miliútin, Prince Tcherkásky, and others of his particular clique, as well as his father-in-law, the poet Tiútchef, when he happened to be in Moscow; but the feeble health of Madame Aksákof prevented anything like regular receptions. At Barténief's—the editor of the *Russian Archives*—a man remarkably well informed on all historical and bibliographical subjects, and in the rooms of some of the professors of the University, one occasionally saw scholars and interesting men. But the salon of Prince Odóiefsky was the great meeting-place.

Prince Vladímir Feódorovitch Odóiefsky was then the sole surviving member of the eldest branch of the descendants of Rurik, and was therefore not only the first noble in Russia, but, genealogically speaking, of higher origin than the

Emperor. He had begun his public life as a Chamberlain at Court and in the Ministry of Public Instruction, had become Director of the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg, and Grand Master at the court of the learned and witty Grand Duchess Helen; and had finally retired to Moscow as President of one of the sections of the Senate —which is the Russian Court of Appeals. In a literary way he was one of the few survivors of the Pushkin epoch, and in his youth had written many short tales of a somewhat reflective and ideal cast; some of them, such as "Beethoven's Last Quartet" and "A Fugue of Bach," of great merit. During later years his productions had been fewer, but of much value. He was a many-sided man—a courtier, a lawyer, a musician, a writer, and a scientist. There was hardly a branch of knowledge in which his opinion was not valuable, and his opinion was founded not only on a wonderful acquaintance with books but on reflection as well. In his large library, filled with rare works, there was hardly a volume that was not annotated with his careful pencillings. For a scientific knowledge of music and of musical acoustics he had probably few, if any, superiors in the world, and of late years had given all his spare time to musical experiment, study, and composi-

tion. Though the first aristocrat of Russia, he was perhaps the greatest democrat. In his famous and curious cabinet, where all the Russian authors from Pushkin to Count Tolstoy had so often talked, where Glinka and Berlioz and every musician, and, in fact, every distinguished man who had ever been in Russia had sat; where Emperors and Grand Dukes even came, everybody was perfectly equal and perfectly at home. The lowest clerk was treated in exactly the same way as the Cabinet Minister or the Ambassador. There was the same kind reception for all, the same willingness to oblige and serve. The Princess Olga was as charming as her husband, though in a different way. Her brother, Count Lanskóy, as Minister of the Interior, had been the chief man in the movement for the emancipation of the Russian serfs. Her family still keeps up its liberal ideas, and one of her nephews is Mr. Galkin-Vrassky, well known in connection with prison reform in Russia; and whom Mr. Kennan has frequently occasion to mention with praise.

To this hospitable house I was introduced, on my first arrival at Moscow, in the autumn of 1867, by Turguénief the novelist, whose personal acquaintance I had just made at Baden-Baden. I was young in years and still younger in character

and temperament; and from the first I was treated not so much like a favored guest as like the spoiled child of the house. I was made to dine there regularly at least once in the week, and was also expected to come to the usual Friday evenings; and the Prince, who had a taste for cooking and had even published a cookery book, used to send for me by messenger whenever he was to try a new dish, or was expecting an interesting guest. He lived in an old house on the Smolénsky Boulevard, which had apparently escaped the fire of 1812, with wings extending in a semicircle on either side to the street in the old Moscow style; with a great court-yard in front, a large garden behind, where he used to experiment on rare vegetables and plants—for he was as fond of botany as of cookery or of music. Beneath him, on the ground floor, dwelt the well-known bibliophile Soboléfsky — whose library since his death has been pretty well distributed through Europe and America—who was then an *habitué* of the house. On the regular Friday evenings the ladies usually assembled in one of the two drawing-rooms about the Princess, who made the tea, unless some young lady relieved her of that duty; while the men sooner or later dropped off into the cabinet of the Prince for cigars, cigarettes, and talk. When

some great singer or musician was present, like Madame Alexandrova, the prima donna of the Russian opera, who used to come when she was free, we adjourned to the big hall lined with books between the salon and the cabinet, where there were two pianos, an organ, and a collection of musical instruments. There I met Berlioz and other foreign musicians; and once heard the Russian composer Seróf give us the *bonnes bouches* of one of his new operas. The Prince had invented a little piano-forte with separate keys for the flats and sharps properly tuned like a violin. This was sometimes tried, with the result of spoiling our ears during the rest of the evening for the conventional approximate sounds of an ordinary piano. To tell of all who used to come there would simply be to give a catalogue of Russian society of the best sort—for all that was good at St. Petersburg occasionally stopped at Moscow, and in that case always went to see the Princess—or to recount all the eminent names in Russian art and literature.

It was here that one evening I met Count Leo Tolstoy, who had of old relations with the Prince, and who was intimate besides with many Moscow ladies, great friends of the Princess, who were in fact at that time furnishing material for his novel

of "War and Peace" which he was then slowly writing. I was greatly attracted by him, and at the end of the evening told the Princess that he had asked me to come to see him. She laughingly replied: "It is not worth your while; for you will make nothing out of him, as he is very shy and very wild" (*très-farouche et très-sauvage*).

Somehow I was not deterred by the forbidding remark of the Princess, and the next day went off to see Count Tolstoy, whom I found surrounded by books and papers in a small apartment lent to him by a friend. Far from being a bear he seemed to me to be extremely amiable. Our acquaintance continued until a suddenly proposed journey took me southeastward to Orenburg on the confines of Asia, when he not only gave me letters to various relatives and friends whom I would be likely to meet, but gave me, in addition, a pressing invitation to come to his country-place in the autumn and stay as long as I liked and could put up with his ways.

When the autumn came the invitation was repeated.

II

Therefore, on Saturday, October 3d, 1868, I left Moscow at five o'clock in the afternoon by the only available train on the Southern Railway, then lately opened, and after passing Tula—the Birmingham and Sheffield of Russia—about one hundred and twenty miles south of Moscow, arrived at the Yásenki Station about two o'clock at night. During the journey I was much amused by making the acquaintance of Mr. N. Makárof, the compiler of the best Russian-French dictionary, who, in the Russian simple way, told me all his affairs and the whole story of his life. On a journey Russians become very garrulous, and, while they are as inquisitive as the Scotch, they are frank and confiding about their own affairs—even those of an intimate nature—to a degree that it is difficult for us to imagine. The lovely day in Moscow had ended in a disagreeable storm of rain. The Count's carriage was waiting at Yásenki Station, but it rained so hard and it was so dark that it took us fully an hour and a half to drive the four miles to the house at Yásnaya Polyána. At last we came to a tall stone column and turned up an avenue of trees. A servant was waiting for me at the house, who conducted me through what seemed a

labyrinth of passages to my room, where I found a table spread, and was very glad to eat somewhat and warm myself with tea. I was told that very late hours were kept, and that I should not be expected to appear before eleven o'clock, which was the usual time for morning coffee. The room which had been given to me was on the further corner of the ground floor. I had to pass the Count's business-room and study to get to it; but, as I found the next day, I was near a staircase, and could go up to the drawing-rooms and dining-room with ease. In one corner was a glass cupboard filled with holy pictures—images, or *Ikons* as they call them—some in the old and primitive style, evidently painted before the beginning of Dissent, and some richly covered with jewels; besides crosses, rosaries, and relics, so that my curiosity was greatly aroused. I soon ascertained that this was the room of Madame Yúshkof, the Count's aunt, who had taken care of him since his early youth and had since continued to live with him.

At eleven o'clock the next morning I made my appearance in the drawing-room and became acquainted with the various members of the family: the Countess Soféa Andréievna, a charming, tall, slender, and handsome woman of about twenty-

four, the daughter of a German physician at Moscow, named Börs, who was at that time the chief military medical officer at Tula; three children—Serge or Seryózhka, a nice handsome boy of five years old; a little girl with bright eyes like her mother, called Tánia, short for Tatiána; and a little boy named Ilya or Ilyúshka (Elijah); and an English governess. The Count wore a gray plaited blouse, confined by a belt, neither exactly a shooting-jacket, nor yet a peasant shirt, which turned out to be his habitual costume in the country. The usual language of the family was English, at all events when the children were present. The children had their coffee and bread and butter with us, after which the Count and I smoked, talked, and played an hour or so duets on the piano, as it was still too rainy to go out. Suddenly the weather cleared as if by magic, and we were able to ride out and look at the estate.

Yásnaya Polyána, which means, literally, an open field or clearing, contains about 3,000 acres, the greater part of which had been always under cultivation; but as the land was not rich and seemed poor in comparison with the fertile black soil beginning four miles to the south, and as the recent opening of the railway had reduced the price of grain by bringing it from far better lands,

and wages in this region were very high in consequence of the peasants being employed as carters and drivers, Count Tolstoy had begun to give up sowing wheat and rye, and was then planting the whole estate with birch-trees. These he estimated would in the course of twenty years yield a large and steady revenue if carefully cut for firewood on the French plan, and thus he would leave the estate to his children far more productive than he had himself inherited it. The house stood on a little hill at the end of a fine avenue of birch and lime trees: in front were the remains of a magnificent garden, with many ponds and slopes of grass and fine alleys of trees. Behind the courts and stables the woods, fields, and plantations began. The green-house had been burnt down a year or two before, and since then the flower-garden had been given up. The old manor-house, which had been a very fine building, had become so ruinous that it had been pulled down shortly before, and the family were then living in one of the detached wings. All large Russian houses, both in city and country, were formerly built with two or three detached wings, which were always found useful and convenient in the times when a whole family, with half a dozen servants, would come for a three months' visit.

We came back to a five o'clock dinner, after which there was music and general conversation, until between nine and ten, when we had a light supper, without the children, and then the Count took me to his study, where we talked until one or two.

The other days were passed much in the same way. It is impossible to give the diary of a week so spent, the charm of which lay in the company, the lovely October weather which invited to excursions of all kinds, and in the talk.

Although Tolstoy was then engaged on the last part of "War and Peace," there could have been little writing done at this time. The author's great passion was then, as it always had been, sport. Every morning I found that he had been up by daylight, or even before, no matter at what time he had gone to bed on the previous night, and had gone off into the woods with his gun and dogs in pursuit of game. This was just the season for it; but the heavy rain had for the moment driven off the woodcock, of which there were generally quantities within a short distance of the house in what had been formerly a park. It is to this love of sport that we owe not only the whole story of "The Cossacks," as well as several other of his early tales, but also some of the best

pages in "War and Peace" and in "Anna Karénin"—the shooting parties and the military races, all of them evidently accounts of what Tolstoy had seen and taken part in. After going out once or twice with him I could see the intense realism of these parts, and for me they now have a special attraction as recalling this visit to Yásnaya Polyána. Having inherited an antipathy to firearms, and never having lived in a region where game was plentiful, or where its pursuit was socially obligatory, as in England, I had never been in the woods with a gun in my hand, and I was persuaded to do so for the first and last time in my life—not that it displeased me, quite the contrary, but somehow the occasion has never come again.

I can never forget my first day out—a day as warm and beautiful as that on which I am now writing on the Riviera. We drove about a dozen miles to an open wood where we expected to shoot hares. There we were joined by Mr. Bíbikof, our nearest neighbor, whom we saw nearly every day. Perhaps it was because Tolstoy had so strong an individuality that I have but little remembrance of Bíbikof, except as a pleasant, hospitable country gentleman, with a good house and an agreeable family. I but dimly recollect

even how he looked. Each party had brought a dog or two, whose duty was to start the hares and drive them along the country-road through the woods, so as to pass us, who sat or stood at considerable intervals in convenient little nooks apparently arranged for the purpose; for there was generally a stump or log so placed as to make a seat and a look-out. My forest excursions had up to that time been solely botanical, and, except for a curious bird or insect, I had looked only at trees, shrubs, and the ground in search of some rare plant, moss, or fungus. It was new to me to sit still and use my ears as well as my eyes; to appreciate the different noises of the wood; to know whether that was a twig or a leaf which fell—for the leaves were just falling, none of them, even maples and oaks, coloured so highly as with us; to distinguish between the noises made by the birds; to speculate as to the origin of unknown sounds, and to have one's attention always strained for the patter-patter of the hare. I passed thus what I look back to now as one of the pleasantest half-hours of my life; strained, attent, and exercising what seemed to me to be a new sense; quite alone, yet having friends within call, though I knew not where they were, having been first posted. At last I heard the dogs coming down the road and

the unmistakable sound of the hare over the dry leaves. She came out into the little clearing, stopped still, and looked at me with curiosity. I looked at her with equal wonder, and was so nervous and excited that I quite forgot that I had a gun and had been put there to kill her. When we had each gazed our fill she leisurely walked off. There was another half-hour of waiting, during which I heard occasional shots in various directions. Again a hare appeared and sat in front of me—it was probably the same one come back to see what I was doing then. This time I deliberately aimed and fired, wounding her in a hind leg. I pitied her as she hopped off into the underbrush, and entirely forgot that I had a second barrel of my gun. When we met afterwards and compared results, it was found that on the whole I had not done so badly; for there was only one hare killed by the whole party—by one of the Bíbikofs. Tolstoy had seen a hare, but she had escaped while he was cocking his gun. The relation of my adventures sent the sportsmen into roars of laughter; but Tolstoy said something in the evening which showed that he appreciated their poetic side.

On another day we went hare-hunting. Tolstoy and two of the Bíbikofs were mounted, and

armed with very long, flexible, but heavy whips, followed by the dogs in leash. The rest of us—that is, the ladies and children of the Bibikof family, the Countess, Serge, and myself—went in a *linéika*, a long, low Russian vehicle for country use, shaped very much like a prolonged Irish jaunting-car, which will hold eight or ten people sitting back to back. When we had come to a sort of moor we were posted on a low hill from which we had a wide view in all directions, and where the servants were to prepare the picnic lunch. The riders, with their respective dogs, which were loosed, started off in different directions. The dogs were trained to drive the hares near the hunters, who, as soon as they came within distance, deftly killed them with one blow of the whip, either strangling them or breaking their backs. It was mad, break-neck riding over the hills, gullies, and blind holes, and the sport was almost as exciting to the onlookers as to the actual participants.

This particular sort of sport is perhaps peculiar to the region; the rest of it might have been enjoyed at almost any country-house in such weather. What had more savour to me were the after-supper talks, often prolonged till late in the night.

III

One evening during my stay Tolstoy told me much about his early life; but in what I shall say now I do not repeat all that he said or as he said it, and I fill in some details from other sources.

He was born on $\frac{\text{August 28,}}{\text{September 9,}}$ 1828, at Yásnaya Polyána, the youngest of four sons. Of his brothers, Nicholas lived until 1862; he is said to have had a charming character, was a great sporting friend of Turguénief, whose estate was near by, and served for some years in the army of the Caucasus. He told sporting stories very well, and even wrote out some of them, which were published; but, as Turguénief said, "his hands were as callous as those of a workman, and he experienced great physical difficulties in writing." In some ways he might well have stood for the original of Nicholas Levin in "Anna Karénin" even to many of the details. His sister Marie married another Tolstoy. She was, according to Turguénief, "a woman in the highest degree agreeable and sympathetic;" who again writes (in 1856): "Her illness saddens me. If there is a woman on earth who deserves to be happy, it is she. But it is just on such natures that the heavy hand of fate is always laid." Tol-

stoy's mother died in 1830, when he was not yet two years old, on which the children were taken care of by their aunt, the Countess Osten Sacken, their father's sister. But about the time of the removal of the family to Moscow, in 1837, the father died. Leo, his brother Dimítri, and his sister Marie, were sent back to the country, while Nicholas remained in Moscow with his aunt Osten Sacken and attended the University. Three years later the Countess Osten Sacken died, and the younger children passed into the care of her sister, another aunt, Madame Yúshkof, living at Kazán. She devoted herself to Count Leo and his family for the rest of her long life, and Tolstoy gives an amusing example of her wishes for his future prosperity in the first chapter of his " Confessions." Dimítri now went to the University of Kazán, distinguishing himself at one time by a religious zeal which made him the laughing-stock of the rest of the family.[1]

[1] The account of his early life, given by Count Tolstoy in his " Confessions," is interesting; but we must remember that it was written under the influence of a very strong religious emotion.

" I was baptized and brought up in the Orthodox Christian Faith. It was taught to me in my early childhood, and through my whole boyhood and youth. But when, at the age of eighteen, I had passed my second year at the University, I no longer believed anything that I had been taught. Judging from certain recollections I could never have believed seriously, and had only a sort of confidence in what older people had professed in my presence. Even this confidence was very shaky. I remember when I was about eleven years old that a boy, long since dead, Volodínka M——, a pupil of the High School,

Leo himself began to attend the University in 1843 at the age of fifteen, and passed one year in the course of Eastern Languages, and two years in that of Law. Suddenly, seized with a desire of doing good to his peasants, he left the University and settled on his estate at Yásnaya Polyána. His experiences there, as well as his ideas in going there, are hinted at in his sketch called "The Morning of a Proprietor" (*Utro*

came to see us one Sunday and told us, as the last news, a discovery that had been made at school. This was that there was no God, and that all that had been taught us on that subject was pure imagination. This was in 1838. I remember how interested my elder brothers got over this news; how they called me into the consultation, and how we all became very animated and received the information as something very interesting and perfectly possible.

"I remember, too, that when my eldest brother Dimítri, while he was at the University, suddenly gave himself up to religion with the peculiar passion of his nature and began to attend all the services, to fast, and to lead a purely moral life, we all, even our elders, constantly held him up to ridicule, and for some reason or other called him Noah. Mussin-Pushkin, who was then Curator of the University of Kazán, when he used to invite us to a dance and my brother refused, laughingly tried to persuade him by saying that David had danced before the ark. I sympathized then with these jests of my elders and concluded from them that it was necessary to learn the catechism and go to church, but that all that should not be taken too seriously. I remember also that I read Voltaire when I was very young, and his ridicule not only did not disturb me, but even amused me. Unbelief came on me just as it had come, and still comes, on persons of all classes of society.

"The religious belief which had been inculcated into me in my childhood disappeared in me as in several others, with this difference only, that as I had begun to read philosophical works at the age of fifteen, my refusal to believe was made with the consciousness of what I was doing. At sixteen I had stopped saying my prayers, and acting on my own convictions refused to go to church or to fast. I did not believe in what had been taught me in childhood, but I believed in something or other.

"Some time I will tell the history of my life, which is both touching and instructive in these ten years of my youth. I think that very many will have the same experience. I desired with all my soul to

pomiéstchika). In 1851 he made to his brother, then serving in the Caucasus, a visit which completely changed the current of his life. Struck with the scenery and the simple ways, influenced perhaps also by other considerations, he desired to remain; and, as the Caucasus was not then a place for civilians, he entered the military service as *Yunker* in the fourth battery of the twentieth brigade of artillery. A *Yunker* was at that time

be good; but I was young, I had passions, and I was alone, quite alone, when I sought for good. Every time that I tried to express what were my most heartfelt wishes, that I wished to be morally good, I met with contempt and ridicule; but whenever I gave myself up to my bad passions I was praised and encouraged.

"Ambition, love of power, love of gain, pleasure, pride, wrath, vengeance—all that was respected: when I gave myself up to these passions I began to be like a man and felt that people were contented with me. My good aunt, a most virtuous woman, with whom I lived, always said to me that she wished nothing for me so much as to come into relations with a married woman: 'rien ne forme un jeune homme comme une liaison avec une femme comme il faut.' She wished me also another good fortune, that I should become an aide-de-camp, especially an aide-de-camp to the Emperor. But the very highest good luck would be to marry a very rich girl, in consequence of which I should possess the greatest possible number of serfs.

"I cannot remember these years without horror, disgust, and pain of heart. I used to kill people in war; I challenged them to duels in order to kill them; I used to lose money at cards; I ate up the labour of the peasants and punished them; I led an immoral life; gave myself up to systematic deception. Lying, theft, pleasure of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, murder. . . . there was no crime that I did not commit. For all that my contemporaries praised me and still considered me a comparatively moral man.

"Thus I lived for ten years. During this time I began to write—from vanity, cupidity, and pride. I was the same in my writings as I was in my life. In order to get fame and money, for which I wrote, it was necessary to conceal what was good and show forth what was bad. And so I did. How often did I take great pains in my writings to conceal, under an appearance of indifference, and even of light ridicule, those aspirations of mine to virtue which were really the aim of my life. That end I succeeded in attaining, and I was praised in consequence."

something between a soldier and an officer, the rank by which noblemen generally entered the army, which obliged them to do soldier's duty, and yet allowed them to associate on an equality with the officers. He was stationed at Staro-Lidóvskaya on the Térek, where he remained about three years, till the outbreak of the war with Turkey. The new surroundings awakened new expressions of his nature, and Tolstoy began to write. "Childhood" (*Diétstvo*) was finished in 1852, and "Boyhood" (*Otrótchestvo*) in 1854. "The Incursion" (*Nabiég*) and "A Landlord's Morning" (*Utro Pomiéstchika*) were also written in 1852. It is curious to find that at the very beginning were the germs of the three different lines that he has continued and woven together in his latest and best works, and even the germs of his more recent philosophical-religious phase. The foundations were laid for several other short stories, especially "The Cossacks"—and in some cases the projects were committed to paper.

When the Eastern war began, Tolstoy asked for active service, and was assigned to the staff of Prince Michael Gortchakóf, the commander-in-chief of the Russian army on the Danube; and when the scene of action was transferred to the Crimea, he obtained the command of a mountain

battery, and had the chance to do good service in the battle of the Tchernáya (August 16, 1855). This battle, which was so disastrous to Russia, was the outcome of a series of blunders, beginning with the demand of Baron Vrefsky, the representative of the Minister of War, for active operations of some kind, and with the forgetfulness of the military topographers to put down on the campaign-map certain gullies and ravines that proved of great importance. The deliberations of the Council of War and the events of the battle were well hit off in a satirical song, which is an excellent illustration of a national trait of Russians, of being able to joke and laugh even in the worst moments, and thus to keep up their spirits. It was very popular in the Crimea, and was soon circulated in manuscript throughout Russia. The voice of the army ascribed the authorship to Tolstoy, but it was naturally impossible to avow it. He was at least one of the authors, for new verses were occasionally added at officers' suppers, when Tolstoy himself sometimes accompanied it on the piano.

During the campaign Tolstoy began "Youth" (*Yúnost*), which was not finished till two years later, wrote another sketch of the Caucasus, "Wood-cutting" (*Rúbka-lyésa*), and the three

sketches of Sevastópol. These last drew to the author great attention at home. The first two were read with sympathy at the Palace, and the Emperor Nicholas—who even in the midst of war could think of the intellectual glory of his country—gave orders that "the life of that young man must be looked after." That is the expression which Tolstoy used in speaking of it. As a result—much to his personal annoyance—he was kept out of harm's way; sent, I believe, to Simpherópol for the short remainder of the siege.

After peace was made Tolstoy resigned from the army, and went to St. Petersburg, twenty-six years old, and with a great prestige for so young an author. Here he was at once received in a flattering way by the chief literary circle of the capital—Turguénief, Gontcharóf, Grigoróvitch, Druzhínin, and Ostrófsky—and on one occasion they had themselves photographed together.[1]

[1] "Twenty-six years old I arrived at St. Petersburg after the war, and came into relations with authors. They received me in a flattering way, like one of their own number. I had not succeeded in taking any situation before the views about life of the writers with whom I became intimate had already taken possession of me, and had completely effaced in me all my previous desires to make myself better. These views made up a theory which quite excused the license of my life. Their substance was in general, that life continues to progress, and that in this development the preponderant part is due to us men of thought, and especially to those of us who are artists and poets. Our vocation was to instruct people. What was our instruction there was no need of inquiring; for it was admitted in theory that artists and poets instructed unconsciously. I considered myself a remarkable artist and poet, and therefore very naturally accepted

Tolstoy at last grew weary of life at St. Petersburg and returned to Yásnaya Polyána. The life of the capital did not agree with his ideal of the objects of existence. He was young, obstinate in his own opinions, and was inclined to deviate from the accepted rules of literary art. But in spite of obstinacy and eccentricity, he was respected and loved by those who met him. As his brothers had died of consumption, and he looked very delicate and was credited with leading a very fast life, fears were entertained for his health; and Turguénief, who was comparatively a near country neighbour, as distances go in Russia, had a general mandate to look after him. Of Russian literary men Turguénief was perhaps his warmest friend, although he was the constant object of his raillery; and in general conversation Tolstoy was sometimes exasperating. Of the results of Turguénief's efforts to keep Tolstoy in order I must speak later.

Tolstoy, while in the country, kept on writing, and showed only to a moderate extent his peculiar

this theory. I, an artist and poet, wrote and taught not knowing what. For that I was paid money, I had excellent eating, lodging, and society: I was famous. Therefore what I taught must be very good. This belief in the importance of poetry and the development of life was a Faith, and I was one of its Priests. Being a Priest was very advantageous and very agreeable, and I lived a long time in this belief without doubting its truth. . . . We were all then convinced that it was necessary for us to speak and write and print as quickly as possible, and as much as possible, and that all that was necessary for the good of humanity."—" Confessions."

ideas. The next year, 1857, he went abroad for the first time. He was delighted with Germany, stayed a long time in France, and went as far as Rome. In Paris he went to see a man guillotined and was greatly impressed. He told me the whole story in such a vivid way that I fully expected he would use it in a novel; and I could not help thinking of it afterwards when reading Turguénief's remarkable account of the execution of Troppmann. But so far it has only furnished a sentence or two in the "Confessions."

His journey abroad gave rise to two or three short stories; but he soon ceased writing, to devote himself to educating the serfs on his estate, and in 1860 he made another journey to the West. He married in 1862, and from that time on, and for fully ten years after I knew him, devoted himself to the enjoyment of his family life, and to the pursuit of literature, without, however, neglecting opportunities for well-doing.

The Count said that his family was descended from a Dane named Dick, who, when he came to Russia, translated his name into the corresponding Tolstoy (thick). The tradition, however, which is received by the genealogists, traces the origin of the family to a German named Indris, who came to Tchernígof, in 1353, with his two sons and

about 3,000 followers, all of whom immediately accepted the doctrine of the Eastern Church, and Indris was renamed Leontius. It was only in the fourth generation that one Andréi received the surname of Tolstoy, on account of his figure. All of the Tolstoys who are counts, are descended from Count Peter Andréievitch, the well-known diplomatist and statesman of the times of Peter and Catherine I., who distinguished himself disagreeably by the capture of Peter's son Alexis at Naples. For his services he was made count in 1724, the fourth time that this title had been given. Therefore the present Minister of the Interior, Count Dimítri Andréievitch, and the late Count Alexis Constantínovitch, the poet and author of "Prince Serébryanny," are both distant cousins of Count Leo; but it is necessary to go back to the son or grandson of the first count to find a common ancestor. Many of the family, both counts and untitled, have distinguished themselves in war, in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in literature, in the arts, and at Court. Each of the three Emperors Alexander has had for intimate friend a Count Tolstoy. A cousin of the novelist's grandfather, Count Peter Alexándrovitch, served with distinction under Suvárof, gaining the grade of colonel and the cross of St. George at the storm

of Praga, was Russian Commissioner with the army of the Archduke Karl, commander of the Russian army in Northern Germany in 1805, and ambassador in Paris in 1807 and 1808, when his recall was asked by Napoleon because he frequented the society of the Faubourg St. Germain. In 1812 he commanded the militia at Moscow and organized the national defence; in 1813 he commanded a corps in Benningsen's army in the operations against Dresden and Hamburg; in 1823 he was made a member of the Council of State as President of the Military Section, and in 1831 commanded the reserve army against the rebellious Poles. He is described by Dolgorúky, who is not given to compliment, as "a man of pre-eminent nobility of soul, of unwavering constancy, of exemplary unselfishness, who ardently loved his country, was faithful in friendship, honourable without the shadow of a change, respected by everyone, and who, during the whole seventy-five years of his life, was a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*." In fact he was a worthy prototype of the old Prince Nicholas Bolkónsky, the father of Prince Andrei in "War and Peace."

Count Osterman-Tolstoy might have served as the original of one incident in Byron's "Don Juan," in having been the handsome young lieu-

tenant who brought to Catherine II. the news of the fall of Ismail. He speedily advanced at Court, inherited the immense fortune of his great-uncles, Counts Ivan and Feodor Osterman, and was allowed to add this name to his own. Though in disfavour under the Emperors Paul and Alexander I., he nevertheless took an active part in the war of 1812, and won the battle of Kulm (so far as is permitted even to a Tolstoy to win a battle), by which the tide was first turned against Napoleon. Later he lived abroad, took Fallmerayer on a three years' journey in the East, and died at Geneva in 1837.

The novelist's father, Nikolas Ilitch, had no higher rank than Lieutenant-Colonel: but his uncle, Feodor Andréievitch, the Senator and Privy Councillor, who died in 1849, at the age of ninety-one, was a noted bibliophile, whose splendid collection of Slavonic manuscripts is now in the Public Library at St. Petersburg; and his cousin, Count Feodor Petróvitch, was a sculptor and medallist of merit, and died in 1873 as Vice-President and Professor in the Academy of the Fine Arts.

The mother of the novelist was the Princess Marie Volkónsky, daughter of a general of Catherine's time, and a direct descendant of St.

Michael, Prince of Tchernígof, who was martyred by the Mongols in 1246 for refusing to perform an act of heathen worship, and was subsequently canonised by the Russian Church. Thus on his mother's side, and also in other ways, Count Leo Tolstoy is a descendant of Rurik. Among his other direct ancestors we find members of the princely houses of Trubetzkóy Gortchakóf, Stchetínin and Trockúrof, without mentioning countless relationships and connections with most of the noble families of Russia.

I have dwelt thus at length on the family of the Tolstoys, partly perhaps because I have a personal leaning to genealogy, but chiefly because Tolstoy is the rare exception in Russian literature of a novelist who really forms part of the society he has undertaken to describe, and because of the contrast of his family history with his present religious and social opinions. Such contrasts are not rare in Russia.

IV

As we spent the evenings and part of the mornings in the Count's study, which was full of books, the talk very naturally ran on literature. At intervals I helped him to rearrange his library, a good portion of which consisted of old French

books which had descended to him from his father or grandfather; but which contained also the best imaginative literature of England, France, Germany, and Italy, not to speak of Russian books and an enviable collection of works about Napoleon and his times which were in use for "War and Peace." Of these latter, some rare books I was able afterwards to obtain; others I still envy him. Unfortunately I have mislaid most of my notes with regard to our literary conversations. Certain things, however, made a strong impression upon me.

Tolstoy had a very high opinion of the English novel, not only as a work of art but especially for its naturalism—a word not then in vogue. "In French literature," he said, "I prize, above all, the novels of Alexandre Dumas and of Paul de Kock." At this I opened my eyes wide, being at that time strongly imbued with the ideas of the school then prevalent. "No," he said, "don't tell me any of that nonsense that Paul de Kock is immoral. He is, sometimes, according to English notions, improper. He is more or less what the French call *leste* and *Gaulois;* but he is never immoral. Whatever he may say in his books, and in despite of his little loose jokes, his stories are perfectly moral in tendency. He is the French

Dickens. His characters are all drawn from life, and very perfectly too. When I was in Paris I used to spend half my days in the omnibuses, simply for the amusement of looking at the people; and I can assure you that nearly every passenger had come out of one of Paul de Kock's novels. And as to Dumas, every novel-writer ought to know him by heart. His plots are marvellous, to say nothing of his workmanship: I can read him again and again; but his plots and intrigues form his strong point." For Balzac he did not care so much. Among other writers I can now only recall Schopenhauer, for whom at that time he had a great admiration, and whose German style he particularly praised.

We talked of contemporary Russian authors, and the conversation naturally fell upon his own books, of which he spoke with great frankness. "War and Peace," which was then in publication, afforded the subject for a long talk; but of this I can only give the result, and not in so many words what he said.

"War and Peace" was originally published in six parts, beginning in 1865, and not as usual in Katkof's *Russian Messenger*. Four numbers had then been issued, had had a very great sale, and had been read by everybody. These carried the

story down to the battle of Borodino. The final portions did not appear for a year or so afterward. There had been, of course, some hostile criticism, to which Tolstoy replied in Barténief's historical journal, *Russian Archives*, at about this time, and much in the same way that he talked about the book to me.

It may be remarked here that before writing "War and Peace," Tolstoy began a novel to be called "The Decembrists" (*Dekabristy*), on the theme of the attempted revolution of December $\frac{14}{26}$, 1825 (on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas), in which so many well-born Russians, including several of his own relatives and family connections, had taken part. At this time, before the rise of destructive Nihilism, owing in part to the return of several of the participators, who had been pardoned by the Emperor Alexander after a sojourn of over forty years in Siberia, the history of this conspiracy greatly occupied the Russian public. But "in trying to bring to life again in his own mind the period of the Decembrists, he could not help going back in thought to the preceding period—the past of his heroes. Gradually he penetrated deeper and deeper into the causes of the events that he wished to describe—into the family history, the education, the social

conditions of the characters he had chosen. Finally he stopped at the time of the Napoleonic wars," and wrote what we all know.

The idea of "The Decembrists" was not lost sight of, and the reader who remembers among the later chapters of "War and Peace" those that describe the home life of Pierre and Natásha will see, if he be acquainted with Russian history, how skilfully the ground is prepared for another epical romance of a similar character. *Diis aliter visum.* Twice before 1878 the project was taken up, and the opening chapters were re-written, but it was then abandoned. In the first draught Pierre and his family appear in Moscow on their return after their long exile in Siberia.

"'War and Peace,'" said Tolstoy, "is not a novel, still less a poem, still less an historical chronicle. It is not presumption on my part if I keep clear of customary forms. The history of Russian literature from Pushkin down presents many similar examples. From the 'Dead Souls' of Gógol to the 'Dead House' of Dostoiéfsky there is not a single artistic prose work, of more than average merit, which keeps entirely to the usual form of a novel or a poem.

"Some of my readers have said that the character of the times is not sufficiently shown. I

know what they mean—the horrors of serfdom, the walling up of wives, the flogging of grown-up sons, the Saltytchikha, as she is commonly called (that Madame Saltykóf who, in the time of Catherine II., in the course of eleven or twelve years had over a hundred of her serfs whipped to death, chiefly women and girls, for not washing her linen properly), and things like that. The fact is that I did not find all this a true expression of the character of the times. After studying no end of letters, journals, and traditions I did not find such horrors worse than in our own times or any other. In those times people also loved, hated, sought the truth, tried to do good, and were led away by their passions. There was also then a complicated, thoughtful, moral life, perhaps even more refined than now, in the highest class. Our traditions of that epoch are drawn from the exceptions. The character of that time comes from the greater separation of the highest class from the rest, the ruling philosophy, the peculiarities of education, and especially the habit of talking French; and it is that character which I tried, as far as I could, to portray.

"You spoke of the similarity of some of the names, such as Bolkónsky, Drubetzkóy, Bilíbin, Kurágin, etc., with well known Russian names.

Yes, that I did purposely. In making imaginary personages act with real historical characters, there seemed to me to be something awkward for the ear if Count Rostóptchin talked with a Prince Pronsky, or Strelsky, or some other made-up name. Although Bolkónsky and Drubetzkóy are not Volkónsky and Trubetzkóy, yet they have a sound which is natural and customary in Russian aristocratic circles. I couldn't invent names for everybody, like Bezútchy and Rostóf, which did not seem false to the ear, and I tried to get around the difficulty by taking the names of well-known families with the change of a letter or a syllable. I should be sorry if this should lead people to think that I wanted to represent particular persons, especially because that sort of literature which consists in the description of persons who really exist or have existed has nothing in common with my purpose. Maria Dmítrievna Akhrosímof *le terrible dragon* (Madame Ofrosímof) and Denísof (the celebrated guerilla leader Denis-Davýdof) are the only characters to which involuntarily and without thinking I gave names resembling those of two characteristic and charming personages of the society of that time. That is my fault, caused by the special characteristics of these two persons; but the reader must admit that

there is nothing resembling the truth in their actions. All the other characters are entirely imaginary, and even for myself have no original, either in tradition or in actual life."

In spite of this declaration the Count's family friends insist that in the Princess Marie Bolkónsky he drew an ideal portrait of his own mother; but it is possible that the similarity of the name (Princess Marie Volkónsky) may have deceived their imaginations into seeing a likeness of character. The faithful picture of the times is due to a study of memoirs, old letters, and personal accounts, quite as conscientious as that given by any historian to his material. There were still living in Moscow many old people whose early recollections went back to the burning of Moscow, and Tolstoy himself must in his younger days have known many who had taken at least a minor part in the events which form the groundwork of his story. The Princess Odóiefsky told me that some ladies, and especially a Miss P., a distant connection of Tolstoy, and a common friend of us all, had been very serviceable in getting at the old people of Moscow, and in writing out their stories and anecdotes. In fact, society had changed so little in Moscow and the country, up to the time of the Crimean War, that had Tolstoy described only

what he had himself seen, his picture would have been true externally of the earlier period; but it would have lacked the breath of life, the spirit which animated the men of 1812.

The indication of sources detracts no more from the merits of the novelist than from those of the historian. At times it is easy to see what influences were at work in "War and Peace." The history and influence of freemasonry in Russia was just at that time a new subject for research, as the barriers against historical study and criticism were being gradually relaxed. The reading, by the author, of a series of articles in the *Russian Messenger*, on freemasonry in the time of Catherine, and the book of Lónginof on Nóvikof, made Pierre become a mason, and further guides were found in the large collection of masonic books, emblems, and rubbish, in the public museum at Moscow, which contains most of the archives and property of the Russian masonic lodges when they were closed and seized.

One incident in the latter part of the story, the indecision of the Countess Helen, Pierre's wife, as to her choice of a new husband, is founded on an occurrence at St. Petersburg while the story was in progress. A certain Madame A., although she was not yet divorced from her husband, was eagerly

courted by two suitors, the old Chancellor, Prince Gortchakóf, and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Emperor's nephew. The Emperor forbade both the rivals to marry, one because of the relationship, the other on account of his age and family. The issue of the story was different. The lady lived for a while with Prince Gortchakóf as his niece, and in that capacity presided at his diplomatic dinners; subsequently she ran away with the Duke, and years after, in 1879, married him morganatically, with the title of Countess Beauharnais.

The Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé, in his interesting and appreciative book "Le Roman Russe," seems to imply that Tolstoy's battle descriptions are imitated from the celebrated account of the battle of Waterloo in Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," the idea of which, Sainte-Beuve in turn says, "was taken from an English book, 'The Memoirs of a Soldier' of the Seventy-first Regiment, who took part in the battle of Vittoria without understanding anything about it; much as Fabrice took part in that of Waterloo, asking himself afterward if he really had been in a battle and had really fought." The "Chartreuse de Parme," with all its merits, is a signal example of how an historical novel should *not* be written. Tolstoy made im-

aginary take part with real characters in historical events. Stendhal does the same partially at Waterloo and in Milan; but after that all is fictitious, and, worst of all, real names are given to purely imaginary places. The Parma of the novel is in no way, either historically or topographically, like the real Parma, however much it may be like Modena.

In speaking not of this, but of his treatment of history in general, Tolstoy said that the historian and the artist, in describing an historical epoch, have totally different aims and treat of different subjects. "An historian would not be right if he tried to present an historical personage in all his entirety, in all his complicated relations to all sides of life. Neither would an artist do his duty if he always gave him his historical signification. Kutúzof was not always riding on a white horse, with his field-glass in his hand, pointing at the enemy. Rostóptchin was not always with a torch setting fire to his house at Vorónovo (in fact he never did this at all), and the Empress Maria Feódorovna did not always stand in an ermine cloak resting her hand on the 'Code of Laws.' But this is the way in which the popular imagination pictures them. The historian deals with heroes; the artist with men. The historian treats

of the results of events; the artist of the facts connected with the event.

"Battles are, of course, nearly always described in a contradictory way by the two sides; but, besides this, there is in every description of a battle a certain amount of falsehood which is indispensable on account of the necessity of describing in a few words the actions of thousands of people, distributed over a space of several miles, all under the strongest moral excitement, under the influence of fear of disgrace or death.

"Descriptions of battles generally say that such troops were sent to attack such a point, and were afterwards ordered to retreat, etc., as if people supposed that the same discipline which on a parade ground moves tens of thousands of men by the will of one, could have the same effect where it is a question of life or death. Everyone who has been in a war knows how untrue this is, and yet on this supposition military reports are made out, and on them descriptions of battles are written.

"By the way, a friend told me what was said by Nikolái Nikoláievitch Muraviéf-Kársky about my description of Schöngraben, which confirms my conviction. Muraviéf, who had been himself a commander-in-chief, said that he had never read a truer account of a fight, and from his own ex-

perience he knew how impossible it was to carry out the orders of the commander-in-chief on the field of battle.

"Go about all the troops immediately after an engagement, or even on the second or third day, before the official reports are written, and question all the soldiers and the higher and lower officers how things went: all these people will tell you what they really felt and saw, and you will receive an impression which is grand, complicated, immensely varied, and solemn, but by no means clear; you will learn from no one, still less from the commander-in-chief, exactly how the whole took place. But in two or three days official reports begin to come in, talkers begin to describe what they never saw, finally the whole report is made up, and this creates a sort of public opinion in the army. It is so much easier to settle all one's doubts and questions by this false, but always clear and flattering account. If in a month or two you question a man who took part in the battle, you will no longer feel in his story that raw, living material that was there before, for he will tell it according to the official report. The details of the battle of Borodinó were told to me by many shrewd men who took part in it and are still alive. They all told the same story, all according to the

untrue accounts of Mikailófsky-Daniléfsky, Glinka, etc., and even related the same details in the same way, though they must have been miles off from one another.

"After the loss of Sevastópol, General Kryzhanófsky, the chief of artillery, sent me the reports of the artillery officers from all the bastions and asked me to combine these twenty or more reports into one. I am very sorry that I did not take copies of those reports. It was an excellent example of the naïve, indispensable, military lie out of which descriptions are made. I presume that many of my comrades, who then made those reports, would laugh at the recollection of their being ordered by their superiors to write about what they never saw. All who have experienced a war know how fit Russians are to do their military duty, and how unfit they are to describe it with the indispensable, bragging lie. Everybody knows that in our armies this duty, the compilation of reports, is generally performed by our officers of non-Russian race.

"But besides the necessary falsehood in the description of events, I find a false way of understanding events. Often when studying the two chief historical productions on this epoch, Thiers and Mikailófsky-Daniléfsky, I am astonished how

such books could be printed or read. Without speaking of the exposition of the same events in the same serious, important tone, with references to authorities, and yet diametrically opposed to each other, I have found in these histories descriptions of a sort that I did not know whether to laugh or to cry over them, when I remembered that these books are the sole memorials of the epoch and have millions of readers. I'll give a single instance from Thiers, who, in speaking of the forged Russian bank-notes brought by Napoleon, says: 'Using these means in an act of benevolence *worthy of himself and of the French army*, he distributed assistance to the sufferers by the conflagration. But provisions being too precious to be given for long to strangers, for the most part enemies, Napoleon preferred to furnish them with money, and had paper rubles distributed to them.' If Thiers had fully understood what he was saying, could he have written in such a way of such an immoral act?"

This led to a long discussion of the French occupation, and of the burning of Moscow, which Tolstoy maintained in even stronger terms than those he afterwards employed in his novel, was solely due to accident. He showed me the large library of books and authorities that he had col-

lected for his studies, and pointed out to me some interesting memoirs and pamphlets which are rare and little known. Of Rostóptchin he spoke with great contempt. Rostóptchin always denied that he had had a hand in the burning of Moscow until he found out that, to excuse themselves, the French had attributed it to him, and that in his visit to France after the restoration this was thought a glorious deed of patriotism. He at first accepted it modestly, and then boldly boasted of it. The legend has been kept alive, partly by the chauvinism of French historians and partly by the influence of the Ségurs (one of whom married his daughter) and their numerous relatives and literary following.

Count Tolstoy insisted on his accuracy, and especially on his conscientiousness in historical matters and said: "Wherever historical characters act and speak in my novel, I have imagined nothing, and have conformed myself strictly to historical materials and the accounts of witnesses." From this the conversation branched off to the activity and effect of historical characters on events, all of which was afterward said so fully in the epilogue of "War and Peace" that there is no need to repeat it here.

In his early stories Tolstoy had already so suc-

ceeded in combining vivid realistic descriptions of places and persons with the moral and metaphysical reflections and reasonings of the characters that it was natural for the reader to say: "This is a real personage;" "That is a genuine experience;" "The author must have passed through that phase in order to portray it so well." Tolstoy laughingly, but in all seriousness, denied that there was the slightest autobiographical character in the three sketches, "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth," which in the translations lately made have been given the names of "Souvenirs" and "Mes Mémoires." Indeed, neither do the incidents of the book correspond to the facts of Tolstoy's life, nor does the moral and mental development of Irténief conform to what Tolstoy has told about himself in his "Confessions." Now that Tolstoy has become a figure in the religious world, his novels and tales have been carefully studied by many who seek in them something more than their artistic merits; and wherever there are traces of the ideas about life and its objects, which have been so greatly developed in his mystical writings, they choose to consider these portions as autobiographical. Thus Tolstoy is found to be present in "The Cossacks," in "War and Peace," and in "Anna Karénin" in the respective

characters of Olénin, Pierre, and Levin. It would be strange if he were not to some extent there present, as he invented them. But between putting a little part and parcel of the author's self not only into these, but into every character he drew, and autobiography, there is a great difference. This constant tendency to see the personality of the author in his heroes, whether the author in question be Byron or Tolstoy, seems to me to be a perversion of fact and a perversion of criticism. In "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth" there are pictures of Russian family life so carefully drawn and so well coloured that their truth is recognised at once by every Russian of that class in society, and by every foreigner who has had the good fortune to be intimate with Russian families where there are a lot of children. On reading the book again, after twenty years, certain things strike me now as peculiarities of Russian life which were then so natural as to pass unnoticed. For instance, Nicolai Irténief stealing off in a sledge to make his second confession at the age of fifteen, and saying that this was the first time that he had ever been in the street alone without his tutor or some one of the family. The pedagogue (*παιδαγωγός*) to sleep in his room, to take him to and from school, and follow his every movement,

is so usual a character in the life of every well brought up Russian boy (as indeed in the life of some other European countries) that a foreigner—even an American—as soon as he becomes intimate with Russian life, forgets the strangeness of him. In the characters of this book Tolstoy, with the aid of his own recollections and his lively imagination, simply tried to put himself into the place of the boys, with the ideas that he thought he might have had at the time. The boy who approaches nearest to Tolstoy's character is not Irténief but Prince Nekhliúdof, who reappears with some of the author's peculiar views in some of the stories of the Caucasus, in "A Landlord's Morning," and in "Lucerne." While writing the other books just mentioned the author was grappling with some of the great problems of human life, and he made Olénin, Pierre, and Levin do some of his thinking for him, without intending to give them any portion of his individuality. At the time of my visit, for instance, Tolstoy was still occupied with his studies in freemasonry, and was diligently reading the mystical writings of Nóvikof and others for the sole purpose of understanding the psychological history of the early part of the century, and not with any intention of seeking the highest benefits of humanity through such

means. He was simply reading up—cramming if you will—for the character of Pierre; and Pierre's dabblings with freemasonry must not therefore be thought to represent any experience or mental process of Count Tolstoy.

"The Cossacks," Tolstoy assured me, was a true story so far as the plot is concerned, and was told to him by an officer one night when they were travelling together, not even in the Caucasus but in the north of Russia. What he had written was, however, only the first part, and he then still hoped some day to write the rest. Perhaps on the whole it is best as it is; as, though a fragment, it is perfect in its way—an idyll and not a complete story. I told the Count of my first acquaintance with Turguénief at Baden-Baden the year before, and that he had advised me, if I wished to do anything more, to translate "The Cossacks," which he considered the finest and most perfect product of Russian Literature. I asked Tolstoy's permission to translate it, which was readily given, but I tried my hand first on one of the sketches of Sevastópol, and, although I began at "The Cossacks," changes of post and varied duties prevented my finishing the translation for fully ten years.

V

Tolstoy received with evident pleasure the compliments of Turguénief, and spoke of the latter's books with appreciation—"Smoke" had been published not long before—and of the man in terms of affection and sympathy. From nothing that he said, or that Turguénief ever said on the various occasions when he talked to me about Tolstoy, to whom he even gave a letter of introduction, could I have ever imagined that there was then a wide breach between the two friends, and that the quarrel was not made up till ten years later. I learned this only afterwards, and gradually came to the whole story of the rupture. A brief account of their mutual relations may be interesting, and is almost necessary to a proper appreciation of Tolstoy at that time.

Turguénief's admiration of Tolstoy's genius and power never varied, although his criticisms were sometimes harsh, when it seemed to him in special cases that his brother author had taken the wrong road. The first reference to Tolstoy in his letters seems almost prophetic. He wrote from his country place at Spasskoe, on October 24, 1854, when Tolstoy was still in the army: "I am immensely delighted with the continuation of 'Boy-

hood;' may God give Tolstoy long life, as I hope he will astonish all of us, for he is a talent of the first rank. I made yesterday the acquaintance of his sister, who has just married another Tolstoy, a highly pleasing, sympathetic woman." In his letters of 1855-56 there are some words of praise for the Sevastópol sketches. After the war—as I have already said—the two writers met and saw each other frequently at St. Petersburg, as well as in the country, where they visited each other for the purpose of shooting. The signs of dissension soon began to appear. The natures of the two men were not at that time harmonious, and their ideas ran in very different channels. Tolstoy, who was young, and who as a writer was somewhat of a spoilt child, whose ways smacked a little still of the freedom of the camp, was inclined to rebel against the tutelage and paternal care which Turguénief seemed to be exercising over him. He amused himself not only by escaping from the surveillance of his friends, but by occasionally enticing them to a late supper or a wild night. Besides that he was much given to *persiflage*, which did not always accord with the serious humour of his friend. After leaving Russia for Paris in the autumn of 1856, Turguénief wrote to Tolstoy (November 26th) in reply to a

letter of his, "I have reflected seriously over all that you write, and it seems to me that you are wrong. I can be quite frank to you, because it would be impossible for me to be false where you are concerned. We seem to have made our acquaintance in an awkward way and not at the right time; when we see each other again things will go smoother and better. I feel that I love you as a man; as regards the writer words are superfluous. But there is much in you with which I am not quite satisfied, so that I thought it better to keep away from you: when we see each other again we will try to go hand in hand and perhaps will succeed better. But here, far away from you, odd as it may sound, my heart hangs on you as on a brother, and I am very tenderly disposed towards you: perhaps with time everything good will come of this. I heard of your illness and was much troubled; but I beg you to banish all remembrance of it. You are anxious about yourself, and think perhaps of consumption—but, by God, you have it not." Then follow questions about Tolstoy's sister and brother, talk about common friends, and about the state of affairs in Paris, and then literature comes up. "You have already finished the first number of 'Youth:' that is splendid. How vexed I am

that I cannot hear you read it! If you do not go off on by-ways, you will go far. I wish you health, activity, and spiritual freedom. . . . As concerns my 'Faust,' I scarcely believe it will please you. My writings were at one time able to please you, and possibly even to influence you, but only until you became independent; now you can learn nothing more from me. You see only the difference of the style, the slips and the faults; you need now only to study men, your own heart, and really great writers. I am only a writer of the transition period, and am only good for people who are in the transition period."

About this time he wrote to a literary friend, Druzhínin: "People tell me that you sympathise with Tolstoy, and that he is become very polished and clear. I am much delighted with that. When this young wine has gone through the process of fermentation it will be a drink fit for the gods."

A few days after, December 8, 1856, he writes again to Tolstoy:

"DEAR TOLSTOY: My good genius took me yesterday to the Post-Office and inspired me to ask whether there were any letters for me *Poste Restante*, although I supposed that all my friends had my Paris address. There I really found your

letter in which you speak of my 'Faust.' You will easily understand with what joy I read it. Your sympathy gave me deep and sincere pleasure. Your whole letter breathes a gentle and calm feeling, a friendly peace; and it only remains for me to stretch my hand over the gulf which had long ago become a scarcely noticeable crack; about which we will think no more, as it is not worth the trouble. I am shy about speaking on one thing which you mentioned in your letter, . . . but may everything turn out for the best, and may it bring to you that peace of soul which you so need—or rather did need when I learned to know you. As I see, you sympathise for the moment very much with Druzhínin, and are under his influence. Very well, but take care that you don't eat yourself sick off him. When I was at your age none but enthusiastic natures had any influence over me; but you are a very different man from me, and it is quite possible that his journal, *The Times*, is now changed."

Turguénief saw Tolstoy often during the latter's journey abroad, but wrote to a friend (March, 1857): "I cannot thoroughly sympathise with Tolstoy. We seem to be far too unlike each other."

The summer of 1861 Turguénief spent on his Russian estate, where he was finishing "Fathers

and Sons," and had frequent opportunities of seeing Tolstoy. It was then that the great breach between the two friends took place. Different versions became current. That given by Pávlofsky is substantially as follows:

He had visiting him at one time, besides Tolstoy, his friend the poet Fet; a very good fellow, who had a large estate in the neighbourhood to which he was just then devoting himself heart and soul, letting his beard grow, and giving himself all the airs of a country gentleman of the old Russian school. There were also some others, one of them an intimate friend. An excursion had been organised to Fet's estate, and the party was taking a hasty breakfast while the carriages were waiting. Somebody thoughtlessly asked Turguénief about his daughter—a subject on which he was very sensitive. "She is always abroad," he replied, "and as I did not like her education to be entirely French, I have got for her now an English governess, an excellent woman." Tolstoy smiled (little thinking that he should ever have an English governess for his children) and said, "Yes, she will be taking your daughter to visit the poor, and leaving money and medicine on the table." "Well," said Turguénief, "there's no harm in any case; because the poor will receive some aid, and the child will begin

to understand the duty everyone owes to the suffering."

"Yes, if it is not one thing it is the other. If your daughter does not get a good education, at least the poor will receive something. She's your natural daughter, isn't she?"

"Yes, well?"

"Well, you seem to be making an experiment *in anima vili*."

Turguénief could scarcely contain himself, especially when he thought he saw a gleam of satisfaction in Tolstoy's eyes that his power of teasing should have been so successful, and burst out: "Tolstoy, stop, or I'll throw my fork at your head."

Both calmed down and the affair seemed ended. It is necessary to say that the mother of this daughter of Turguénief was one of his serfs, who subsequently married a shopkeeper at Moscow. Such children born of serfs were as little regarded by Russians who lived at home as children born of negro or mulatto slaves were regarded by the Southern planters in the United States at the same time. Although his daughter, she was his serf; and therefore, according to the ways of thinking at that time, Tolstoy's remark was not quite so brutal as it might seem to us now. It was the peculiar sen-

sitiveness of Turguénief on this subject that gave it importance.

Tolstoy went to an estate of his in the neighbourhood, while Turguénief and the others went to see Fet, where they spent some days. On returning, Turguénief found two notes from Tolstoy; one an apology and sincere regret for what he had said; the other, that the insult given to him could only be wiped out in blood, and challenging him to come the next morning, between five and six o'clock, to a place mentioned, and kill each other without witnesses. Turguénief thereupon sent one of his friends to propose a regular duel according to the code. But Tolstoy had already gone back to Yásnaya Polyána, and, when he was found, repeated his apologies and retracted his challenge.

Of course the matter got out, and all sorts of stories were circulated at Moscow; before which, however, Turguénief wrote to his friend Annenkof: "I have entirely and decisively quarrelled with Leo Tolstoy. The question of a duel hung on a hair, and at this moment the hair is not yet broken. The fault is mine: but it was all the result of an old hostility—an antipathy of our two natures. I have always felt sure that he hated me, and I can never understand why, nevertheless, he used to come back to me. I have been forced to keep my dis-

tance—then I have tried to approach him; and we were very near approaching each other with pistols in our hands. I have never liked him."

Turguénief went off to Paris; but gossip and scandal were rife in Moscow, and somewhat later he heard to his surprise that Tolstoy had circulated among his friends a defamatory letter. He wrote to Annenkof: "In all this business, except at the beginning, when I was wrong, I have done everything to avoid this radical conclusion; but Tolstoy has insisted on driving me to the foot of the wall, so to speak, and consequently I can't do otherwise than fight. Next spring we shall be face to face at Tula." He enclosed a copy of the letter or challenge which he had written to Tolstoy, proposing to fight as soon as he should return to Russia in the spring. Tolstoy immediately wrote to Turguénief, denying categorically that he had circulated any letter or had given the slightest cause for any injurious remarks. There was therefore no cause for a duel, and it did not come off; and Turguénief wrote to his friend: "We are not going to fight, of which I am very glad." But the two writers had not again met when I was at Yásnaya Polyána, and did not in fact see each other until the summer of 1878.

With the passing years the old friendly feeling

returned, fostered naturally by the respect each had for the other's talent. We have, unfortunately, very few letters of Turguénief between 1862 and 1868; in January, 1868, he wrote to Polónsky: "The lack of talent, especially of poetical talent, is our misfortune. Since Leo Tolstoy nothing has come up, and his first work was already printed in 1852." Two months later he was reading "War and Peace" and wrote: "The novel of Tolstoy is a wonderful work, but its weakest side—and that is what the public especially enjoy—is its history and psychology. His history is sleight of hand, dazzling your eyes with trivial details; and his psychology is a capriciously uniform turmoil over one of the same set of themes; everything that has a relation to life, description, the military part, and so forth is thoroughly excellent. A master equal to Tolstoy we do not possess." In 1875 he says: "'Anna Karénin' does not please me, though there are truly splendid passages in it—the races, the mowing, the hunt—but it all tastes sour, and smells of Moscow, incense, old maids, Slavophilism, Junkerthum." And about the same time: "He has a very extraordinary talent, but in 'Anna Karénin' *il a fait fausse route.* One notices here the influences of Moscow, of the Slavophile nobility, of orthodox old maids, as well as his own retired life

and the lack of the necessary artistic freedom. The second part is insipid, tiresome, and unmeaning; that is a pity!" It is fair to say that at this time the novel was not yet finished; and the conclusion was not published for three years thereafter. On the last day of 1876, speaking of a recently published criticism on Tolstoy, he wrote: "I think the critic exaggerates. But how can one help complaining that this man, who is so unusually gifted, should do exactly that which he ought not to do, just as if he were trying to win a bet."

Finally, whether it was brought about by the intervention of friends, or whether caused by a sudden impulse, Tolstoy, in the spring of 1878, wrote to Turguénief. We possess only the reply:

"PARIS, May 8, 1878.

"DEAR LEO NIKOLÁIEVITCH: I have just received your letter, which has greatly rejoiced and touched me. I am very sincerely ready to renew our early friendship and warmly grasp the hand you have stretched out to me. You are perfectly right in supposing that I have no kind of hostile feelings towards you. Even if they once existed they have long ago disappeared, and there remains only the remembrance of you as a man to whom I was once attached, and as an author whose first steps I was one of the earliest to appreciate, and whose works of imag-

ination have always excited in me the most lively interest. I am heartily delighted at getting rid of the misunderstandings which had come up between us. I hope to go to Orel this summer, when we shall certainly see each other."

At the beginning of August Turguénief arrived at Moscow, and immediately wrote to Tolstoy, proposing either to go to Yásnaya Polyána or to have a meeting at Tula. Tolstoy, who was then meditating a long novel—though he had not then begun it, and perhaps has not yet done so—went to meet him at Tula, carried him off home, and kept him several days. On reaching his own estate Turguénief wrote to him: "I must repeat to you again what a good and agreeable impression my visit to Yásnaya Polyána made upon me, and how glad I am that our earlier misunderstanding has so disappeared as to leave no traces of having ever existed. I feel clearly and plainly that Life, which has whitened our hairs, has not been useless to us, and that both you and I are better to-day than we were sixteen years ago. This feeling does me much good." And again, ten days later: "I am very glad to hear that everybody at Yásnaya Polyána looked on me with friendly eyes. There is no doubt but that the bond you speak of exists be-

tween us, and I am very glad of it, although I will not investigate all the threads of which it is woven. The main point is that it exists."

The next letters to Tolstoy were taken up partly with my translation of "The Cossacks," which, I regret to say, was found "literal, but dry and matter of fact," with an idea he had of himself translating "The Cossacks" into French, and with efforts to put on the Paris market the French translation of "War and Peace." In one of these letters he says: "I am glad that you are all physically well, and hope also that your intellectual illness, about which you wrote, has disappeared. I have gone through the same thing. It has often appeared in the form of an inner fermentation before the beginning of a work. I believe that you have had some such fermentation. Although you ask me not to speak of your writings, I cannot help remarking that I have never made fun of you even in the very slightest degree. Some of your works pleased me very much—others less: for example, 'The Cossacks' caused me great pleasure and astonishment. Why should I have laughed at you? I thought that you had long ago got rid of those feelings of old times."

At another time he sends him a letter from Flaubert about the French translation of "War and

Peace." "Thanks for having made me read the novel of Tolstoy; it is of the first order. What a painter and what a psychologist! The first two volumes are sublime, but the third falls off horribly (*dégringole affreusement*). He repeats himself when he philosophises. At the end you see the gentleman, the author, and the Russian—while up to that time you had seen only nature and humanity. There seemed to me sometimes to be things like Shakespeare. I kept uttering cries of admiration while reading it—and it is long: yes, it is strong, very strong" (*oui, c'est fort, bien fort*).

Turguénief talked much about the necessity of advertisement and *réclame* to make anything succeed in Paris, and said: "During these last few days I have read for the fifth or sixth time with ever new enjoyment this truly great creation of yours. Its whole putting together is very different from what the French like and demand in books. But its truth keeps the upper hand. I hope, if not for a famous victory, at least for an enduring, though slow, conquest. You tell me nothing about your new work, though there are rumours here that you are working diligently. I see you in spirit sitting before your writing-table in that simple room that you showed me." The summer of 1881 Turguénief spent at Spasskoe,

where his friend Polónsky paid him a long visit, which he has described very pleasantly in an article called "Turguénief at Home." Among other events Tolstoy spent a couple of days there and sent him a copy of his collected works.[1]

After his departure Turguénief read aloud portions of Tolstoy's works, especially the forty-third chapter of the first part of "War and Peace," and

[1] The following is the account by Polónsky of Tolstoy's visit: "One Wednesday, July 8th, Turguénief received a telegram from Leo Nikoláievitch Tolstoy, informing him that he would reach Mzensk on Thursday at ten o'clock in the evening. Turguénief therefore ordered the horses to be sent to meet him the next day.

"That evening we separated soon after taking tea, and went to our own rooms. I sat down to my table, pulled the candles nearer, and wrote out my impressions of the journey I had just made, till one o'clock. Suddenly I heard someone whistling in the court-yard, the sound of steps, and the dogs all barking. I looked out of the window, but there was no moonlight and I could distinguish nothing.

"I sat down again to my writing, but heard someone pass through the garden towards the house, and then dimly heard a voice in the house. I thought that one of my children was talking in his sleep, and went into the children's room. I again heard the voice, this time quite plainly, and I recognised it as Turguénief's. 'What the devil's the row? Are there thieves in the house?' I went in the dark through the whole house, and opened the door of a room which had an exit to the terrace, and into Turguénief's study. A candle was burning there, and a gray-haired, bronzed peasant, in a blouse girt by a strap, was reckoning up with another peasant. I looked at him and did not know him. The peasant raised his head, gave an inquiring glance at me, and asked: 'Polónsky, is that you?' Then for the first time I recognised Count Leo Tolstoy. We embraced and kissed each other warmly.

"It turned out that the Count had mistaken the day of the week, and had said Thursday when he meant Wednesday. Not finding Turguénief's carriage at the railway station he had taken another; but as the night was dark and the driver scarcely knew the way, he had taken all this time in coming. Turguénief also had not yet gone to bed and was writing. He was surprised and greatly delighted to find the Count. The *samovar* and a little supper soon made their appearance in the dining-room, and we talked till three o'clock.

"The day after Tolstoy's arrival we had a comical incident. An hour before dinner Turguénief was told that the cook was dead drunk

greatly excited said, shaking his head: "I know nothing in European literature finer than this description. . . . That *is* a description!" And he was as delighted as if he had discovered it for the first time.

But while Turguénief thought Tolstoy a great writer and admired and prized his talent, he from time to time considered him from his own moral and æsthetic standpoint. In other words, he applied to the views of Tolstoy the measure of his own views about men, and was not always satisfied. While he was reading "Anna Karénin" he could not understand why Tolstoy was so evidently prepossessed in favour of Levin, who was to him an unsympathetic character. "Can you for a moment believe," said Turguénief to Polónsky, "that Levin is in love with Kitty, or that he could ever

and that there was no one to prepare the dinner. At first he was much perplexed. The guests could not be left without dinner, and so he resolved to cook it himself. Rubbing his hands he explained how he would cut the turnips and chop up the cutlets. He had already started for the kitchen when Zakhar, vigilant as Argus and mysteriously silent, though not dumb, immediately reined in the passionate ardour of his former master, and gave him a hard scolding. 'That's not your business,' he said, 'go away. We can get dinner ready without you.' And Turguénief at once obediently returned to our society. In this way the culinary talents of the honoured Ivan Serghéievitch have been hidden from posterity. I cannot repeat all that was said in our conversation with Tolstoy; but I can asseverate that there was nothing which in society is known as 'censurable talk.' The Count pressed his views on no one, and listened to Turguénief's remarks and objections. In short, he was no longer that Count that I had once known in his youth. He did not stay more than two days at Spasskoe, and then travelled to his estates in the government of Samara, where he wanted to be for the harvest."

love anybody? No; love is one of those passions which annihilates our 'Me' and compels us in some degree to forget ourselves and our interests. But Levin, even after he knows that he is loved and is happy, never ceases holding fast to his own personality, and flattering himself. It seems to him that the very drozhky-drivers—especially they—offer him their service with peculiar respect and readiness. He is annoyed that people near Kitty greet him. He does not for a minute cease being an egotist, and sees something quite extraordinary in himself. Psychologically this is all perfectly correct (although I do not like psychological precision and minuteness in a novel), but all these details show that Levin is thoroughly selfish, and it is easy to understand why he sees in women beings created merely for house-wifely and family cares and for empty prattle. It is said that the author is himself like this Levin, but that is scarcely the case; at most he may have transferred to Levin one individual trait of his own character and worked it up artistically; but even with all that, I cannot see what there is to awaken our sympathy."

"Not love alone," continued Turguénief, "but every violent passion, religious, political, social—yes, even the passion for study—can destroy our selfishness. Fanatics for hateful and senseless

ideas do not spare their lives, so great is their love."

A year later, October 31, 1882, Turguénief wrote: "I have lately received from a very dear Moscow lady that 'Confession' of Leo Tolstoy that has been forbidden by the censorship. I read it with the greatest interest. A remarkable piece of writing for its straightforwardness, its sincerity, and its conviction: but it is wholly based on false propositions, and if carried out to the end would lead to the saddest denial of energetic human life; . . . this is a kind of Nihilism. I wonder greatly why Tolstoy, who among other things also renounces and denounces art, surrounds himself with artists, and what they can learn from his conversation. Nevertheless Tolstoy is perhaps the most remarkable man in the Russia of to-day."

When, a few months later, Turguénief lay on his death-bed, he probably thought over the ideas in Tolstoy's "Confession" and the long conversation —the last—that they had had during the brief visit at Spasskoe. And taking up a pencil, he wrote to Tolstoy that touching appeal to be himself once more; the last words he ever wrote:

"DEAR AND BELOVED LEO NIKOLÁIEVITCH:

"I have not written to you for a long time; for I lay and lie, in two words, on my death-bed. I

cannot get well, that is not to be thought of. But I write in order to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary, and to make my last, earnest request. My friend, return to literary work! This talent of yours has come down from whence all else comes. O! how happy would I be if I could believe that my prayer would be answered! But I am only a man who is near his end —the doctors do not even know how to call my disease—*néuralgie stomachale goutteuse*. I can neither stand, nor eat, nor sleep; but what am I saying! It is wearisome to repeat all this! My friend, great writer of the Russian land—give heed to my prayer! Let me know if you receive this scrap, and allow me once more to embrace warmly, warmly yourself, your wife, and all yours! . . . I can write no more. . . . I am tired!" [1]

Tolstoy deeply lamented Turguénief's death, and, speaking of his delicate, loving nature, lamented that a writer so artistic in the highest sense, and so devoted to Russia, should have passed his best and ripest years abroad, afar from his sincere friends and away from his own family.

"He was till the end of his life," said Tolstoy

[1] The artist Verestchagin, who was present at the death of Turguénief, says: "Madame Arnold told me that Turguénief was much agitated by a letter which he wrote from his death-bed to Tolstoy. I was sitting by the table when he called me; he gave me a piece of paper on which he had written in pencil, and said, 'Please send this off at once, it is very urgent.'"

to Danilefsky, "an independent, inquiring spirit; and, notwithstanding our temporary breach, I always highly esteemed him and warmly loved him. He was a genuine self-reliant artist, never lowering himself to consciously serving a passing demand of the minute. He may have gone astray, but even in his errors was sincere."

VI

In helping Tolstoy rearrange his library I remember that the collected works of Auerbach were given the first place on the first shelf, and, taking out the volumes of "Ein Neues Leben," the Count told me to read it after I had got to bed, as it was a very remarkable book, and added: "It was owing to this that I started a school for my peasants and became interested in popular education. When I went back to Europe the second time I went to see Auerbach, without giving my name. When he came into the room I merely said, 'I am Eugen Baumann,' and, when he hesitated in surprise, I hastened to add: 'not really in name, but in character;' and then told him who I was, how his book had set me thinking, and what good it had done me."

It so happened that in the following winter I spent a few days in Berlin, where, in the hospitable house of Mr. Bancroft, then the American Minister, I had the pleasure of meeting Auerbach, with whom during my stay I became well acquainted. In talking about Russia we spoke of Tolstoy, and I recalled to him this incident. "Yes," he said, "I always remember how frightened I was when this strange-looking man said, 'I am Eugen Baumann,' for I feared he was going to threaten me with an action for libel and defamation of character."

"Ein Neues Leben" naturally brought us to talk of peasant schools, and of the general condition of the peasantry, and of the results of emancipation, and the Count took me through the peasant village of the estate, which is close to the ruined pillars of the large gateway of the park.

"The houses are low huts of one story"—I quote from a letter written by me at the time from Yásnaya Polyána—"built generally of logs; brick houses are not thought so warm.[1]

"The entrance takes you into the court, on one side of which are cattle and horse-sheds, made of interlaced twigs and covered with straw; on the other side is the door leading into the hut, which

[1] Printed in the Evening Post of New York, November 27, 1863.

consists usually of a single room lighted by two small windows, each with double frames to keep out the cold. There is no ceiling, but the room is open to the roof, which is thatched with straw. The floor is sometimes of earth, but more generally of brick or boards. There is a large brick stove which keeps the house perfectly warm. There is seldom more than a single chair, but rough benches are disposed about the sides of the room, and there are one or two tables. Behind a screen is usually a sort of bed for the master of the house, and a cradle—a square board suspended from a beam by four cords attached to the corners and gathered into a knot, resembling the scale of a balance. There is a little shelf in one corner, with the usual holy picture, and perhaps a small lamp burning in front of it. Except the wooden dishes and utensils there is no other furniture. The families are always very large, and people sleep on the stove, on the benches, or on the floor. It is quite customary here for the younger married members of a family to sleep in the sheds, or in the court. They do this even in winter, though sometimes in the morning they are covered with snow. The peasants' houses in this part of Russia are perhaps the worst of all. In the north of Russia, where wood is abundant, though the peasants are actually poorer, they have larger and better houses and more furniture. All the peasant huts which I saw on the Volga, or even at one hundred miles from it in the government of Samara—where wood

was so scarce that they burned dung for fuel—were larger, usually of two or even three rooms, and had more furniture, and well carved cupboards for the crockery and the holy pictures.

"One evening I paid a visit to an old peasant in one of these huts. The room was lighted with a *lutchína*, or piece of birchwood, which gave out a bright blaze. This is a narrow strip of wood held between three nails on the top of a wooden standard, and as each piece will burn not more than two minutes, a little girl has to be constantly replenishing the burner. The ashes are caught in an earthen vessel. An old woman was weaving a coarse linen cloth with a rude machine. A man was making, very neatly and deftly, *lapti*, or the shoes of linden bast which the peasants usually wear. The most interesting sight was a man beating wool. He had fixed to the wall a large strong bow, strung with a heavy gut string. He kept the string in continual vibration by striking it with a heavy, notched piece of wood, and at each vibration the string caught up and tore apart the wool, and sent it down to the floor in white snowy flocks like soapsuds. It was as well carded as if it had been done with a machine.[1] This was the trade of this man, who goes from house to house and earns perhaps a ruble and a half a day, if he works steadily. His coming is rather a festival in the house, as he is usually a merry fellow, and sings to the

[1] Exactly the same instrument is used in Central Asia for carding cotton.

music of his bow-string. The winter is the intellectual season for the Russian peasants as for the rest of the world. They begin to use lights on the 15th (27th) of September, and from that time on they work in the evening, while the old women tell stories and the young people sing. Usually all the young girls meet together for singing and spinning, and go from house to house on successive evenings. In this cottage was a very intelligent boy about fourteen, who knew something about America, and had a fair elementary education.

"There is no church in the village, but half-way between this and the village of the next proprietor is a neat old church, called St. Nicholas of the Ant-hills, from a miraculous image of St. Nicholas said to have been found in some ant-hills in the neighbourhood. I am told that the priest has absolutely no influence on his flock. The peasants are religious, but respect the proprietors more than the priests, and are more influenced by them both for good and evil. Count Tolstoy says that the entire abolition of the priesthood would probably have no effect whatever on the morality of the peasantry. The morals here, as in all villages which are near a high road, are not good. The women are early corrupted by the soldiers who pass. As to drunkenness, it is neither worse nor better than others. The men are nearly all cartmen and drivers, and have the faults of that class. The land is therefore cultivated almost entirely by women.

"I asked Count Tolstoy what he thought had

been the effect of emancipation. He told me that he had been a supporter of the measure, and one of the officers to carry it out—a mediator of the peace—but that he now thought that it had come too soon: that it had been reached by reasoning only by theoretical men, and had not come, as in Western Europe, through the demand of the people, or by the necessity of the case. So far as the material condition of the peasants is concerned, he thought that the emancipation was injurious. He always judged the prosperity of a village by the amount of live stock, and always counted that whenever he passed a village, and had noticed that the amount was continually decreasing. His peasants had three *dessyatines* (nine acres) of land per head, held in common, for which an annual rent of three rubles per *dessyatine* is paid. They have the privilege of buying this land at fifty rubles per *dessyatine*, and can even buy for thirty; but to his knowledge no peasant in his district has purchased land and settled on it as in other countries, though many of them do not lack the means. The peasants are glad to work as little as possible, and like to spend most of their time in a drinking-house. Unfortunately just about the time of the emancipation the taxes on spirits were very much reduced, and this has been productive of much drunkenness. It is now proposed to raise them again, and limit the number of licenses to sell."

While it may have been Auerbach's novel which turned Tolstoy's mind particularly toward the subject of peasant education, yet in starting a school he was only conforming to the spirit of the time—for philanthropy was then in the air—as well as satisfying his own personal desires to do good, desires common in that emancipation period to all liberal spirits. In 1862, in that small district, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, there were fourteen good schools besides ten petty ones, taught by church readers, or old soldiers, or simply for the servants' children on the various estates. The school which Tolstoy founded he placed in a two-storied brick house on his estate, separated from the village by a little ravine. It was open both morning and evening, and had on an average about forty pupils, boys and girls: some coming long distances and even from other villages, attracted by the fact that the instruction was free, and the school enjoyed a good reputation. In its last year there were four teachers, but Tolstoy frequently gave personal instruction—at one time he passed all his evenings there—in Russian, and especially in Bible History, in singing and in drawing, as he was then passionately fond of music and art. This school flourished for about three years, when it died a natural death; not so much from any lack of interest

on Tolstoy's part, as because every child in the village, which had only one hundred and fifty inhabitants, had learned to read and write, and had acquired all the other knowledge he seemed capable of mastering, and new pupils could not grow up fast enough to make it worth while keeping up the school. A sort of school lingered on, but it was subsequently closed, apparently in consequence of some mistaken interpretation of a circular of the Minister of Public Instruction; and new schools were forbidden to be opened unless the number of the pupils seemed to satisfy the Government. In connection with this school Tolstoy published a little journal under the name of *Yásnaya Polyána*, in which he gave a description of the school itself and of the method of teaching employed there; as well as long papers containing his views on the general subject of education, and specimens of the compositions and themes of the pupils. This journal, a copy of which he hunted up and gave to me, has now become very rare; but many portions of it, together with some articles published elsewhere, are now included in the fourth volume of his Collected Works. The three papers describing the school in November and December, 1862, have been translated, at least into French, and are well worth reading even by those not at all interested in education,

for they contain passages descriptive of children and life in a Russian village which are equal to parts of his best novels. There are also interesting passages in the longer essays which have not yet been translated, but more because they throw light on the development of Tolstoy's character, than because what he says, or what anyone else may say, about the education of Russian peasants is of any importance to us who live in a very different phase of civilisation.[1]

[1] Toystoy in his Confession is not just either to himself or to his schoolwork. He says: "When I came back from my journey abroad I settled in the country and accidentally hit on occupying myself with peasant schools. This occupation was quite according to my liking, because there was not apparent in it that falsity which had so impressed me in my literary teaching. Here I was also acting in the name of Progress, but I had already begun to be critically disposed towards Progress itself. I said to myself that Progress in some of its phases was irregular, and that it was therefore necessary that our relations towards unsophisticated people, towards simple peasant children, should be perfectly free, and that they should be allowed to choose that path of progress which they preferred. In reality I was always turning about the same insoluble problem, teaching without knowing what I taught. In the higher spheres of literary activity I understood that it was possible to teach without knowing what to teach, because all writers taught differently, and concealed from themselves their own ignorance only by their disputes with one another; here with peasant children I thought it possible to get over this difficulty by allowing children to learn what they wished. Now I laugh in recollecting how I tacked in order to accomplish my desire of teaching, although I knew very well in the depth of my soul that I could teach no one anything useful because I myself did not know what was useful. After passing a year over my school I went abroad a second time, in order to learn there how to gain the art of teaching others, when one knew nothing one's self.

"It seemed to me that I had learned that abroad, and armed with all this wisdom and skill I returned to Russia in the year of the Emancipation of the Serfs, took the place of mediator, and began to teach the ignorant people in the schools and the educated class in a journal that I started publishing. Everything seemed to go on well, but I used to feel that I was not quite right in mind, and that it

Tolstoy's school was free in more senses than one, for generally no attempt was made to keep order or discipline, and only those subjects were taught which interested the pupils, and only so far as that interest continued to exist. The great questions in his mind were, What can one teach? and How can one teach?

"In the decision of these questions I was aided by a sort of pedagogic tact which I possessed, es-

could not last long. I might have reached the same despair which came on me fifteen years later, if there had not been yet one side of life which I had not yet experienced, and which promised me salvation: that was family life.

"During a whole year I continued to act as mediator, buried myself in my schools and my journal, and worked so hard that I became worn out. The continual disputes between serf and master, that I tried to settle as mediator, weighed on me; my work in my schools seemed to come to nothing; and I began to hate my tacking and veering in my journal, all with a desire of teaching everybody, and of concealing the fact that I did not know what I taught. I grew ill, rather morally than physically; I threw up everything, and went off into the steppes among the Bashkirs, where I could breathe the pure air, drink kumyss, and lead an animal life.

"When I came back I married. The new conditions of a happy family life turned me completely away from any search for the general meaning of life. My whole life at this time was concentrated in my family, my wife, and my children; and then in studying how to increase our fortune. My aspiration for personal perfection, which had already given place for a desire for perfection in general, for progress, now completely gave way to a desire to make myself and my family as comfortable as possible.

"Thus fifteen years passed. Notwithstanding the fact that during all that time I considered literature to be nonsense, I nevertheless continued to write. I had already tasted the charm of literature, the charm of receiving great pecuniary reward and much applause for worthless work, and I gave myself up to it again as a means of bettering my fortune and of suffocating in my soul all questions about my life and about life in general. I wrote what was for me the only truth then, that one should live so that one's self and family should be as comfortable as possible."

This is the way in which Tolstoy now describes himself as he was at the time that I visited him at Yásnaya Polyána.

pecially by my zeal for the work. Coming all at once into the closest personal relations with the forty little men who constituted my school (I call them little men because I found in them those same traits, sagacity, a great knowledge of practical life, a fund of humour, simplicity, perfect straightforwardness, which characterise in general the Russian peasant); perceiving their impressionableness, and their readiness to obtain what knowledge they needed, I immediately felt that the old clerical way of teaching had outlived its time and did not suit them.

"After that I tried modes proposed by pedagogic writers, especially Germans, and found, too, that they did not suit; and much—especially where there was an effort to teach by sight or by sound—was distasteful to the pupils and often laughed at. Compulsion was contrary to all my ideas, and therefore when I found that one subject was repulsive, I tried to find something which the pupils would be glad to learn. I experimented at the same time on what were the best ways of teaching even these subjects. People, who came to know my school personally, approved and applied some of my ideas, which I set forth sometimes at very great length in the journal which I had started for that purpose. But I must admit that I was annoyed—being younger then—not so much at the fact that my ideas were not accepted, as that those who officially devoted themselves to educational interests did not think it worth while to refute

them; but treated them with complete indifference."

In discussing methods of teaching Tolstoy laid down three principles as fundamental: "The teacher is always involuntarily led to teach in the manner of teaching most convenient to himself. The more convenient this method is to the teacher, the less convenient it is to the pupils. The only good method is that which satisfies the pupils."

What had always particularly troubled him and occupied his attention was the best method of teaching children to read. He asked me much about new methods in use in America, and at his request I was able to procure for him—I think through the kindness of Mr. Garrison of the *Nation*—a good selection of American Primers and Elementary Readers. In one of these I remember the pronunciation of the different sounds of the vowels and of certain consonants was represented to the eye by a character similar in general shape to the ordinary letter, but with special distinctive changes which at once caught the eye. These books proved of some use to Tolstoy in the preparation of his Primer or ABC, on which he spent much time, but the publication or use of which in schools

was forbidden by the Minister of Public Instruction.

Tolstoy did not approve of examinations, nor even of individual recitations, at least for Russian peasant children. He seemed to prefer something akin to what is the Arabic, and in general the Eastern method, of all the pupils reciting together. His efforts in instruction in history and geography were on the whole failures. What little success he had came from using the Manuals of Peter Parley, translated into Russian fifty years ago; by telling stories, and by appeals to the Russian patriotic feeling, which was quickly on the alert; "so that," he said, "as a general rule I see no necessity of teaching history or geography to a boy before he goes to the University; and I do see great harm in it. After that I don't know." The one exception that he made was for biblical history and the Bible in general, especially the Old Testament. One of the most interesting portions of his report is the passage about the Bible, of which I cannot forbear quoting the conclusion:

"In order for a pupil to give himself up entirely to his teacher, it is necessary to raise a corner of that veil which hides from him all the enchantment of that world of thought, knowledge, and poetry, to which his studies are to introduce him. . . .

What means have we for raising this veil? I thought of many things. But as I was myself in that world to which I wished to introduce my pupils, nothing seemed to be easier, and I taught them to read; I explained the phenomena of nature; I used to tell them what was written in the Primers, that 'the fruits of knowledge are sweet;' but they did not believe me, and even drew off. I then tried reading the Bible to them, and took complete possession of them. The edge of the veil was lifted, and they quite gave themselves up to me. They grew to love the book, love study, and love me. All that I had to do was to guide them further. . . . Perhaps this was accident; perhaps in another school the same results may be reached by beginning in a different way. Perhaps. But this accident is repeated too invariably in all schools and in all families, and its explanation is too clear to me for me to admit that it is a chance. For the purpose of opening a new world to a pupil, and of making him love knowledge before he has knowledge, there is no book like the Bible. I speak even for those who do not regard the Bible as Revelation. No; at least, I do not know of a production which unites to the same extent as the Bible, in so condensed a poetic form, all the sides of human thought. All questions of natural phenomena are explained by this book. All the primitive relations of men to each other—families, states, religions, are for the first time recognised in this book. Generalisation of ideas, wisdom in a simple childlike

form, enchants the pupil's mind for the first time. The lyrical qualities of the Psalms of David affect the minds of children as well as adults; and for the first time, in the Bible, everyone learns the charm of the Epic in its inimitable simplicity and force. Who has not wept over the history of Joseph and of his meeting with his brothers? Who has ever told without terror in his heart the story of the chained and shorn Samson, who, in order to revenge himself on his enemies, buried himself under the ruins of the Palace? And still hundreds of other impressions which have nourished us like our mother's milk. Let those who deny the educational signification of the Bible, and who say that the Bible has outlived its time—let them compose such a book, such stories which explain the phenomena of nature, either drawn from general history or from their own imagination, which will be accepted as the Bible stories are—and then we will admit that the Bible has outlived its time. . . . I repeat my conviction, which may perhaps be drawn from an exceptional experience, that without this Bible in our society the development of the child or of the man would be as impossible as it would have been in Greek society without Homer. . . . The publication of a translation of the Bible in the simple language used by the peasants would form an epoch in the history of the Russian people."

In another place, speaking of the way in which children love to learn, and how their feelings gradually affected their families, he writes: "A father once told me that he burned up a whole candle while holding it in his fingers before his son's book, and he praised greatly both his son and the book. It was the Gospel."

In his educational writings, most of them as old as 1862, there is an occasional paragraph that foreshadows the later phase of Count Tolstoy; and in an article written as late as 1885 he avows his adherence to all that he had said earlier. Such are, among others: "Perhaps the people do not understand, and do not wish to understand, our literary language, because there is nothing in it for them to understand; and because all our literature has no meaning to them and they must create their own literature." Again, in discussing the question whether peasants should be taught Art, he says: "Every child of the people has the same rights—even greater rights—to the enjoyments of Art as we who belong to a privileged class; we who are not weighed upon by the necessity of constant hard labour; we who are surrounded by all the comforts of life. To deprive them of the enjoyment of Art, to deprive me, the teacher, of the right to introduce them into the domain of the highest pleasures,

which they are begging for with all the powers of their being, would be an immense absurdity." And again: "I have arrived at this conviction, that all that we have done in poetry and music is false, exclusive, without meaning and without future, and insignificant in comparison with the needs and even with the productions of these arts of which we find specimens among the people. I am convinced that a lyric of Pushkin or the last Symphony of Beethoven is not as unconditionally and universally good as the song about 'Vanka the Cellarer,' or the air, 'Down along Mother Volga;' that Pushkin and Beethoven please us not because they express absolute beauty, but because we are as depraved as they, and because they only flatter our abnormal irritability and our weakness."

VII

When I had been just a week at Yásnaya Polyána I happened in the course of the evening to speak of my journey down the Volga, and told of my call at Kazán on General Yúshkof, Count Tolstoy's uncle, to whom he had kindly given me a letter. The old man had been in the campaign of 1812, when he was even already a general, though young; and the Count had told me that I might

perhaps get out of him some stories about the battle of Borodinó, the retreat of the French, and how Moscow looked after the great fire. He had apparently utilised some of these for "War and Peace." I explained, therefore, why I had heard nothing of the kind. I had been admitted at Kazán into a very good and comfortable house, and had presented my card and letter of introduction to the servant, who came back and begged me to wait a little. While waiting I noticed that the letter, still sealed, had been placed on a chair. At last the General came in, old but vigorous, and with an expression of great kindliness and sympathy. He asked me to sit down, sat down himself, and after a few words: "You brought me, I think, a letter from my nephew Leo? Where is it?"

"I believe you are sitting upon it," I replied. He got up, found the letter, and handing it to me said: "Will you kindly read it to me. I am totally blind." The situation was awkward, but there was no help for it; although the letter was so flattering and affectionate towards me that I felt compelled to skip a whole paragraph. I regret now that, instead of giving it back to the old man, I did not put it into my pocket and preserve it as a souvenir. There were two grand pianos in the

other room, and in answer to some question the General said that he had always been passionately fond of music, that he had brought up all his children to play and sing, but that now that he was old and blind they would go off to St. Petersburg during the winter and leave him all alone. Gradually I persuaded him to play from memory something from Beethoven and Mozart; then we went out into the garden and sat in the sun, and in the two hours that he kept me he told me much that was interesting, but not what I wanted.

About four o'clock the next morning, after telling this adventure, I was awakened by hearing someone fumbling along the passage, when suddenly my bedroom door opened, and thinking that for some inexplicable reason the servant had come to wake me, I called out, "What's the matter?" The door closed and I heard a voice say in French: "*Ilii*, there's a man in my bed; a man!" The door again opened and a gentleman appeared with a candle, and asked "Seryózha, is that you?" "No," I replied, "I am a guest of the house." He laughed, begged pardon, and went away; and my senses were then sharp enough to hear the arrangement made that she would go up to the drawing-room and sleep on the sofa till the family were up; while he could lie down on the divan in the Count's study.

I immediately conjectured what turned out to be the true state of the case. I was occupying the room of Madame Yúshkof, the Count's aunt, and had been invited to stay till her arrival, about a week hence. She had suddenly returned without giving notice, and had brought a friend with her. As the doors of Russian country-houses are very rarely locked at night, they had come in without, as it happened, awaking anyone in the house but myself.

I ascertained the truth when Ivan brought me my morning tea, and I immediately packed up so as to be in readiness to depart the same day. When I went upstairs for the eleven o'clock coffee, I chanced to find Madame Yúshkof alone in the drawing-room and was obliged to introduce myself. She had evidently been told—probably in explaining who I was—my story of the night before, for she smiled and said: "So, you were in Kazán last spring and saw my husband, who told you that he was stone blind. I assure you that there is not a word of truth in it. He sees as well as you or I do. It is merely one of his notions to make himself appear interesting." I asseverated my belief that he really was blind, but could not convince her. Count Tolstoy afterwards told me that, although they were on perfectly friendly terms,

she had long been separated from her husband, and had not seen him for years. I felt sure that at least he had not seen her.

The morning was dark and rainy, but the sun came out afterwards, and the strange gentleman, who turned out to be an old family friend with whom Madame Yúshkof had been staying, drove with me to Tula. Although we exchanged occasional letters, Count Tolstoy did not come again to Moscow during my stay there, so that this was the last time I saw him.

Postscript.

Judging from the past there has never seemed to me any reason to believe that the present phase of mystical religious enthusiasm, through which Count Tolstoy is now passing, would last for the whole of his life; or that he is permanently lost to literature. Most of the foreign visitors to him, who have published their impressions, were more interested in his social and religious theories than in Russian literature. It is pleasant, therefore, to find from the account of the novelist, G. P. Danilévsky, of his visit to Yásnaya Polyána in the autumn of 1886, that Count Tolstoy is not so different after all from what he once was; and that to an old

friend he is willing to show the interest in art and literature which still possesses him.

Some passages may well be quoted:

"My conversation with the Count about the past and present was interrupted by a large, handsome setter, running in and lying down at his feet. 'Is that Laska?' I asked, thinking of 'Anna Karénin.' 'No; she died long ago. This is my eldest son's sporting dog.' 'And do you shoot now?' 'No; I gave it up long ago; although I walk about the neighbouring fields and woods every day. . . . What a delight it is to repose from intellectual occupations by means of simple physical labour. Every day, according to the season, I either dig the ground, or saw and chop wood, or work with scythe, sickle, or some other instrument.' I could not help thinking of the box of shoemaker's tools in the window of the Count's reception-room.

"'And ploughing,' the Count continued, 'you cannot conceive what a satisfaction it is to plough. It is not very hard work, as it seems to many; it is pure enjoyment. You go along lifting up and properly directing the plough, and you don't notice how one, two, and three hours have gone by. The blood runs merrily through your veins; your head becomes clear; you don't feel the weight of your feet. But the appetite afterwards, and the sleep! If you don't feel tired wouldn't you like to take a walk before dinner and look for mushrooms? It

has rained lately, and there must be some good white mushrooms.' "

This little walk lasted for three hours and a half, and led them a course of five or six miles, through the orchards planted by the Count, over hill and dale, through woods and meadows; and past those plantations of trees which I had seen in their infancy, but which now are thick woods and realise the prophecy of the Count with regard to their value. All this time the Count talked with sympathy and interest of art, of Russian literature, and of its best representatives. Speaking of popular literature, Tolstoy said:

"More than thirty years ago, when some of our present writers — and I among them — had just begun to work, among the hundred millions of the Russian Empire, the number of readers could be counted by tens of thousands. Now, since the multiplication of schools, they can probably be counted by millions; and these millions of Russian readers stand before us like hungry little jackdaws with wide open mouths, and say to us: 'Gentlemen, writers of our own land, throw into our mouths some intellectual food which is worthy of you and of us. Write for us, who thirst for the living literature, save us from those chap-books of "Yeruslam-Lazarévitch," "Milord George," and the like food to be found at the

fairs.' The simple and honourable Russian people is worthy of our answering this call of their good and upright soul. I have thought much about it, and have decided to make essay on this ground according to the measure of my strength."

". . . 'How warm it is, and how the air smells of leaves,' he said, approaching an old half-ruined bridge over a little narrow stream. 'The force of immediate impressions from nature is wonderful. How I love and prize artists who draw all their inspirations from that mighty and eternal source! In it is the only force and truth.'

"We talked about various artistic methods in literature, painting, and music. 'Not long ago I happened to read a book,' said Tolstoy, stopping before the planks thrown over the stream, 'the verses of a dead young Spanish poet. Besides the remarkable talent of this writer the account of his life greatly interested me. His biographer quotes a story told of him by his old nurse. She had noticed, with apprehension, that he often passed whole nights without sleep, would sigh and pronounce aloud some sort of words, would go out into the fields and villages by moonlight and stay there whole hours. One night she even thought he had gone out of his mind; for he got up, dressed in the dark and went out to a neighbouring well. The nurse, who followed him, saw how he drew a bucket of water and began to pour it slowly on the ground; then drew another and poured that out too. "Poor fellow, you've lost your wits," she said. But not at

all. The young man was doing that for the purpose of hearing and seeing the more carefully how streamlets of water fall and splash in the moonlight on a quiet night. The experience was necessary for his new poem. In that case he was confirming his recollections, and the poetic impressions which they prompted, by nature itself; just as painters are obliged sometimes to have recourse to mannikins which they place in the required positions, and cover with the proper clothing. In reading our own and foreign writers I involuntarily feel who is true to nature and borrows from her, and who is false. There are some books whose falsity is at once so evident that I cannot get beyond the first page, and not even threats of corporal punishment would induce me to read them. . . .' Tolstoy would have been willing to walk further, but the Countess arrived from Tula with a bundle of proof-sheets, and it was dinner-time. 'You are not tired?' said Tolstoy, as he gaily and lightly went up the staircase; 'for me daily exercise and physical labour are as indispensable as the air. In summer in the country as to this I have full choice. I can plough or cut grass. In the autumn in rainy weather it is wretched. In the country there are no sidewalks or pavements, and when it rains I cobble and make shoes. In town, too, I am bored by simple walking, and one cannot plough or mow there; so I saw and split wood. Sedentary intellectual work, without physical exercise and labour is a real calamity.

If for even a single day I do not walk or work with my legs or hands, I am good for nothing by evening. I can't read or write, or even listen to anyone with attention; my head turns; there seem to be stars in my eyes and I have a sleepless night.' "

Daniléfsky concludes as follows:

" Count Leo Tolstoy, after this new meeting of ours, remains in my thoughts the same great and mighty artist that Russia knew and knows. He is in perfect health, vigorous, in full possession of all his artistic force; and, without any doubt, is still able to enrich his country with more than one production similar to ' War and Peace ' and ' Anna Karénin.' I say even more. Just as his quiet life and interruption of work after ' Childhood and Boyhood ' and the ' Sevastopol Sketches,' when he was busy with questions of pedagogy, and published the *Yásnaya Polyána* school journal, was not apathy nor weakening of his artistic strength, but only an involuntary repose or breathing time—during which there ripened in his mind the ideas of ' War and Peace '—so now, when Count Tolstoy, after studying in the originals the ' Old and New Testaments ' and ' Lives of Saints,' consecrates his leisure to tales for the people, he is evidently only preparing himself for new and great artistic productions; and his present state of mind is only a new step, only a nearer approach to other still higher stages of his creative power."

THE MINNESOTA HEIR OF A SERBIAN KING

A CONSULAR EXPERIENCE

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On one of my visits to Belgrade I happened to hear some vague rumours about an unfortunate American who had been seeking for treasure in several of the ruined old castles of Serbia. I heard enough to interest me deeply, and seized the first occasion for obtaining accurate information. What I am now about to tell was chiefly derived from Mr. Miyátovitch, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs, but at that time Minister of Finance. He was kind enough to give me not only all the details he knew, but copies of certain papers in his possession, and to note down for me the most important points. It is more convenient, however, to express myself in my own words and in my own way, though many of the expressions which I heard still cling to me.

In July, 1875, a man, evidently a foreigner, came

to the Ministry of Finance at Belgrade. When he obtained an interview with the Minister, and was asked why he came to Serbia, and why especially he wished to see the Minister of Finance, he said—in a strange German-English dialect—that he was a citizen of the United States, and owned a farm in Minnesota which he worked with his children; but that he was unfit for hard work, as he had served in the war as a private, had been wounded, and was then receiving a pension of six dollars a month. The first impression which he produced on the Minister—and the Minister had the pardonable weakness of trusting to first impressions—was a favourable one. He was a man apparently of between fifty-five and sixty years old, of middle size and well built, with a fine head and face. His forehead was high; his bluish-grey eyes expressed goodness and gentleness as well as a strong will; his nose was well proportioned and well formed; his thick brown beard was slightly sprinkled with grey. He was poorly but neatly dressed, and had all the air of an earnest, sober man, accustomed to earn his own living. On being asked again what had brought him to Serbia and what he wanted, he presented his American papers, began to smile, and said: "You will laugh at me, and perhaps pity me, and think me an old fool; but the reason that I

have come out here all the way from Minnesota is to search quite alone for what was left to me by my ancestors." There was nothing extraordinary in the request for permission to seek for hidden treasure. Such permissions are often asked for; sometimes as many as twenty or thirty in a year: and once in a while there seems to be an epidemic of the sort in different districts. But the Minister was surprised that so old a man, who seemed so sensible and modest, should abandon his family and his country and come as far as Serbia with the sole object of hunting for a treasure. Then, as on many subsequent occasions, the Minister tried to dissuade him, and to prove the uselessness of his work. But all was in vain. "No, no, dear sir," he said, "the treasure is still buried in the ground, or there would be something of it in the European museums: I have been in many places in Europe and have never seen anything like it, and therefore I am sure of my enterprise, as I am searching according to my documents." He then said that he was of Serbian origin; that his name was August Boyne de Lazar; that he was born in Chemnitz in Saxony in 1818; and that after the Revolution in 1848, in which he was implicated, he had emigrated to the United States. He claimed to be descended from a family closely related to that of

Prince Lazar; which was once so rich and powerful that it owned Sókol, Shábatz, and other towns in the Shumadia—that wonderful forest-country, even the name of which is derived from a word expressing the rustling of the leaves. When he said this, the Minister, who is well versed in history, remembered an old tradition that the Obilitch family had owned property in this region; and he advised the American, if he searched at all, to confine himself to the delta between the Sava and the Drina, where these towns are situated. Boyne knew the name of Obilitch, but nothing of the connection of that family with King Lazar, and had never heard of the hero Milosh.

In order thoroughly to understand the circumstances, it is necessary to make here a slight historical digression. The literature of Serbia is rich in ballads of an epic character. These were among the earliest Slavonic ballads collected, and were of great interest, especially to German scholars, as throwing light on the possible composition of the Homeric poems. One great cycle of these ballads is concerned with the battle of Kóssovo, where on Vídovdan (St. Vitus's Day), June 15, 1389, the Serbian King Lazar was defeated by the Turks, and Serbian independence was lost for nearly five centuries. This defeat was rendered decisive by

the defection of Vuk Bránkovitch, one of the sons-in-law of Lazar, who, believing the day lost, went over to the Turks. Vuk had had a personal quarrel with another son-in-law of Lazar, Milosh Obilitch. At a banquet which Lazar gave the night before the grand battle he brought out a great gold goblet and drank to the health of Milosh, taunting him with his disloyalty. The latter accepted the toast, finished the cup, and strode out of the tent in a fury; swearing that he would show if it were he who could be disloyal. With one of his friends he rode into the Turkish camp straight to the tent of the Sultan Murád I. (Amurath) and demanded an audience. On the advice of the Vizier, Murád, instead of giving his hand to be kissed, offered his foot, which Milosh seized, pulled him to the ground, and stabbed him in the belly. After killing the two Viziers he mounted his horse and rode away with his companions, pursued by the Turks, but leaving a broad swath of death as they galloped through the camp. The other two were killed and Milosh was captured. The Sultan did not die on the spot, but was so grievously wounded that his son Bayazéd (Bajazet), the same who was afterward captured by Tamerlane and kept in a cage, fought the battle in his stead. King Lazar was taken prisoner, and both he and Milosh Obi-

litch were brought to the dying Murád for his orders. The Sultan ordered them to be executed, and commanded that Milosh Obilitch should be buried by his side and King Lazar at his feet; to show that all Christians were *rayahs* or subjects. Milosh spoke up and said:

"Thou art dying! I also am death-doomed.
I beseech thee, O Murád, great Sultan!
Let not thus our dead bodies be buried,
Let the two Tsars lie in death side by side!
Let me lie at the feet of Tsar Lazar!
His true knight was I ever in this world;
His true vassal I would be in that one!"

It is said that Murád, struck with the bravery and fidelity of Milosh, granted his petition.

Milosh is the hero from whom the treasure-seeker was apparently descended. The proofs of this descent are very curious.

When August Boyne left Saxony to go to America his father gave him some papers and documents, a small Bible containing notes, and told him all that he had heard from his own father and could remember about the family history. Long afterwards, when Boyne was ill in a hospital at Chicago, this Bible was stolen from him; it was recovered, but—portions of the notes having been apparently purposely cut out—in a mutilated condition. In

order to guard against further loss, copies were made of all that remained, which were duly certified and attested by the proper judicial and notarial authorities. Among the papers shown to the Serbian Minister was one "the validity of which was proved by many signatures and legalised by American authorities. [I give here the Minister's exact words.] It was said therein that the document consisted of four leaves; but only two came into my hands. The other two had either been lost by Boyne, or had been stolen from him." This professed to be written by Andria Obilitch, the great-grandfather of August Boyne. It was in German and ran as follows:

"BRANDENBURG, May 1, 1759.

"MY DEAR SON FREDERIC DE LAZAR: I hand over to thee my last Will and Testament relating to our family matters, which I know from my parents in Serbia. I could never go there myself, for I was so long in the military service; and afterwards was too ill and old. Other secret things and matters I will tell thee orally. But here it seems necessary and important to describe the days of my youth and my experience. My father was a Prince of Serbia. I was born in the year 1697 in a castle in the Shumadia; and was brought up in the castle of Shábatz on the River Sava. In the year 1704 there was great excitement and commotion in con-

sequence of the Turkish tyranny; and there were disasters without precedent.

"One night, when the reflection of burning houses reddened all our windows, I woke up dazzled by the bright light of the conflagration; and was seized by the hand of a faithful servant. 'Get up, Andria,' he cried to me, 'we have no time to lose; the long-beards are near.' The long-beards were the Turks—so we called them. I was always afraid of them—they were terrible, and came often to our town to kill and plunder, and I rose instantly. The servant took me in his arms. I heard fearful noises everywhere about me. My mother came into the room very much agitated and excited, and wished to see me. At the same moment we heard the firing of muskets quite close to us. One of the doors was burst open; smoke and sparks flew all about us, and a gang of fierce-looking Turks rushed into the room. They swung around their heads their swords, which glittered like reddish flame, and, shouting terribly, threatened to kill and massacre all of us. The servant, in his fright, let me fall to the ground; and I rolled under some furniture and crept off as far as I could get. But I could see how he fell a victim to his fidelity, in the attempt to save me, by the cruel hands of the Turks. I could also see—oh, horror—how they caught my mother, how they took her by the hair and cut her to pieces. When this was done they left the place. This bloody scene remained deeply engraved on my mind; so that even now, after

many years, I see these horrible details again enacted. I remained alive among the dead; but felt, after a while, that I was taken up and carried into the street. They washed my face, which was covered with blood, put me on a cart, and off we went in great haste, as fast as the horses could run. We saw all round us villages in a blaze, and people and cattle running in all directions. From time to time we met many carts, and people laden with their property, going along our road to the Shumadia forest. When we reached the forest we were warmly received, with joyful acclamations. They took me down from the cart, and passed me about from one to another. All were surprised that I had survived, and covered me with kisses. My man—the same who brought me here—took me into his arms, carried me into a tent, and told me to lie down and rest. He told me that his name was Yefrém Nádustratz (one who has lost all hope), that he was a servant of our family, and that he had saved me out of gratitude to my father, his master. The people called me Andría Obilitch. They afterwards built houses and shelters, and my servant and preserver also built a house. He was clever in healing horses, and lived well, and I often travelled about with him. When I was about twelve years old, I went with him to Sókol; and as we came back, he said: 'We will pass now on the Belgrade road, so that you may see where your father lived. Do you see yonder that half-ruined tower, and the ruins of buildings?' 'Yes, I see.'

'That was where your father Lazar lived. He was a prince of the Serbian land, and a famous and highly esteemed lord. All of your family were greatly respected. But they were all killed by the Turks, who carried off great treasures. You are now the only surviving member of your famous race. I saved you when Shábatz was burned. The Shumadia Castle alone remains in the possession of your family; but, you see, it is worth nothing now. The Turks killed every living soul, and burned down all the villages, and it will be worth nothing during your lifetime.'"

The castle of Sókol is now a picturesque ruin—like so many others in Serbia—which gives a great idea of the power and wealth of its former owners. The general effect of all of them is occidental rather than oriental. The old nobility of Serbia, as well as of Bulgaria and Greece, were either exterminated by the Turks, or reduced to peasantry by being stripped of their lands. In Bosnia, on the other hand, the nobles saved their estates by turning Mohammedan. They are still fanatical Mussulmans; but they speak Serbian and rarely Turkish, retain their family names, and use coats of arms.

The remaining part of the story was on the missing sheets, and has to be filled in from the family traditions told by August Boyne to the Minister.

There was, however, a copy of the notes from the old Bible, about the descendants of Andría Obilitch; by which it may be seen that one of his sons, Frederic, was born in Brandenburg on May 7, 1744; that Frederic's son, John, was born on June 12, 1784; and that John's son August—the man in question—was born in Chemnitz on August 5, 1818.

The accuracy of names in this document and its general air of historic truth make it curious and interesting. Mr. Miyátovitch believes it genuine, and has published it as throwing light on the popular rising against the Turks in 1704. One might, perhaps, account for the character of the story by supposing it to be a romance invented by some soldier who had served in the army of Prince Eugene, when he besieged and took Belgrade, in 1717. This, however, could not be the case if we are to accept the family history as handed down and related by Boyne.

According to the oral account Andría lived in this way for some time longer; until Yefrém, feeling himself infirm, said to the boy: "I shall die soon, and you will be left alone to live as you can. If it is possible, escape across the river away from the Turks, so that your life may be preserved; and perhaps your descendants may some time come

back, and get again the lands and property of your family." Later on Yefrém, after swearing the boy solemnly to secrecy, took him to the ruined castle; made him observe carefully, and try to remember certain signs and landmarks; and finally led him through subterranean passages of great length into a vaulted room, where the goods and treasures of Andría's father were heaped up. There were, he said, many splendidly ornamented oriental arms, and weapons of excellent workmanship, books and documents, deeds and diplomas, rich drinking-cups, and many utensils of gold and silver, mosaics and enamelled trinkets, medals and money, and strong chests full of valuables. It was impossible to take anything away, from fear of the Turks. Besides this, Yefrém felt that it was a solemn trust which he had no right to deliver up to the boy. He allowed him, however, to take one ancient coin in order to impress the secret on his mind.

Soon after this—it must have been about the time that the Austrians were besieging Belgrade—Yefrém found a means of escaping from the country with Andría; and in search of some honest and honourable employment they made their way through the Slavonic-speaking countries to Silesia. Yefrém died, and Andría took service with a great landed proprietor. Here he fell in love with a

pretty peasant-girl, who was born on the estate, and was consequently the serf of the lord of the manor. For that, or for some other reason, he was not allowed to marry her; but he gave her the old coin which he had brought from the vault and had carefully kept. One day the lord, his master, played cards with a German baron, and, among other stakes, lost the girl who was Andría's sweetheart. Andría, in a frenzy of anger and despair, tried to kill the baron; but, mistaking the man, killed one of his attendants. For this he was obliged to run away and hide himself; and, meeting some recruiting sergeant, he was enlisted in the body-guard of the King of Prussia. He was then about twenty-two years old. One day, many years after, when there was a festivity at court, and Andría was on guard at the door of the ball-room, a fine lady passed on the arm of a gentleman; and by some accident dropped her bracelet. Andría picked it up, and even in its setting of jewels recognized the coin; then, raising his eyes as much as he dared, he recognized the girl he had once loved. She had married, it seems, an officer who had become a great general, and she was then a fine lady. The gentleman who was with her admired the coin, which seemed curious and rare, and had an inscription in an unknown language; and the King, send-

ing for the director of his numismatic collection, asked him if such a piece existed in his cabinet. The director replied that he had recently bought a similar one at Venice.

It must be remarked here that Venice had in the Middle Ages an active commerce with the whole Balkan Peninsula, and that the Venetian coins served as models for the old Serbian money. About all this August Boyne knew nothing, and when he first told the story to the Minister had never seen any old Serbian gold coins, which are extremely rare.

As time went on Andría prospered; the King, who had taken a fancy to him, helped him; and he was able to build a house with the right to convert it into an inn. This he did when he had grown too old to be of use in active service; and, as he often told his guests stories about fights in Serbia, to which he gave the name of *boyne* or *voyne* (in Serbian *boy* or *voy* means a fight, and *voyna* war), they came to call the house the Boyne Inn—*Gasthaus zum Boyne*—and he and his descendants adopted it as a surname. The *de Lazar* was evidently an attempt at translating Lazarevitch, the son of Lazar, the patronymic which Andría had from his father—Andría Lazarevitch Obilitch—and had nothing to do with the old King Lazar.

About the life of Andría's son and grandson I know nothing, nor why one of them went to Saxony; nor did the Minister remember that August Boyne had told him anything in particular about his life up to the age of thirty, when he emigrated to America. I must return to his appearance in Belgrade.

As I have said, the Minister at first tried to dissuade Boyne from what he considered a useless and absurd undertaking; and, when he found this of no avail, advised him to search especially near Shábatz and in that region; where he knew, as a historian, that the Obilitch family had possessed lands. Boyne spent a whole year in that part of the country, and then began to explore the districts of Moráva and Kragúyevatz. He occasionally returned to Belgrade; and the Minister, who had become more and more interested in him and had been greatly impressed by his straightforwardness, his earnestness, and his simple piety, assisted him from time to time with food, linen, clothes, and even money. Boyne had gradually learned a little Serbian, and wherever he went tried to do good to the people about him; leaving a most favourable opinion of him on all with whom he had to do. What particularly struck my friend the Minister was that he generally prayed aloud, and that his

prayers were extemporised, and suited to particular circumstances. "I was deeply touched," the Minister said, "when he prayed for Serbia, the Prince, the whole Serbian nation; and specially for the children of this nation who frequent the schools, upon whom he implored the Almighty's blessing. At the time when he asked for the concession, and permission to search for the treasure, he said that he would spend it entirely on the construction of a Serbian railway, and that he would not carry out of the country a single farthing. But later he changed his mind and said: 'It is nearly two years that I live in this country among the Serbians; and I see that the nation is not pious and has forgotten God and His goodness to men: and so, if I find my treasure, I wish with the money to build many good schools to teach children the fear of the Lord, and to educate them in the love of their neighbours.'"

In May, 1876, Boyne was full of hope, and said that he had found certain signs on an old ruined castle not far from Kragúyevatz. He came again to Belgrade in June during a period of great heat, on foot and utterly destitute; and was almost immediately taken ill. The Minister was absent at the time; but a lady went to see him in the wretched cottage where he had found a lodging, and provided him with linen and other necessaries. This

friend on a later visit found that everything had been stolen from him in the weak state in which he was; and therefore had him transferred to the hospital. He was accompanied at this time by an ill-looking man, whose acquaintance he had somewhere made, and whom he had engaged to help him in his work. When the Minister returned to Belgrade he went to see poor Boyne, and found him dying. He expired on the morning of August 3, 1876, and was buried among the poor in the highest spot of the cemetery of Belgrade, whence there is a lovely view over the Danube. The body of this unknown and friendless American, the possible descendant—and the last—of the hero King Lazar, was followed to the grave by one mourner only—the Serbian Prime Minister. The face of the poor man after death took on such a Serbian type that the Minister took the trouble of having him photographed. His death was doubtless due to fever brought on by overwork and exhaustion; but the lady, with whom I have talked, felt sure that he had been poisoned. What supported her in this theory was that the man whom he had taken as his assistant had disappeared; carrying with him most of the papers, notes, and the various small objects that belonged to him.

Seven or eight years after this I met in Athens

Mr. Arthur J. Evans, now keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, with his wife—a daughter of Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian—who had come from a journey in Macedonia. At Príshtina, or somewhere near there, Mr. Evans had bought some fine old Serbian gold coins from a man who, although he seemed to have a large quantity of them, would only show them one by one, behaved very mysteriously and suspiciously, and then disappeared. Some of these coins were unique; of others only one or two specimens were known to exist. I told him the story of poor August Boyne, and he agreed with me in thinking that possibly at least a part of the Obilitch treasure had been found.

THE LOST PLANT

THE LOST PLANT[1]

I

That evening we were playing whist at the Governor's house, as we had the habit of doing two or three times a week. I had as partner my French colleague, M. Dorat, still a young man, who had arrived in the island as consul two or three months before. I had not seen very much of him, for it was the season of the year when we old fellows feel disinclined to much movement; with the exception of an occasional outing in a boat, or on a donkey, I had confined myself chiefly to my books and my garden. With most of us our gardens were great sources of amusement and delight. There was always a pleasurable excitement when a new package of seeds arrived from Europe—for everything grew so well and fast; and many were the tin-boxes of bulbs and plants imported in the generally vain hope that something new might possibly be found. No one was contented with the productions of the island; we all wanted something dif-

[1] This story appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* under the *nom de plume* of John Pierson, and was the only fiction ever published by Mr. Schuyler. "The Minnesota Heir of a Serbian King" is a true story.

ferent. Each had his own little fad, and mine was to reproduce, in this tropical country, an old-fashioned English garden, with its hollyhocks and larkspurs, its columbines and daffodils, its lavender and rosemary and sweet-scented shrubs and herbs. Dorat had not been there long enough, we thought, to catch the prevailing taste; his garden, which was large, and in the time of his predecessor had been very fine, was now neglected and had gone to waste; and if he occasionally put into it some wild plant which he had found, it was only for his experiments on the food and ways of life of the insects which he was always collecting and studying. He had also a pronounced taste for ornithology, and for natural history of every kind; and, in pursuit of specimens, accompanied by an old native whom he had somewhere picked up, made constant excursions—often for days at a time—into the swampy and little known interior of the island.

Just behind my chair was standing a young English officer, named Furniss, apparently a family connection of the Governor—at all events, a member of his official and personal household—who had arrived by the last steamer. He was waiting for the end of the rubber to take a hand, and while the cards were being dealt was asking some questions about the methods of travelling, and announcing

his intention of making some botanical excursions. One or two things struck me in what he said, and, looking over my shoulder, I jestingly remarked, "So you are going to look for *Humm's Simœa.*" As I turned back I intercepted such a look, seemingly of hatred, from beneath the dark brows and lashes of my partner that I almost dropped the cards I was dealing. There was something which made me feel thoroughly uneasy. Furniss had started a topic to which my chance remark had given more interest; and, after we had begun to play, the conversation still went on behind my back. Although my partner kept control of his game, and made no mistakes, I could see that he was listening to every word that Furniss said, and closely watching every movement that he made. I grew more and more nervous, till at last I could stand it no longer, and called out, rather abruptly, as others thought: "My dear Furniss, if you keep on looking at my cards and talking of botany at the same time I shall think each trick a new and rare species and shall lose all the points." Furniss, somewhat offended at my tone, walked away from the table.

When the rubber was over Dorat withdrew, by rights, and I refused to play longer, which was misinterpreted by some of the party, as was also a

whispered remark of mine to Furniss in passing, which was overheard by someone, that I would see him again later. I went into the other room, to a balcony overlooking the sea, and lighted a cigar, while reflecting on what course I ought to pursue. The fact is that a German botanist named Humm had discovered in this island a plant which possessed singular curative virtues, used among the natives, but the existence of which they carefully concealed. Medically—as Humm had shown by experiments—it was as important as cinchona or condurango, or the more recently introduced coca. Humm had brought away a sufficient amount of the drug for it to be thoroughly tested in European laboratories and hospitals; but the plant had never been found again. One academy after another had offered prizes for its discovery, which in the aggregate then amounted to a large sum—a sum sufficient to encourage an enterprising man to encounter great risks in its search. It was evident from what Furniss said that he had come out to look for it; hoping that his connections and his official position would enable him to conduct his explorations more easily and more thoroughly than those who had gone before him. Several had already visited the island for this purpose; but they had either fallen victims to the climate, or had given up the quest

in despair, in consequence of the difficulties put in their way by the natives. It was equally plain to me, from his conduct at the card-table, that Dorat had come out for the same purpose; although he had so far concealed his plans and his interest in plants, in order to blind the eyes of the English. He had the advantage of being in better relations with the natives, because French prestige and French influence are persistent in any place which has once been under French rule; and the only foreign words which the natives used were also French. Although the English have held the island for a long time they hold it simply as conquerors, and have never succeeded in identifying themselves with the people.

I had not been smoking long before I was joined by Dorat, who was evidently looking for me. With great politeness and delicacy he offered me his services as to a colleague in difficulties; and, when he saw my look of astonishment, in answer to my questions told me that everybody believed that I was to have a duel with Furniss. English customs, we see—especially on such points—were not yet predominant in the island; and duels were not yet uncommon, although they were generally innocuous. I of course thanked him for his kindness, and promised to call on him if I stood in need of a

friend; but explained that between an old, irritable fellow like myself, and a young man like Furniss, there would probably be no difficulty which could not be settled with an explanation, or, if need be, with an apology. The talk passed on to other things, when suddenly Dorat asked, "How did you come to mention the *Simœa Hummii?*"

"Oh!" I said, "that is an old idea of mine; I thought of looking for it when I first came; so that I naturally suspect every fresh man of the same desire."

"And you never did look for it?"

"No, I was always naturally indolent; I broke my ankle a week after I arrived; that and the heat and malaria, and the bother of travelling in the interior have kept me quiet. But I have never lost a Platonic interest in it, and if you find it I shall congratulate you heartily."

"But why should I look for it?"

"In the first place, my dear colleague, why should you mention it at all, if it were of no interest to you? And, secondly, you must know as well as I do that very large rewards are offered for finding it, with which will follow a wide scientific fame. Why shouldn't you find it? You are young and vigorous; being French, you have influence with the natives; you already, if I mistake not,

speak something of their language; you make frequent shooting excursions into the interior; and you can perfectly well make botanical experiments in your neglected garden at the consulate. The spirit of old Hume would, I am sure, be delighted if you should carry out his beneficent intentions."

"You call him Hume; do you mean Humm?"

"Yes, the last was his German name; but when he got naturalized in America he was so laughed at on account of his name that he changed it to Hume."

"You knew him, then?"

"Yes, I met him first when I was quite a boy, when I joined a scientific party to the Rocky Mountains, and, as I had been a comrade of Eaton and Brewer, was much interested in botany. We got to be very good friends then; but I had almost forgotten about him until I met him again when I was vice-consul at Tripoli. He had come there to study assafœtida and laserpitium and other precious plants which the ancients obtained from that region. I was able to lodge him in my house, and we renewed our old acquaintance; you know he died there, or, rather, in the interior; but he left me his papers, and—well, come and breakfast with me tomorrow, about twelve, and I will show you something that will interest you."

Throwing away the end of my cigar I went back to the drawing-room, and finally found Furniss—to whom I at once apologized for my brusque language—and asked him, if he did not mind my limp, to walk home with me, as I had something to tell him. He readily consented, and as soon as we could get away we walked down the quiet tree-lined street until we reached my garden. Then I persuaded him to sit awhile with me in the veranda, where I knew that we could not be overheard. My faithful servant brought us out narghilehs, for this souvenir of my life in Asia and Africa still clings to me; the broad-leaved plants looked fantastic in the moonlight, and we were glad to neutralise the strong, heavy odours with the smoke of our pipes. The outlook on the garden gradually brought us to the subject of plants, and, after we had got warmed up on this topic, with the help of a glass or two of good old Madeira, I told him that I had overheard enough of his conversation to make me understand that he had come out expressly to find the lost plant. He frankly admitted his purpose, without the slightest hesitation; and gradually was led on to talk of his past life, of the influences which had moulded it, and of his hopes for the future.

"Well," I said, "I will do all I can for you; and perhaps I can give you certain information which

you do not possess. But I must be fair all round. Dorat is a colleague of mine, with whom I am on the best possible terms; and whatever information I give you I must give him."

"Dorat," he said, "the French consul, who was your partner to-night? Has he come here, too, for this purpose?"

"Yes; I never suspected it till this evening; now I know it. He is coming to tiffin with me to-morrow; and the best way to manage the thing will be for you to meet him. But, as I want a witness or two, bring the Governor with you. I'll send him a little note early in the morning, and I will try to find one or two others also."

"Oh, I think there will be no difficulty about that, as the Governor has already told me of your breakfasts; besides, to-morrow is Sunday, and he will have no engagements after church. But you're as solemn and mysterious as though some great event were impending. What is the matter?"

"The matter, my dear fellow, is simply this, that you must entirely forget all that I tell you, and act entirely on your own judgment. Be on your guard against your rival. Never trust yourself alone with him, if you meet him in the interior. From what I saw to-night I believe him quite capable of kill-

ing you, if need be, to prevent your succeeding to his detriment."

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

"Not a word more ever on this subject. You know all that I fear. Take your own course. We shall see you to-morrow at noon."

II

Our breakfast was unusually pleasant, for I had succeeded in getting hold of M. Blancsubé, one of the richest and most hospitable planters of the island, a man universally liked for his wit and his good company, and respected for his intelligence and probity. The Governor was in better form than I had ever seen him, gave us amusing stories of his experiences in other colonies—and he seemed to have lived in some capacity in nearly every part of the globe—and by great good luck assisted me by appearing in an entirely new and unexpected character. Apropos of some of the fruit, he launched out in a discourse on the vegetable productions of the different places where he had been which would have done credit to Grant Duff himself.

When we began to smoke I brought out a portfolio and showed some of the very curious things that I had been able to retain in my wandering life

—autograph letters of Bruce and Burckhardt; a sketch-map of Humboldt; a relic of Connolly and Stoddart from Bukhara which had not been found by Dr. Wolff; photographs of *Convolvulus Sabbatius* and *Campanula Sabbatia* which I had myself taken from living plants at Capo di Noli, the only place in the world where they grow; and a few similar things.

"You are an amateur photographer, then?" said M. Blancsubé.

"Don't be alarmed for yourself, monsieur, there are no instantaneous cameras concealed in the walls to take you in an unguarded moment; I photograph only plants. And I could show our friends here, if they were not already too learned to need them, photographs of nearly every plant growing on the island, except of the one we all want most to see, the *Simæa Hummii*. I can, however, show you something about that; but before I open this envelope I must make a bargain with them. What I want is the drug. At one time I should have been glad of the fame of the discovery, but now I am too old to care much about that, as well as of the great reward offered for the plant; but, while money is always an object, I have luckily a few weeks ago received a legacy large enough to enable me to live wherever I please in tolerable comfort. Therefore

if I show you now what I have carefully preserved, in the hope that I might myself some day be fortunate enough to come across the plant, I must ask both Dorat and Furniss, or whoever is the discoverer, to furnish me with one living root, after he has taken proper measures to secure his priority of discovery."

To this they both agreed, and after telling them in detail of my acquaintance with Humm or Hume; of his tragic death in the desert, on the eve of another voyage to our island; and of how he came to make me the heir of his secret, I showed them, first, a careful water-coloured drawing of the plant, and then a dried specimen of it just as it was coming into bloom. Finally, I unfolded a leaf of paper on which Humm had drawn from memory a sketch of the locality where the plant was found, and of the route which he had taken from the coast. Unfortunately the paper had got worn out at the folds, from being carried in the old botanist's pocket-book; and the chart was so illegible and confused as to be of comparatively little value. The astonishment and interest with which my revelations were received by all present, although Blancsubé needed a few words of explanation in order further to understand the matter, were so great as to justify me to myself for the little *coup de théâtre* which I

had prepared. When one gets old, one's vanity is pleased with even such little harmless successes.

While the map was being carefully examined by the Governor, who was trying to identify localities, Blancsubé suggested—what, strangely, never occurred to me—that it might be photographed. This I offered to do at once and to give both Dorat and Furniss copies, as well as to allow them the use of the little herbarium I possessed and of all my photographs of plants.

"But," I said, "you will notice from Humm's note that the plant was found just coming into bloom on October 6th, and to-day is September 20th. If either of you intend to look for it in earnest you must lose no time. You will, of course, take your own ways of announcing the discovery so as to secure the priority; although I believe that, according to the conditions of most of the rewards offered, the plant must be brought back in a living condition and planted in a botanical garden. The Governor has one here under his charge, though I am surprised to learn to-day that he takes such a personal interest in it. I must tell you, also, that I have still deposited in a safe place a bit of the drug, which, however, is not unknown to others, and which will serve for the identification of the plant; and I shall be greatly pleased if, when you

find it, you will send a messenger to let me know. When you come back I hope to be able to show you a fairly good specimen of it growing in my own garden."

They all laughed at my last remark, which they thought a mere bit of chaff; but in very truth, I had a few days before planted in an out-of-the-way place a tuber which I had every reason to believe was that of the *Simæa*.

III

Within the week both Furniss and Dorat started on the quest, the former taking the route which he had combined with the Governor's from Humm's sketch-map; and the latter preferring, on hints received from the natives, to begin with the other end of the island, whither he went by sea. For some days we heard nothing. At last one afternoon a negro brought me a laconic note from Furniss, saying, simply: "I have found it, and, with due ingratitude, I hope that I am ahead even of you." I immediately went out and looked again at my precious plant; for the tuber had sprouted, and the rapidly unfolding leaves were beginning (at all events to my imagination) to present a strong resemblance to the dried specimen given me by

Humm. I am ashamed to tell how many times that day I had already looked at the plant; and, indeed, I was beginning to grow nervous, anxious, envious, and jealous of my rivals; and to think that I had made a precious old fool of myself in being so generous with my information. After all, what difference did it make to me if they did kill each other—people whom I hardly knew? But as the cool freshness of evening approached, my amiability returned; and I resolved to go to the Governor's and invite myself to dinner, and find out what information he had received; for I felt sure that he knew something more. Sir Thomas was in very good spirits, but could tell me nothing that I did not know. He was glad to see me, and, for a wonder, we were quite alone. We concluded that piquet would be better than the usual double-dummy; the card-tables were brought out, the lights were being arranged, and the soda-water and glasses exposed on the side-table, when a clatter of hoofs was heard coming down the road, and in a moment more a message was brought to us from a coffee-planter that the body of a man had been found at the bottom of a precipice, in a place about twenty miles away, but hard to reach. It was thought to be that of an Englishman, apparently a scientific man, as he had been collecting plants;

and the request was made for the despatch of someone to identify, if possible, the corpse, with instructions as to its burial. We had no question but that it was Captain Furniss, as we knew of no one else corresponding to the description. From what I knew, or rather suspected, it flashed through me at once that there had been foul play. But I considered it best, for the moment at least, to keep my suspicions to myself, as they might be entirely unfounded. After a hurried consultation with me as to the best course to pursue, Sir Thomas decided that two or three men from the hospital should go on at once with extra horses, and that he and the doctor would leave before daybreak, driving as far as the road was practicable, so as to reach the field of the accident at the earliest possible moment in the morning. I readily acceded to his suggestion to accompany him.

We had little time for sleep, as we started very early, and the sun was just rising when we had to leave the high-road and mount our horses. Had it not been for the errand on which we were bent and our desire to hasten, I should have greatly enjoyed this early ride on one of our delightful Southern spring mornings. As we descended the ridge we had opposite us a hill-side, which we had to cross later, covered with plantations of coffee and pepper,

while the valley below was green with the sugar-cane. Flowers of all kinds grew in profusion along the roadside, and I could not help observing them carefully and mentally repeating their names. But the détour was long, and it was a toilsome march.

That the body was that of Captain Furniss there could be no doubt. There were no signs of stabs or shots, but it was so bruised and cut by the rocks that, although it had been carefully covered with leafy boughs, decomposition had already begun, and it was necessary to bury it as soon as possible. Due note, however, was taken of its position and of various apparently petty details. One circumstance I could not help noticing at once, and I naturally called the Governor's attention to it. The botanical specimen-box lay at a little distance from the body; it had evidently been opened and a search had been made among the plants it had contained; for they were lying in a confused heap, not as if they had been accidentally shaken out. This certainly looked strange. The plant that was sought for was not among them. The pressing-boards were missing, and as I felt sure that he or one of his men would carry them, that also seemed strange. Those, however, we afterwards discovered, caught on a ledge of rock above. One of the men climbed up with difficulty and threw

them down to us; they were still strapped together, but the drying paper contained no plants of any kind, and in all probability they had not been used in that last day's excursion. Out of pardonable curiosity I looked carefully at every sheet, even holding them up to the light; and it seemed to me as if on one I detected the outline of the *Simæa*.

With the consent of the planter who owned the land, a grave was dug for poor Furniss close to the spot where he fell, and his body was tenderly and reverently placed in it, Sir Thomas reading, in a broken voice, the English burial service, with only myself to make the responses. We resolved to place a tablet or cut an inscription upon the nearest rock in commemoration of this martyr to science. I could not help thinking of a similar tablet I had once seen in the old quarries near Syracuse where the Athenians had been imprisoned and starved. But that was to an American midshipman, named Nicholson, who had fallen in a duel with a British officer, in maintaining the honour of his flag, in the opening years of the century.

It needed no hint of mine as to my private suspicion to induce Sir Thomas to proceed to a minute investigation of the rock from which Furniss had fallen. For that it was necessary to return to the high road, proceed along it some distance farther,

and then turn to the left over a difficult bridle-path, and then a foot-path among the rocks. I did not feel equal to this, and stayed in the little hut on the roadside where we had left the carriage; while Sir Thomas, who had kept up wonderfully, went on with the others to the scene of the accident.

The report which they brought back was, in one sense, very satisfactory. The place from which Furniss had fallen was identified, close to a splendid clump of that lovely, fragrant flower which the natives call *naruna*—the botanical name of which escapes me now—which was somewhat rare, and was the finest Sir Thomas had ever seen. The marks were seen where Furniss's foot had slipped, and there were no traces of a struggle or of the presence of anyone else. He had apparently been engaged in securing fine specimens of the *naruna*, when a treacherous branch or twig broke and down he went. Nevertheless it was impossible entirely to exclude the hypothesis that he might have been pushed off by some barefooted native coming up in silence behind him.

We had wondered what had become of Furniss's servants; but while we were resting from the fatigue and emotion of the day, we were joined by them. They did not yet know of his death. Two mornings before, owing to the illness of the special

man who carried his traps and assisted him in placing the specimens between the drying-papers, the captain had insisted on starting out alone, with the expectation of returning in the course of a couple of hours. It was only, however, towards night that his absence caused any apprehension. They looked for him in vain that night, and had been searching for him without result ever since. So far their evidence all agreed. They utterly denied having met any other white man for several days before that, and had seen no suspicious character either on the day of Furniss's disappearance or since. They had not seen Dorat. But when they tried to explain why they had not brought away the whole of their master's collections, or even all of his kit, there were strange and suspicious hesitations and contradictions. They professed to know nothing of any living plants, planted, or otherwise preserved by Furniss. As the place which had been the captain's last head-quarters was a long way off and difficult to reach, Sir Thomas decided not to go himself, but to send one of the men from the hospital, on whom he thought he could thoroughly depend, back there with one of Furniss's black followers, in order to make a thorough investigation of the camp, and bring away everything, explaining to him the importance of the matter.

It seemed to us quite plain that someone—whether a rival or a native herb-doctor, or, rather, herb-charmer, or, perhaps, one of the plantation-hands who had discovered the body—had searched the botanical case found near the corpse; and that someone had probably also searched his tent; at the same time we had no actual proof that Furniss had yet attempted to dig up and remove any specimens of the plant, even if he had found it. He had perhaps waited to do that until the instant of starting on his return, when it would be in the more developed state. Nor did we find out anything subsequently to make us change that opinion.

We were just taking a hasty bite before starting on our return to town, when there suddenly came on one of those torrential showers which are not unusual in tropical countries. Fortunately the hut in which we were stood on high ground, or we should have run the risk of being swept away. Rain fell in sheets. The continued thunder and vivid flashes of lightning frightened the horses, while the poor natives cowered on the floor of the hut from fear. It seemed as if the storm would never end; but just when the thatched roof was becoming like a sieve, and we were beginning to be wet by the drizzle, the storm passed away as suddenly as it had begun.

It was, however, impossible to move. The ground was water-soaked and the road too heavy for our vehicles; more than that, the dry bed of the little stream we had crossed in the morning was now filled with a rapid, raging river. There was nothing to do but to wait.

By sunrise the stream had fallen sufficiently to allow us to proceed, and we reached the town without any serious difficulty, but through what a scene of desolation! Everywhere the lowlands were covered with gravel and mud; good land had been temporarily ruined, and the sugar-canes were broken down and destroyed. We heard afterwards that in other places serious damage had been done to the coffee and spice plantations.

My servant, as he opened the door for me, had a careworn and dejected look, as if reproaching me for having stayed out all night; and when, while waiting for a cup of tea, I started down the garden-path, he warned me to be careful as the ground was undermined and treacherous, or something of that sort. A fear passed through my mind, which, alas! was only too well founded. The consulate was not far from the edge of a little stream, which, in swelling so suddenly, had cut for itself another temporary channel and had swept away a part of my garden—a part which had contained many

plants which were dear to me, and, more than all, that precious plant which I before believed and now felt sure was the *Simæa*.

IV

Days passed, and there was no news from Dorat. The accident to Furniss, the destruction of my garden, and the silence of Dorat, worked so strongly upon my nerves that I became disgusted with the island and everything in it, and I had serious thoughts of resigning. My work had not been hard at this post, for the trade with the United States was not great, and American ships came so infrequently that the quarrels and complaints of the crews were rather a diversion than a burden. But a few busy days happened to come just then, and made me feel how wretched my life would be were I deprived of just that kind of work to which I had been accustomed from my youth up. I was too old to engage in another occupation—even had I needed so to do—and could not bear the thought of absolute idleness. Besides, the position itself is a pleasant one to a man old in the service, who neither overrates its advantages nor neglects its opportunities. Some of my friends used to think me unpatriotic because I had lived so many years

abroad. But they forgot that I was all this time in the Government service; and I am sure that, if anything will make a man patriotic, it is to feel that it is his sole duty in life to guard and advance the interests of his country without other cares or occupations. He is not, like people who remain at home, distracted by the struggle for existence, and thinking of the duty he owes to his country only when drawn on the jury, or dunned by the tax-collector, or inspirited by party enthusiasm just before an election. Abroad, his consular or diplomatic duties form the chief object of his life; and distance and time make him love and cherish more some manifestations of our national life which, it is true, might after a long absence in other lands prove irksome to him were he living at home.

I therefore thought better of this, and sent by steamer—to be telegraphed from Suez—a request for a leave of absence, to be taken at once. Before resigning, I thought I would go home on leave, and see whether I could not obtain promotion or a change of post; but, as I had no intention of ever returning to the island, I proceeded to pack up or otherwise dispose of my goods and chattels.

At last, one morning I received a message from the *gérant* of the French consulate saying that Dorat was ill with malarial fever at the other end

of the island. He had been very low for several days, but had finally roused sufficiently to send word, and hoped to see me before he died. Much as I could have wished to go to him, the journey was at that time beyond my strength. We decided to send a good doctor, who agreed that, if Dorat were in a state that he could be moved, he should be brought down to the nearest point on the coast, and from thence, if possible, to Port Philip by sea. I even gave the doctor the bit of the precious drug that I had preserved so long, explaining its qualities, with the idea that it might possibly be of use.

In a few days Dorat was brought to town, very weak, pale, and emaciated; but the doctor seemed to think that he had passed the crisis, and that if carefully nursed he would slowly recover. Although I was expecting to sail in the next steamer —for I had received a favourable reply to my telegram—I felt that I could not under the circumstances leave Dorat in this condition, and—to make a long story short—I threw up my passage, stayed on, and devoted myself to looking after him, making him comfortable, and cheering the hours of his convalescence until he was strong enough to be sent home, when we came to Europe in the same steamer.

It was impossible not to be impressed with his

patience, his gentleness, his strong will, and his devotion to science. His character appeared to me in an entirely new light, and all my foolish suspicions and prejudices speedily vanished. It was a long time, however, before I dared tell him of the accident to Furniss, and of my own personal disappointment. To this he seemed to pay no attention, and I said nothing more. It was only some days afterwards that he seemed suddenly to remember the incidents just preceding his journey to the interior, and inquired how Furniss had fared. He was evidently sincerely shocked and astonished at the story I had to tell him. Indeed, at first, all memory of recent events seemed to have passed away from him, leaving his mind a blank. When he had recovered his memory he felt sure that just at the time when he was fighting with the fever he had seen and handled the *Simœa*, and made preparations for its transport; intending to start on his return on the very day when he was stricken powerless. But these may have been delusions of his fevered brain. From that time his most ardent desire was to get well quickly in order to visit again that locality where he was sure the *Simœa* grew. For my part, I tried to persuade him that we had probably all been victims of a delusion, and that the quest was hopeless.

I should perhaps have succeeded in this had not the incoming steamer brought, with introductions to me, a small scientific party organised and sent out by Cornell University with the intention of making a careful exploration of that and the neighbouring islands, which had been never really explored since the time of Bougainville, and then only superficially. Among the special objects of the expedition was that of discovering the *Simœa*, as well as the finding of some traces of the dodo. My part of the play was ended; and I therefore not only gave all the information that I could—telling these enthusiastic young men the outward story of the most recent events; but I also made over to them for the museum of the university all my collections and special books, about the disposal of which I had been somewhat in a quandary. I have not yet heard, however, that the expedition has discovered either the lost bird or the lost plant.

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